

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS



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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

September 1st, 1890.

IN August Lord Salisbury completed the partition of Africa. The achievement is a notable one, and if so be that it secures a temporary abatement of the African fever, it will have been well worth doing. But of course no one for a moment imagines that the frontiers laid down by the high contracting parties as to the limits of their spheres of influence are either definite or permanent. For the last fifty years England and Russia have been drawing equally precise lines of demarcation across the Central Asian Steppes, and for at least half that time Englishmen have been loudly accusing Russia of bad faith because she never was able to remain within the limits defined by her diplomats. As it

in your garden does not hesitate at taking root on the other side of your neighbour's palisade. So the wide-reaching branches of British enterprise will overlap these outlines of the diplomats, and the backbone of Africa will ere long be painted red from the Cape to Cairo.



THE NEW ANGLO-FRENCH FRONTIER ON THE NIGER.

was with Russia in Central Asia, so it will be with us in Central Africa. Without any more intentional breaking of faith than the Russians had in Turkestan, we shall in practice, when the time comes, ignore all these frontiers of spheres. The banyan tree that is planted

The Anglo-French Agreement. For the time being, therefore, England does not object to make any agreements that will secure her time to grow, and that will hold open for her merchants and missionaries the gates of Africa. We have no particular hankering after the task of forcing the Sahara or of maintaining a Roman peace among the cannibals and dwarfs of the great Equatorial Forest. The other Powers may do that, if they

please, we shall enter into their labours. Were it not for this robust faith in our destinies, there would have been some angry comments upon the successive surrenders which Lord Salisbury has negotiated. The month opened with the signature of the Anglo-French agree-

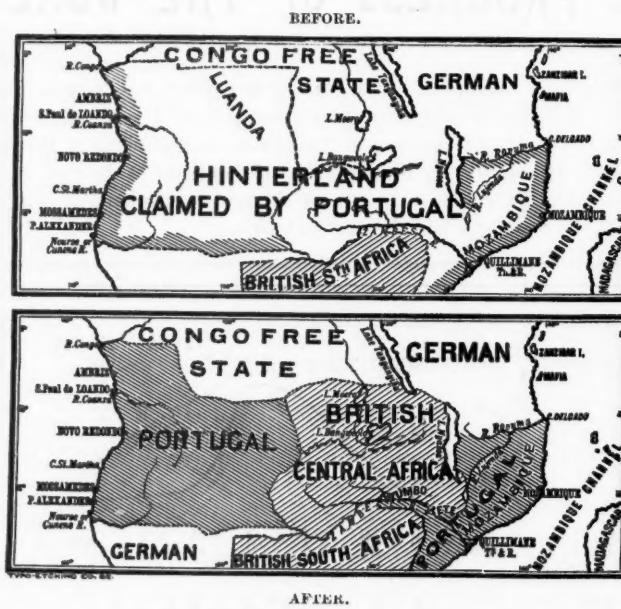
ment. It was negotiated by M. Waddington, who, as soon as the ink was dry, informed his countrymen that "in exchange for concessions of small value, France had obtained solid advantages." For the surrender of a shadowy veto upon our protectorate of Zanzibar, which lay in the hollow of our hand, Lord Salisbury consented to recognize her protectorate of all Madagascar, the largest island but two in the world, which France has never conquered, but which has been civilized and Christianized by English missionaries. As if this were not enough, the whole of the Sahara between Algeria and Timbuctoo was handed over to the French, who were allowed to extend their sphere of influence from the Mediterranean to the borders of Lake Tchad. The Niger Company claimed protectorial rights over the Niger as far as Bouroum. Lord Salisbury pushed the French frontier southward by nearly five hundred miles to Say. Mr. Stanley was aghast when he heard of the largesse with which the English Prime Minister had lavished territory in Negritia upon the French, and said so to interviewers with his customary emphasis. But, after all, it matters little. The French cannot make anything out of the Lake Tchad region, except by thrusting a railway across the Sahara. That railway will take ten years to build, and it will cost at the least eight millions sterling. Before the Sahara is crossed Lake Tchad will be the private pond of the Royal Niger Company. The French will no doubt go to Timbuctoo; but they will not penetrate much further into the Soudan.

The Swaziland Convention. On August 4 the Swaziland Convention was signed between Britain and the Transvaal, by which the Boers acquire for the first time a road to the sea. Swaziland is a territory of 8,000 square miles, lying to the north of Zulu-

land and next to the Transvaal. It contains about 60,000 warlike natives, who helped Lord Wolseley to crush Secoceni, and whose independence, jointly guaranteed by British and Boers, has not hindered their territory being parcelled out among concession hunters, and their monarch being demoralized by strong drink. Owing to the insensate folly which allowed the partition of the Zulus, we are shut out from Swaziland, and the territory in time seemed certain to gravitate to the Transvaal. By the Convention, however, it is still to preserve its nominal independence, but there is to be a joint British-Boer administration of the white settlers for three years certain. The Transvaal is to be free to make a railway through Swaziland and Amatongaland to Kosi Bay, where a port may be formed under British protection. In return for this concession of its deepest aspirations—a concession which creates an Achilles heel for the Republic for our special advantage—the Boers abandon their reserved rights to interfere in the north and northwest of their Republic, promise to support the British South African Company, and undertake to enter the Eastern Union of South Africa. The settle-

ment, which virtually re-establishes British suzerainty over the Transvaal and secures the rear of the British South African Company, was ratified by the Volksraad not without grumbling, and only in the belief that sooner or later the Republic would annex the Swazies.

The Anglo-Portuguese Agreement. The third agreement of the month which Lord Salisbury has negotiated with Portugal is a satisfactory ending of what at one time promised to be a very ugly little quarrel between John Bull and his Lusitanian Belgium. The Portuguese, who are the dog-in-the-manger of Africa, have agreed to waive their pro-



posturous claims to the whole of Central Africa along the Zambesi. They give up their pretensions to our new protectorate on Nyassaland, cut short their territory in Central Africa ten miles east of Zumbo, and leave us the whole interior of Central Africa to do as we please in, subject to the reserved right of Portugal to construct roads, railways, and telegraph lines, within a zone of twenty miles north of the Zambesi, across Africa. The stipulation is almost as grotesque as a reserved right to make a staircase to the moon; but it was probably inserted by Lord Salisbury in a spirit of cynical satire, and by the Portuguese in the sincere belief that it is a solace to their *amour propre*. The map of the region concerned before and after the partition explains better than anything else what *quid pro quo* Portugal has received. The chief change in the interior has been the unceremonious shifting of the boundaries of the more or less mythical Congo Free State. It is understood, although not expressly asserted, that we appropriate the southern tongue of that empire *pour rire*, compensating the Congo for the loss of Garenganse by permission to annex the north-east section of Luanda, the rest of that vague Hinterland being left to the influence of Portugal. Portugal also, who has once more become John Bull's man of straw, is to be allowed to extend her sphere of influence south of Delagoa to the British sphere, subject to the consideration that she is never to part with any of her possessions there without our consent. This gives us a veto upon any transfer of Delagoa Bay; if she were to sell this harbour to the Transvaal for £5,000,000, we should not object — subject always to the provision that the Transvaal on the sea is under the suzerainty and protectorate of Great Britain. The more important points in the Portuguese Agreement are: (1) The limitation of transit duties to 3 per cent.; (2) The formal establishment of free transit along the whole length of the Zambesi — "and through the districts adjoining the river for the purpose of such passage along the whole course" — which may come to mean much more than appears at first sight; (3) The establishment of a tribunal of arbitration of two experts with

power to call in an umpire to decide all disputes between the two Powers; and (4) The guarantee of full protection for missionaries, and religious toleration and freedom for all forms of divine worship and religious teaching in the Portuguese possessions in Africa.

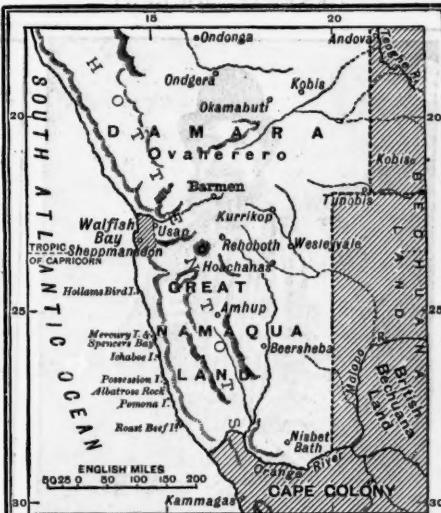
Utilizing our New Powers. The first practical use which the British Government has made of its new station in Zanzibar has been to cause the Sultan to issue a decree which is intended to strike a deadly blow at slavery, without, in so many words, suppressing it as a domestic institution. No slave is emancipated, but, says the Sultan, "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate" — in reality, by the

will of the Giaour who lives in Downing Street, and speaks by the mouth of his ironclads — "we absolutely prohibit from this date (August 1st) all exchange, sale, or purchase of slaves, domestic or otherwise." Men and women are no longer to be convertible currency in Zanzibar. Every slave is to have the right to redeem himself at a just and reasonable tariff. No one who has ever been a slave is ever to be allowed to own other slaves, and no slaves can be left on the death of their owner to any but his lawful children. This puts a heavy premium on the death of the only child of a wealthy slave-owner, for if the owner leaves no lawful children his slaves

shall, *ipso facto*, become free on the death of their owner. There are other provisions of a similar nature. Trade being in a very flourishing condition in Zanzibar, the decree has been enforced without much murmuring.

A Protest from the Cape.

Our Imperial Elizabethan at the Cape has lost no time in warning the authorities at Westminster that South African Colonists intend to have their say in the direction of such Imperial affairs as concern their end of the continent. The Imperial Government, in negotiating the Anglo-German Agreement, had ignored the Cape Government, although the agreement related in part to territory directly under the control of the Cape. Mr. W. H. Smith first of all misled the House by saying the exact contrary of the fact, and then, when



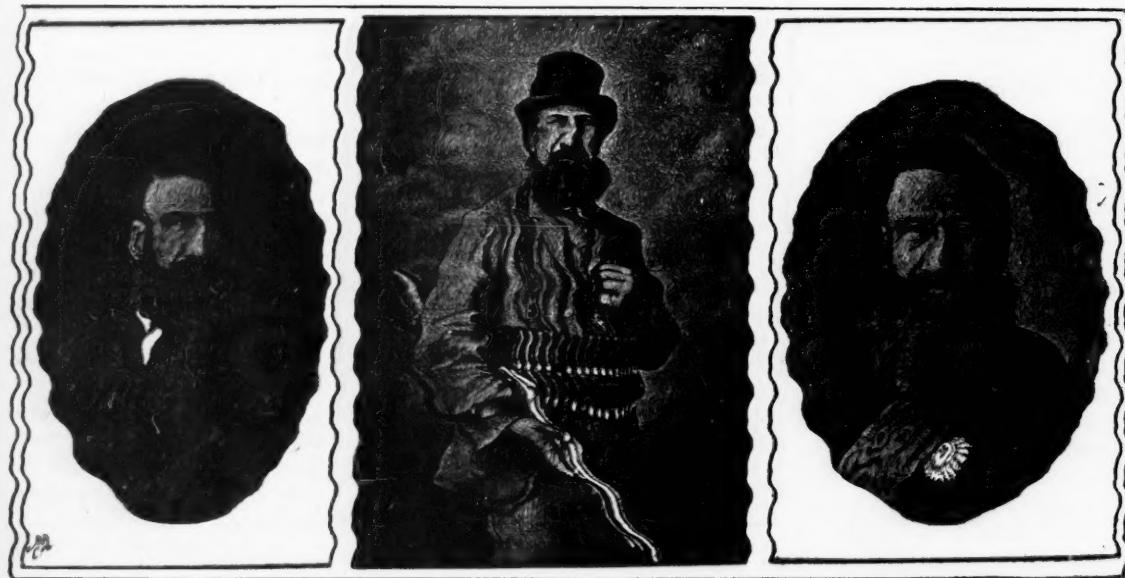
that was detected, Sir James Fergusson haughtily said "it was not usual to consult a colony" in such cases. Now therein Downing Street spoke with its customary un wisdom. Mr. Rhodes has taken office at the Cape in order, among other things, to teach Downing Street that it must cease to act with its usual imbecility if the Colonies are to remain in the Empire. Sir Thomas Upington therefore moved a resolution which, when amended by Mr. Rhodes, was carried unanimously in the Cape Parliament, expressing in unmistakable terms the determination of the Colonists no longer to remain disfranchised of the Empire:—

(a) That any proposal to interfere with the direct control by the Parliament of this colony over Walisch Bay

Westminster have ears to hear this summons and wisdom enough to seize the opportunity which is afforded them of giving our Colonies a voice in the management of Imperial affairs.

General Joubert. General Joubert, the plain Boer farmer who whipped the Britishers at Majuba Hill, has been in London during August on business not very clearly defined. I had the pleasure of meeting him during his visit, and found him very reasonable and intelligent. He is at present prophesying smooth things as to the Transvaal, but is full of uneasiness as to the perils which await the British South African Company. Lobengula, he maintains, would only have allowed them to enter his

GENERAL JOUBERT.



FARMER.

SOLDIER.

PRESIDENT.

territory will be deeply resented by the people of this colony; (b) that this colony strongly deprecates any departure from the boundaries of Walisch Bay territory as laid down by Mr. P. B. Wrey; (c) that it is desirable that the attention of the Government be directed to the question of levying customs at Walisch Bay, and that this House regrets that the Government of this country was not directly represented in the recent arrangements entered into between the British Government and the German Empire in so far as those arrangements affected territories south of the Zambesi, and is of opinion that the Government of this colony should have a voice in any future proposed rearrangements of boundaries south of the Zambesi.

The very existence of the British Empire in the near future depends upon whether or not statesmen at

territory in the belief that they would help him to eat up the Mashonas. The Mashonas would only allow them to settle in the land of Ophir in the belief that they would protect them against Matabele. There must be treachery to one or the other, said General Joubert, as that is "not according to the Lord." Trouble will follow. Up to the present the General's forebodings have not been realized. He has also many misgivings about the Swaziland Convention; but elsewhere his anticipations for the future of South Africa are much more reassuring than I expected. If, as he seems to think, the question of peace or war with Lobengula depends upon whether or not he is paid compensation for the cattle that will be killed by

the tsetse when he treks northward to the new kraal on the other side of the Zambesi, there will be no war. Mr. Rhodes, whose faith in money is implicit, would compensate him to the last penny even were his cattle as numerous as all the bulls that ever roamed on the hills of Bashan.

The Distressful Country. It is a change, but no relief, to turn from this contemplation of the Dark Continent to attend to the sorrows of the Distressful Country. Ireland is once more threatened with dearth. The potato blight has once more smitten the western and southern seaboard, and the cry of distress and alarm is ringing through the land. It is, as usual, the western coast that is in the direst distress. That region represents the last retreat of the Celt from the ever-advancing flood of the Aryan invasion. Westward, ever westward, these early peoples were pressed backwards by the stronger and more imperious races coming from the East—that great womb of nations—until they found themselves on the seashore unable to retreat any further. There they remain, poor derelicts, clinging to the bogs and hills and rocky wilderness that skirt the Atlantic coast, much as the antediluvians clung to the hill-tops after all the rest of the world had been submerged. There, amid the stones and morasses, they have preserved a miserable existence by the aid of that Hibernian bread-fruit tree—the fruitful potato—a bread-fruit, however, which is liable every now and then to change into slimy, loathsome blackness of uneatable abomination. Then, unless help is forthcoming from outside, the natives perish. They died once in the great famine at a rate which has unstrung the nerves of the nation ever since to such an extent that Irishmen can hardly see a blighted potato without seeing visions of hinged coffins dropping the starved-to-death into unblest graves, of rats fattening on the unburied dead, and all the other terrors of that awful time. There is no fear of a repetition of such a catastrophe this winter. **But the wide-spread failure of the crop will seriously**

affect the course of events. Mr. Balfour has enjoyed hitherto the tranquillity which comes not from coercion but from prosperity. If distress sets in sharply, no coercion that the art of man can devise will avert disorder. Mr. Michael Davitt has issued an energetic appeal to the sufferers to help themselves while yet there is time, but I am not sanguine as to any response. **The Irish cottar regards the rotting of the potato as the end of all things—except for relief and public charity.**

A Beneficent Scourge. The cholera, that beneficent sanitary

inspector of the universe, is on his rounds at present. In Spain he has incidentally carried off some twelve hundred lives, and in Arabia and elsewhere he has been compelled to effect some considerable clearances of human beings. A case or two has been reported in London, but as yet we have no serious warning of his approach. The cholera probably does more for the sanitation of the world than all the other diseases put together. Whether it is due to the prestige of his name, or whether there is something exceptionally formidable in his attacks, there is no doubt that the cholera produces more effect with a less expenditure of life than any other malady known to man. He produces a greater sensation than all the familiar diseases which year in and year out slay their thousands for the tens who fall victims to the cholera, and this sensation is productive of untold good. In Manchester, and in all large towns, there are districts where the death-rate is 60, 80, and even 90 per 1,000, owing to the



THE POTATO BLIGHT IN IRELAND.
[Districts where the disease is reported to have appeared are shaded.]

Insanitary conditions under which the people exist—of the vitiated state of the air they breathe, of the overcrowded, unventilated, filth-sodden, and dilapidated condition of the houses, courts, and alleys they inhabit, and of the polluted state of the very soil which underlies the dwellings in which they live and sleep.

No one cares for these things as a general rule, at least among the well-to-do, but when cholera is in

the air, then, indeed, there is a sudden awakening of the public conscience. *Am I my brother's keeper* is an inquiry not often heard when the cholera demonstrates the fact by killing you in twenty-four hours because you have not kept your brother better. As Sir Joseph Fayrer said at the Sanitary Institute, which is holding its twelfth annual congress at Brighton—

The way to protect themselves from cholera or any epidemic was to keep their homes clean, to see that the water they drank was pure, that their food was good, that they lived wholesome lives, and to keep their minds from panic.

But these things will never get done except under pressure of the panic caused by that beneficent Scourge which, like most of such curses, confer upon us a greater blessing than all the boons for which we pray.

Cardinal Newman. The death of Cardinal Newman removes another of those great names which add lustre to the Victorian era. Cardinal Newman was by universal consent the best Churchman whom the

English Establishment has produced this century. According to the Dean of St. Paul's, he re-created Anglicanism. The English Church as we see it to-day is his handiwork. But, she could not retain her most gifted son. Whether it is on the Evangelical side or the opposite, the Anglican Church is only too faithful a representative of the Jewish Church, which always stoned the prophets

and then garnished their sepulchres. The men whom she repels do the work she claims an exclusive right to perform. She persecuted the Puritans, and they founded the American Republic. George Fox found no welcome in her borders, and Wesley in the next century had to follow the men of the Mayflower and the Society of Friends outside her pale, and this century Newman made a similar exit on the other side.

The Sceptre of Age. The documents elicited by the passing of that great spirit are a significant reminder of the extent to which England, literary and religious England, is under the sway of the old men. To read the sermons and articles called forth by Cardinal Newman's death, one might imagine that the Tractarian controversy was vividly present to the minds of all those whom we meet in the street or in the market-place. As a matter of fact, to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of us the fierce controversy that raged over Tract XC. is almost as



From a photograph

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

in the Lamp.

far away and as unreal as the disputes which filled the Circus at Constantinople with strife before Mohammed arose to sweep away with cruel besom of steel all that chaff from the Lord's threshing-floor. But the Old still dominate our Press and our pulpits. What we have been listening to is the chorus of the grand old men of our time over the fall of one of the grandest

of their number. And meanwhile, the young men look on with sympathizing interest, and note with satisfaction the growth of that truly religious charity which Newman detested, but which has never received so remarkable illustration in our time as in the universal outburst of admiration and of veneration that has been heard over the grave of a Roman Cardinal who, to use the fiercer dialect of an earlier age, apostatized from *the true faith in order to prostitute his intellect at the idolatrous shrine of the Scarlet Woman*. The old partitions are now wearing so thin that the God-like in man shows through everywhere.

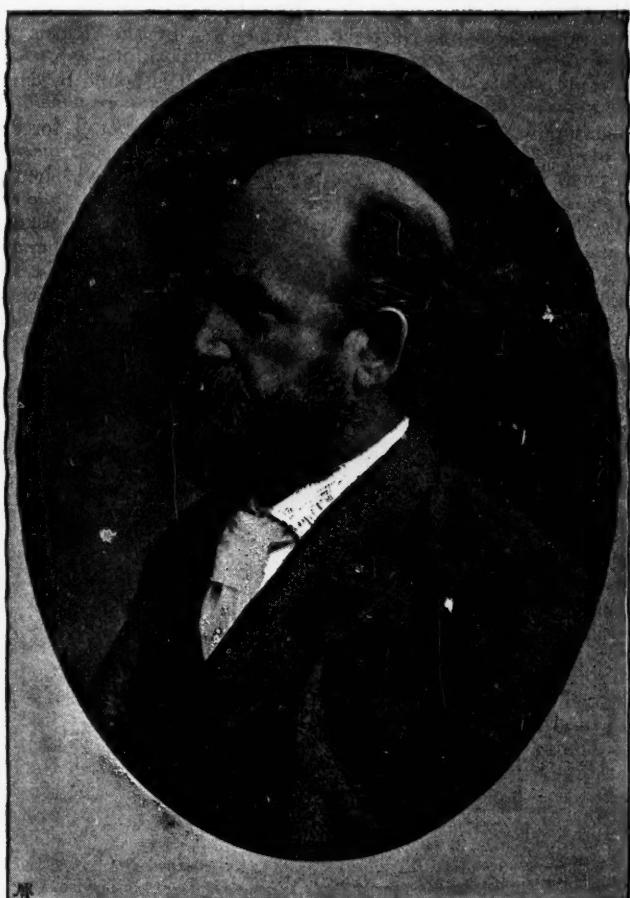
Henry George, on his way back to New York from Australia, called at London the other day. He is still as enthusiastic as ever in advocacy of the single tax on land values, and professed himself well satisfied about the progress of his cause at the Antipodes. He said that he had been much impressed by the ubiquity and the organization of the Salvation Army, and when asked by an interviewer what was the most remarkable thing he had seen since he left America, he replied, "the new Social departure of the Salvation Army." That new movement progresses apace, nor can any one as yet venture to predict to what dimensions it may grow.

The Session at Washington still, at the moment of writing, drags its slow length along. The Session at Westminster has come to a close—much to the relief of jaded legislators. It has been an unfortunate year for

the Government, which has been punished more for its virtues than for its vices. But for Mr. Goschen's sincere anxiety to do something to abate the evils occasioned by the excessive consumption of spirits, Ministers might have passed at least one of their more important Bills. As it is, they had to abandon everything but some small departmental measures, and trust to next

Session to enable them to go to the country with a decent record of legislative achievement. What chance there will be of passing an Irish Land Purchase Bill in 1891 will depend more upon the result of the potato blight than upon anything else. Parliament is to reassemble in November, when an attempt is to be made to curtail the debate on the Address to the Throne in reply to the Queen's Speech. By circulating the answers to questions in print with the Parliamentary agenda, they would save an hour every night. But for some reason or other this simple and obvious reform, which could be introduced with out debate, is ignored, while no end of time is wasted over discussions

how best to facilitate the despatch of business. According to a statement sent me from the Hansard Room, the report of the eloquence of our legislators during the Session just closed occupies 14,800 pages, of which 700 were devoted to the Navy, 850 to India, 900 to the Army, 1,450 to Scotland, and 4,700, or nearly one-third of the whole, to Ireland. Yet, as Sessions go, Ireland was not much to the front this year.



MR. HENRY GEORGE.

Stereoscopic Co.

Egypt. The operation of administering the affairs of bankrupt States has landed us in Egypt, nor does it exactly appear when we shall escape from the perilous tutelage of the derelict Pashalik. Last month the Turk ventured to suggest that perhaps our work was accomplished, and that the time had come for us to pack up our traps and quit. To which hint Lord Salisbury is reputed to have replied "No." The time is not yet. When will the time come? Alas, who can say? Meantime we shall make the best of it, and do what we can to accustom the fellahs to even-handed justice and honest administration. And even in this rapid survey of the events of the month I must express my hearty satisfaction at the rapid promotion of Mr. Alfred Milner, who has been appointed Under-Secretary of Finance in the Egyptian Government. Mr. Alfred Milner was for some years my assistant editor on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He then served as Mr. Goschen's private secretary at the Treasury. Last year he went out to Egypt in an official capacity, where, as everyone expected who knew him, he won golden opinions in all quarters, and, a vacancy occurring, he was promptly promoted to the Financial Under-Secretaryship. It may seem but a small thing the promotion of an ex-private secretary to an Egyptian Under-Secretaryship. But it is no small thing for the Empire that its ablest sons should find recognition and gain positions where they can use their capacities to the best advantage. And those who knew Mr. Milner at Oxford as a student, at Northumberland Street as a journalist, and at Downing Street as Mr. Goschen's right-hand man, rejoice to know that he has entered upon a career which, if his health holds good, will land him near the very foretop of the State.

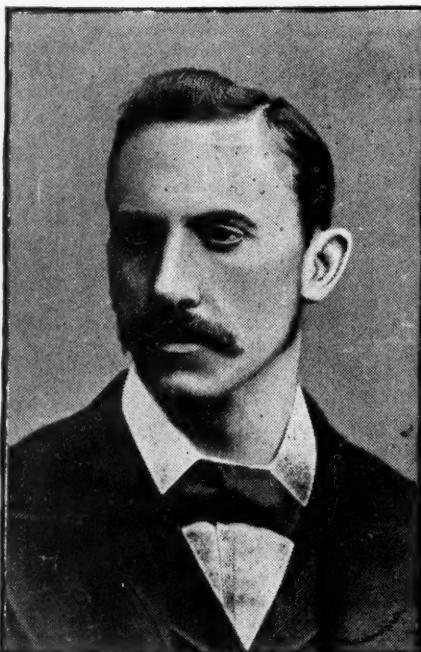
The Kaiser. The Kaiser has last month visited his grandmother at Osborne, has taken over Heligoland, and has attended the military manœuvres before Narva, in Russia, where he was the guest of the Tzar. When commanding his Russian regiment at the manœuvres he was taken prisoner as the result of his suddenly dashing against a position strongly held by hussars and horse artillery. The sensation is said to have been considerable on both sides. Idle gossip, although no less than the usual instalment, is current as to the political sig-

nificance of the visit. The only item of importance is the story that M. Wischenegradski and Chancellor Caprivi have agreed that the war of tariffs on the frontier should cease. What is quite evident is that for the present the Tzar's determination to remain on good terms with Germany and England remains as strong as when he declared it two years ago.

If the Tzar wished to make a disturbance, **Armenia.** he has ample opportunity in Armenia. The *Daily News* has published about a column a day for weeks past of the atrocities inflicted upon the Armenians by the Kurds with the connivance, if not the support, of the Turks. Of course, the British Government is bound by virtue of its occupancy of Cyprus and its responsibility under the Anglo-Turkish Convention to force the Turk to desist from massacre. Equally, of course, the British Government leaves the Sultan to do as he pleases. Russia, therefore, is the only hope of the Armenians. But the Tzar cannot move a soldier without an outburst of indignation on the part of the British public. Armenia must, therefore, continue to suffer without hope of redress.

The Revolution in the Argentine Republic.

Central and Southern America has run its course. In form, the Government of President Celman was allowed to achieve a complete triumph over the Revolution. But the morn after the officially-proclaimed suppression of the insurrection, President Celman was compelled to resign, and all power passed into the hands of the party that made the Revolution. One thousand killed and five thousand wounded was the price paid for getting rid of the Ismail Pasha of the



MR. ALFRED MILNER.

Argentine. No changing of Presidents, however, will restore the credit of the bankrupt Republic. Sooner or later Argentina will have to go into liquidation, and more unlikely things have happened than the administration of the Republic as a bankrupt estate by a syndicate of London bankers. For the moment South America is at peace. And so is Central America. After prolonged bickerings peace has been signed between San Salvador and Guatemala. General Ezeta remains in possession of power and place in San Salvador, and the first attempt to coerce a dissentient Republic to obey the vote of the majority in the Federation of Central America has come to an ignominious end.

ANDREW LANG ON RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN *Harper's Bazar* of August 30, Mr. Andrew Lang pays tribute to the genius of the new literary light in English literature. We make room for the first and last paragraphs of his article, which is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Kipling.

Some years ago among the books which come in battalions to a reviewer, I found an odd little volume of verses, bound like an official report. Where is that volume now? It has gone the way of first editions: a thing to regret, as it was an example of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties.' They were light pieces of rhyme on Anglo-Indian life and society; they were lively, sad, cynical, and very unlike most poetry. Mr. Kipling's name was new to me, and, much as I had admired his verses, I heard no more of him till I received 'The Story of the Gadsbys,' 'Studies in Black and White,' and 'Under the Deodars.' They were all unpretending little tomes, clad in gray paper, and published in India. Then, on reading them, one saw that a new star in literature had swung into one's ken. Here were extraordinary brightness, brevity, observation, humor; unusual, perhaps unexampled, knowledge of life in India—life of the people, of their white rulers, of men and women, and of the private soldier. Mr. Kipling had the unusual art of telling a short story; he cut it almost down to anecdote in his hatred of the prolix and the superfluous. This is always a rare art in English; in French it is more common, and is made far more welcome.

I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe. His favorite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home, and passions that do not stray far from the drawing-room or the parlor. In style, as has been said, he has brevity, brilliance, selection; he is always at the centre of the interest; he wastes no words; he knows not padding. He can understand passion, and make us understand it. He has sympathies unusually wide, and can find the rare strange thing in the midst of the commonplace. He has energy, spirit, vision. Refinement he has not in an equal measure; perhaps he is too abrupt, too easily taken by a piece of slang, and one or two little mannerisms become provoking. It does not seem as yet that he very well understands or can write very well about ordinary English life. But he has so much to say that he might well afford to leave the ordinary to other writers. He has the alacrity of the French intellect, and often displays its literary moderation and reserve. One may overestimate what is so new, what is so undeniably rich in many promises. This is a natural tendency in the critic. To myself Mr. Kipling seems one of two, three, or four young men, and he is far the youngest, who flash out genius from some unexpected place; who are not academic, nor children of the old literature of the world, but of their own works. What seems cynical, flighty, too brusque, and too familiar in him, should mellow with years. I do not believe that Europe is the place for him. There are three other continents where I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial material. He is an exotic romancer. His muse needs the sun, the tramp of horses, the clash of swords, the jingling of bridle-reins, vast levels of sand, thick forests, wide gleaming

rivers, the temples of strange gods. This at least is a personal theory, which may readily be contradicted by experience. But I trust that it may not be contradicted, and that Mr. Kipling's youth and adventurous spirit may bring on tales and sketches and ballads from many shores not familiar, from many a home of Pathans, Kaffirs, Pawnees, from all natural men. He is not in tune with our modern civilization, whereof many a heart is sick; he is more at home in an Afghan pass than in the Strand.

GREAT OCEAN WAVES.

MR. W. J. HENDERSON, the yachting and musical expert of the *New York Times*, pricks a popular fallacy in the *September St. Nicholas*—the notion, namely, that transatlantic steamers are in constant danger of damage from 'tidal waves.' The 'tidal wave' is caused by nothing but the rising and falling of the tide.

As the moon passes around the earth once in twenty-five hours and the earth is about 25,000 miles in circumference, the tidal wave travels 1000 miles an hour. This is its actual rate of speed in the open sea; but where land impedes its progress it moves much more slowly, sometimes making no more than fifty miles an hour. You understand, of course, that this tidal wave is what we commonly speak of as the rise and fall of the tide. In mid-ocean its height is about four feet. In land-locked seas it is less. In some bays, however, where there is a wide opening directly in the course of the advancing or receding tidal wave, the rise and fall is much greater.

All sorts of nonsense has been written about waves 'mountains high.' The truth is that when a ship is plunging down the back of one wave and is at the same time heeled over till her rail is close to the water, the next wave looks as if it would sweep completely over the vessel and therefore appears as big as a mountain. Lieutenant Qualtrough says:—'We find reports of heights of 100 feet from hollow to crest, but no verified measurement exists of a height half as great as this. The highest reliable measurements are from 44 to 48 feet—in itself a very remarkable height. Waves having a greater height than thirty feet are not often encountered.' The height of wind waves is governed by what is called the 'fetch.' That means their distance from the place where their formation begins. Thomas Stevenson, author of 'Lighthouse Illumination,' and father of the well-known writer of our day, Robert Louis Stevenson, gives the following formula as applicable when the fetch is not less than six sea miles: 'The height of the wave in feet is equal to 1.5 multiplied by the square root of the fetch in nautical miles.' Let us suppose that in a gale of wind the waves began to form 400 miles from the ship you are on. The square root of 400 is 20, which multiplied by 1.5 gives 30 feet as the height of the waves around the ship.

Now, it is well known that in every storm there are occasionally groups of three or four waves considerably larger than the others. Captain Lecky is of the opinion that these are caused by the increased force of the wind in the squalls which are a feature of every big blow. Now, waves travel at a rate which is the result of their size. Waves 200 feet long from hollow to hollow travel about 19 knots per hour; those of 400 feet in length make 27 knots; and those of 600 feet rush forward irresistibly at 32 knots. Let us suppose, now, a wave 400

feet in length and 83 or 40 feet high rushing along at 27 knots. It overtakes a slower wave making about 20 knots, with a height of 25 feet and a length of 200. The two seas become one, forming at the moment of their union an enormous wave. Just at that moment they meet one of those steamers called 'ocean greyhounds,' which, as every one knows, never slacken speed unless it is absolutely necessary for safety. She is butting into the storm at the rate of say eight knots an hour. She runs plump against a great wall of water which seems to rise suddenly out of the general tumult, rushing at her with a height of 45 feet or more and a speed of over 30 miles per hour. There is a fearful crash forward, accompanied by a deluge, and as the tons of water roll off the forecastle deck, it is found that damage has been done, and the officers on watch enter in the log the interesting fact that the steamer has been struck by a 'tidal wave.'

Earthquake waves, which are those most frequently misnamed tidal waves, arise from causes wholly different from those which produce the other varieties. Neither the winds nor the tides have anything to do with these waves. They are produced by subterranean convulsions, which lift or otherwise agitate the surface of the earth on the borders of an ocean, or the earth which forms its bottom, and so disturb the waters.

If an uplifting of the earth should take place under the ocean, it would produce one of those big waves which vessels meet with sometimes in calm weather and which are always described as 'tidal.'

Even the newspapers, in speaking of a political candidate who is defeated by an overwhelming majority, say that he has been engulfed in a 'tidal wave.' And the sea-captain, who ought to know better, reports to the hydrographic office that away out in latitude and longitude something or other, his vessel was struck by a 'tidal wave.' Whereas the truth is that, in a storm, ninety-nine times out of one hundred it is simply an unusually large wind wave which strikes the ship, and the one-hundredth time it is caused by an earthquake. In calm weather it is always the earthquake wave.

WIRE FENCES AND REVOLUTIONS.

In the old days of Buenos Ayres the disturbances would begin in the more remote corners of the provinces and smolder for a while before breaking out into active flame; then, when the worst of the conflagration had been subdued, it would yet be a long time before the embers of the fire could be extinguished. Wandering bodies of irregular horse would begin the fray by carrying on a kind of guerilla warfare under pretext of supporting the claims of some candidate for high office; and, although the chances of their candidate may have been altogether crushed and disposed of elsewhere, they would still carry on their depredations for the sake of pillage. In 1880 the new railways enabled the Government, or at least the party that had the army at its back, to move their troops sufficiently quickly to stamp out these marauders before they were able to combine and inflict any material damage. But what helped most toward their discomfiture was the network of wire fencing which had been erected on all the sheep and cattle farms in the more populous districts, and which rendered it very difficult, if not impossible, for any large body of mounted men to sweep the country rapidly from point to point, as they had been used to do. Juan and José shook their heads sadly when they discussed the subject of wire fences.

No more looting of small country towns or robbing fat *estancieros* for them. What was the use of carrying off a man's horses when you could not be sure of getting them away? The wires effectually handicapped the pursued and helped the pursuers. The more restless spirits of the country, the *gauchos* who would not work either for themselves or others when it came to earning their livelihood by honest labor, cleared out from a civilization that had brought wire fences to spoil their old hunting grounds and settled themselves in the wilder and less civilized districts. The country was none the worse for their departure, for with them departed its most disturbing element. — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

CRIME IN FICTION.

It is asserted, and, we daresay, with some truth, that novels like Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard,' and illustrated sheets like the *Police News*, have largely recruited the ranks of the thieves and the burglars. There the seed had fallen in kindly soil prepared by circumstances and hereditary depravity. The mass of amateurs of the horrible in the upper or middle classes are more prosaically minded or less romantically disposed.

At all events they seldom dream of translating thought into action, and taking the short but dangerous cuts to their crimes which come so naturally to their favorite heroes and heroines. They are content to admire, to gape, and to swallow; to shrink delightfully at the rustle of the stealthy poisoner's nightdress, and to shudder at the heavy thud of the hired ruffian's bludgeon as it lights upon some respectable head. Criminal fiction does little direct harm in the sense of shortening inconvenient lives or tampering with important deeds. But it steadily demoralizes the palate for anything milder and more delicately flavored; the habitual dram drinker will have his stimulants stronger and stronger, and you cannot expect him to turn with satisfaction from spirits above proof, fresh from the distillery, to the choicest of Schloss Johannisberg or Château Yquem. — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

JEWS IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily Graphic* notices a curious fact in regard to the Jews in Russia. At present there are no less than 125,000 Jews in the military forces of the empire, 46,000 of whom were recruited last Spring, while next year's draft will, it is calculated, amount to not fewer than 50,000. Russia, though she refuses almost all the privileges of citizenship to the unfortunate Jews, exacts the full pound of flesh as regards military service. We presume she relies upon the fact that they are too widely scattered throughout the army to make their disaffection a danger; but at the same time there is something strange in arming a body of men habitually oppressed by the State. It is almost as if the Southern planters had raised Negro regiments, or the Turks engaged Bulgarians in their military service. — *The Spectator*.

The delay in issuing the first American edition of The Review of Reviews has been due to such difficulties as always attend the starting of a new enterprise. Hereafter it is intended to issue the Review on the 12th of each month.

COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

REPORT OF HELPERS' SERVICE.

IHAVE to thank my Helpers for a mass of interesting matter, roughly summarized below, concerning the efforts which are being made in Great Britain to secure a fortnight in the country for all the children of our great cities.

The salient features of the reports forwarded me from all parts of the country are these:—

1. That the practice of sending children into the country for more than a day is of quite recent origin, and it is now spreading all over the country.

2. That the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Mission affords the best example of the method in which the country holiday can be established on a self-supporting basis.

3. That the training and discipline imparted by the holiday in camp, renders a country camp an indispensable adjunct of every civilized community.

4. That the cost per child in camp or boarded out averages at least 5s. a week, and that in most cases it is necessary to supplement their board and lodging by the loan or gift of clothes.

5. That the establishment of Cinderella Clubs, Robin Societies, and the like is a valuable supplement to the Sunday Schools, which, however, provide the most of the day excursions.

6. That it would be a great advantage if every town had its Children's Day, an annual *fête*, dedicated to all the children of the community.

7. That no provision is made for securing a fortnight in town to children from the country.

8. That of all charities few are open to so few objections as that which provides for the slum child one fortnight's outing in the country.

Having thus drawn these general conclusions, I hasten to present a summary of the information sent in in response to my appeal in the July number.

WHAT IS DONE IN LONDON.

The second batch of children, the expense of whose holidays has been defrayed by a gentleman in Dublin, were despatched last month through the agency of the Ragged School Union. They went to Godalming. The following is some account of these little urchins, whose portraits are given above:—

1. William K. (seven years old, looks ten), hollow-eyed and haggard, Clerkenwell. "Billy's" home had no furniture; two other children were playing in it, unable to go out through their not having either boots or stockings. Father, casual labourer; mother works at rag sorting. Never been into the country in his life.

2. Alfred B. (nine years), Clerkenwell Green. The oldest but one of six; father, casual labourer, out of work. Live in one room, mother ill. Three other hungry little ones wanted to know if they couldn't go as well.

3. Lawrence McC. (eight years), Chiswick. Fatherless; mother keeps four children by laundry, and will pay 1s.

4. John C. (eight years), Chiswick. Fatherless, one of seven; mother, who works at a laundry, will pay 1s.

5. Joseph E. (twelve years), Camberwell. Boy sickly and needing a change badly; parents will pay 1s.

6. Robert Michael T. (ten years), Camberwell. Father dead; boy ill with bad eyes; mother will pay 1s.

7. George McS. (twelve years),

Drury Lane. Mother dead, father scavenger; very needy case; will pay 1s.

8. Mark T. (eleven years), Drury Lane, W.C. Father in prison; mother offered to pay 6d.—all she can afford.

9. George T. (nine years), Southwark, S.E. Fatherless; mother hard-working woman, makes hat-boxes; earned last week 2s. 9d., and the week before 1s. 9d., and has to pay 2s. 6d. per week rent for one room; the boy goes out at times leading a blind man who sells matches.

10. Mike B. (ten years), Southwark, S.E. Father dead; mother drinks.

The Ragged School Union has sent another batch of ten children, five boys and five girls, to West Brighton.

The Ragged School Union has now seven "Holiday Homes" located at Folkestone, Thursley Common, East Grinstead, Brenchley, Chislehurst, Caterham, and Windsor, all held under varying tenures, but none actually the property of the Union, but the Committee do not see why they should not possess one. In these days of beneficent action, it only requires some generous-



READY FOR AN OUTING.

hearted friend to take the matter up and it would be done. Last year the Union sent away over 3,000 children—van boys, factory girls, with a good sprinkling of adults, poor teachers, and others. Up to the present time no less than 3,515 have enjoyed the boon this summer, and many are still anxiously waiting their turn. Whilst even now using largely carefully selected and well supervised cottages, the Committee still think the "Homes" the best. The Thursley Home is looked after by a lady who has given up the whole season to act as matron to the fortnightly parties of about 25 boys.

A gentleman in this city, after reading last month's REVIEW, sent me a cheque for £10. I have also received £1 from another donor, 3s. 6d. from a subscriber in London, £2 10s. from a Southport friend, and £5 from a Leeds medical man, to all of whom, on behalf of the children, I tender my hearty thanks.

LITTLE MAGGIE'S COLLECTION

Among the letters I received last month few gave me more pleasure than one from a little maiden, who, in the familiar round text-hand of the schoolroom, writes as follows:—

Dear Sir.—My little sisters and brothers, with myself, have been saving up our pennies, and now we have 10s., so we are sending it to you to help send away poor little children into the country. Father read about it in your paper. He told me he liked you very much, but I don't know why.—Yours truly.

MAGGIE W.

With Maggie's 10s. I have sent down to Mrs. Kerwin's home, "The Babe in the Woods," at Leytonstone, Epping Forest, Florrie, the little daughter of a paralysed mousetrap-maker in the East of London. She is only nine years old, her mother is dead, and she has for some time been the indispensable nurse and helper of her poor crippled father. Very deft she is with the pincers, and so necessary that for the fortnight she is away, it will be indispensable to supply her place; otherwise her father would be quite helpless. That, however, has been done. Little Florrie has been rigged out from top to toe in plain clean clothes, and she is now off to the country, which she had never seen before in all her short and dreary life.

Little Maggie will be glad to know that Florrie is at the present moment enjoying the country in the beautiful neighbourhood of Epping Forest, and who but for the saved-up pennies of Maggie and her brothers and sisters would have been all this September cooped in a London slum without any sight of the glad sunshine or of the golden harvest fields. In the name of little Florrie, I thank little Maggie, and hope that she and her brothers and sisters may throughout the whole of their lives remember those who are not so well off as themselves.

FOR INVALID CHILDREN.

I sent £5 of the money entrusted to me to the Invalid Children's Aid Association, whose office is 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C., and which has for its clients the seriously invalid and afflicted children of the London poor—not the mere ailing children, to whom a fortnight in the country may make all the difference in the world, but the very suffering, in whose condition no difference can be made without lavish expenditure of money, and trouble, and time. It sends these little sufferers off for larger periods than a fortnight, and as they are all invalids they need nursing, comforts and the like, which renders it impossible to board them out at the low rate at which the Country Holiday's Fund sends out

its boarders. But the need of its little clients is so urgent that I am sure my correspondent who entrusted me with the money will be glad that half of it has gone to the invalids.

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY FUND.

Quite distinct from the Country Holidays Fund is the Children's Holiday Fund of Marylebone, which is worked through the Board Schools of which Miss Mary Bryce and Miss Honor Brooke are managers. This Fund sends away from 1,250 to 1,500 children into the country for three weeks at a cost of a little over £1,000 per annum. The working expenses last year were only £17 18s. 11d. Last year the children cost 17s. per three weeks, journeys included. One village took the children at 3s. per head per week, instead of at 5s. "No complaint has reached us from any of the country homes of bad conduct, uncleanness, or misbehaviour." Address of Hon. Treasurer and Sec., 1, Manchester Square, W.

OTHER FUNDS.

Many of the Missions in the East-End have homes of their own to which they send children, notable among these are the George Yard Mission "Nests."

In addition to the above there is a Children's Fresh Air Mission, with its headquarters at St. Peter's Schools, Onslow Street, Clerkenwell, E.C. This has been in existence since 1882. By its means, from 2,000 to 3,000 children are boarded out from a week to three weeks at a cost of about 5s. a week.

Another society which does the same kind of work is the Robin Society, but it is on a very small scale. Its offices are at 390, New Cross Road, S.E. The children are sent for a fortnight into the country at a cost of 5s. per week per head.

Mrs. Kerwin has a home of her own at Leytonstone, which she calls "The Babe in the Woods." With her, 7s. will keep a child in the country for a week, and a guinea for three weeks. Last year she took about forty children.

The Rev. J. Howard Swinstead, curate of the Parish Church, Marylebone, informs me that the Rev. Canon Barker's church has seaside resorts at Dover, Hastings, and Brighton. There have been 105 children this year, at an average cost of one pound each for three weeks. At Marylebone they arrive at the sum which each parent must pay for the child in the following manner:—From the total earnings which are, say 30s. a week, from which they subtract rent, say 6s. a week, leaving 24s.; this is divided between a family, say of five, which leaves 4s. 9d. each, from which 25 per cent. is deducted, and therefore 3s. 7d. is the price which is taken as the cost of maintaining a child, and the parent is therefore required to pay 10s. for three weeks. The children are selected because of their feeble health, if they have no friends in the country, and have had no previous holiday that season.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist, Waterloo Road, sends 350 children into the country. About 80 poor persons annually are sent to Convalescent Homes. "Treats, outings, and excursions," groans the Vicar, "are a constantly increasing burden."

In addition to the ordinary Sunday Schools' trips, and others connected with religious organizations, the Camberwell Secularists' Society gives an annual treat to the poor children in its locality.

The practice of taking children into the country for at least one day's outing is general in London, but by no means so universally carried out as in the country.

"DIDN'T KNOW PEOPLE EVER DIDN'T LIVE IN A STREET."

The Helper who undertook the despatch of the children described in our last number thus reports their return, safe and sound:—

I met my party of children, for whom you kindly provided the money, on their return from Weybridge, and it was a real pleasure to see them scramble from the train, with rosy cheeks and carrying great bunches of flowers. Some of them wrote me such nice letters while they were away, full of the joys of swinging and blackberrying, even though the blackberries were still, alas! only red. "Me and Mary is very happy," wrote one little sister; and another small damsel, with utter disregard of punctuation, wrote, "I like the country very much I am quite happy I am beginning to look quite brown and rosy." I have some more country-holiday children boarded out round me at Harrow, and their surprise at country sights is both sad and amusing. One girl of ten mistook rowan berries for red currants, and another of twelve expressed blank surprise at seeing the cottager dig up potatoes, having lived under the impression that potatoes, like gooseberries, grew on a bush! But most pathetic of all was a small child, who remarked, shyly, on my asking her how she liked the quiet road they were to live in, "I thought we would live in a street. I didn't know people ever didn't live in a street. I never saw houses standing by themselves before." Her little imagination had never soared above the Marylebone back-slums, in which her whole life had been spent. Now, at least, she has brighter possibilities to strive after.

COUNTRY CAMPS.

Seaside camps are established under the auspices of the Diocesan Council. The London Diocesan Council has established a camp for London youths at Sandhills, two miles from Deal. About 1,000 lads between 14 and 17 are sent down from London. Boys are required to pay not less than half-a-crown a week towards their railway fare, board, and lodgings. They wear a uniform, and are under discipline. The camp is intended primarily for members of parochial schools and institutes. The Ragged School Union is also contemplating starting a camp.

Another successful camp is the Country Camp and Chalet at Hayling Island, which is under the control of the Rev. G. L. Harding, 148, Edgware Road, W. There is a camp, which can accommodate 200 at a time, and a chalet in connection with it. Boys belonging to the Children's Country Camping Club pay 3s. a week. Special arrangements are made with the railway companies, so that any one can pass a week at the seaside or in the chalet for 23s., inclusive of railway fare, board and lodging, and attendance, or 20s. 6d. in the camp if they are adults. If they are under twelve it only costs them 8s. 6d. This camp was primarily intended for Christian workers of any denomination and members of Young Men's and Women's Bible Classes.

A CHILDREN'S DAY.

A very sensible suggestion reaches us from the *Croydon Advertiser*. An active public official suggests in its columns that it would be a good plan to have a Children's Day, a public holiday solely devoted to the purpose of giving a grand holiday for all the youngsters of the borough, on which day public sports might be given. "Children's Day" is a great idea. Some such plan has already been carried out in Newcastle as a counteractive to the temptation of the races, and I shall be glad to hear if the suggestion thrown out at Croydon leads to the establishment of a Children's Day as one of the institutions of English life.

THE GOOD WORK IN THE COUNTRY.

A Dunmow Helper, who reports that a number of London children are lodged in his district, says that efforts are made by residents in the district to get up treats and amusements for the children sent down from town. This holds out a prospect of helpfulness to ladies and gentlemen in whose neighbourhood the children are boarded out. In the neighbourhood of Garstang, for instance, there are nearly ninety children from Liverpool, and smaller groups are reported as being settled in various localities. It would be well if the intelligent philanthropists in each locality were to see what could be done in the way of making their country holiday treat as pleasant as possible. A swing, for instance, would be a godsend to many of the juveniles, and once put up it would be a perennial source of delight. The chains of my swing, which was put up before I was married, are still in good working condition after nearly twenty years of constant exposure to wind and weather. The ropes have only been renewed once, and the seat is almost as good as ever.

The almost universal rule in the provinces is that every Sunday School, Band of Hope, and choir goes into the country or to the seaside for a day's trip; but occasionally, as in the case of Hanley, the trip is extended for two days. This, however, appears to be exceptional.

A BOY'S SEASIDE CAMP.

One of the most interesting reports which I have received from any English town comes to me from a Helper in Newcastle-on-Tyne. In 1888 a camp was established at the seaside for boys, where last year over two hundred camped out for a fortnight. The cost, which is defrayed by public subscriptions, is estimated at 17s. for a fortnight, of which 9s. 1d. goes for food, 7s. 11d. for tentage and clothing. Each boy receives per day half a pound of meat, one and a half pounds of bread, four large potatoes, one pint of coffee, and one pint of milk, besides vegetables, cake, etc. Under this diet some of the lads increase as much as seven pounds in the fortnight, at the rate of half a pound a day. Various games—quoits, cricket, gymnastic exercises, and boats are provided for the lads. The following particulars are given as to the mode of selection:—

In almost all cases the boys apply themselves: a talk with them about their earnings, their parents, their families, and past history elicits particulars, which, with their names and addresses, are entered in an application book. The names are then sent to the School Board officers, who have shown great interest in the work, and rendered us most valuable assistance. They report on every case known to them, which comprise all save a very small percentage.

The names are then arranged in batches and given to various members of the committee, who visit the homes, explain matters to the parents, enquire as to their feelings, etc., and report. Those approved are directed to be present at the Dispensary (kindly lent by the Governors for the purpose), where they are medically examined, and their fitness certified.

The boys are then placed in the hands of a superintendent, who takes them to the Camp.

The total cost of the camp last year was under £300. The age of the boys is from twelve to sixteen. There is no provision made by them, as at Bristol, for camping out girls.

A NOBLE PHILANTHROPIST.

The camp is not the only provision made by Tyneside philanthropy for the benefit of the children. Newcastle

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

rejoices in a public-spirited citizen, who is also on the Board of Guardians, of the name of Mr. Thomas Stamp Alder, whose humanitarian activity is felt in almost every department of local philanthropy. Among other methods of interesting and amusing the poor, he has taken as many as 4,000 of them down to the seaside on a summer afternoon in a flotilla of steamers, fed them, and brought them back to town at night. He has also fed thousands of children on the town moor during the races. But what is perhaps the most distinctive feature of his activities is the open-air concerts and entertainments for the poor he has instituted in the poorer districts of Newcastle. Although this does not come within the scope of a report on Country Holidays, the phase of humanitarian activity which it illustrates is so unique that I strain a point to describe it. He issues a printed invitation to people to attend these open air musical treats. Here is a copy of one of them:—

140, New Bridge-street.—My dear Old and Young Friends,—From infirmities, from advanced age, from the constant attention to the little ones at home, from being wearied after your day's work, you are unable—or it may be that many of you don't like, on account of not being well enough dressed, or various other causes—to go to the different parks and have the pleasure of hearing the excellent bands of music provided therein during the summer season. To meet this want, it has been arranged that a series of open-air special musical treats shall be provided for you in the various centres of the densely populated poor districts in the city; the second of these will be held at the foot of Gibson Street, near Woodentop, leading to Swirl, Sandgate, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 12th, at quarter-past 6 o'clock, when the Band of the Abbot Memorial Industrial School, by permission of Superintendent Nichol, will attend and play a selection of music as follows:—Programme—1. Overture, "Tancredi" (by Rossini); 2. Valse, "Hand und Wasser" (Carl Keller); 3. Selection, "Round the World" (H. Round); 4. Solo Polka, "The Triplets" (E. Reynolds), Cornet, N. McEvoy; 5. Grand Selection, "Great Britain" (H. Round); 6. Air Varié, "Austrian Hymn" (E. Swift), Euphonium, William Fothergill; "God Save the Queen." In addition, Professor Oiphant will give his celebrated performance of Punch and Judy, with his wonderful trained Dog Toby, for the amusement and entertainment of your "poor bairns."

And now, dear friends, old and young, may I ask you to keep as strict order as possible, in order that you may have a thoroughly enjoyable evening and thus ensure its success?

Programme, place, &c., for another district next week will be duly announced.—I am, my dear Friends, Old and Young, yours faithfully, THOMAS STAMP ALDER.

This is an admirable idea, and we should never be satisfied until we have a similar entertainment provided in every quarter of our great cities. Besides this, our Helper writes:—

Mr. Alder gets groups of the *poor boys only* from the Board Schools, and takes them to the Museum here, accompanied by a teacher, who explains to them there the different objects they see. He also takes the children of the workhouse to the Museum for the same purpose.

Speaking about the workhouse children, I may mention that Mr. Alder had a band to-day playing in the workhouse for the pleasure of the inmates, and to-morrow he takes the children to spend the day with some lady who gives them the invitation every year.

He took the members of the choir belonging to his church to some historical place (I forgot where) and had some one who described to them the place and its associations.

In all the entertainments to the poor children he does not forget to first feed them well.

From all I can find out, I can safely say that I do not believe there is such an amount of truly good work done amongst this class of people anywhere in the kingdom as there is here.

EXCURSIONS FOR THE AGED POOR.

There is an organization on Tyneside, writes a Helper from Felling, which has for its object—

The providing of the aged poor of the district with a day's outing at the seaside. For several years past the Aged Poor's Trip Committee have collected subscriptions for this purpose. The colliery proprietors and other owners of horses and waggons lend the vehicles for the conveyance of the old folks to the place selected. Sports, for which small prizes are given, are held, and the old people are provided with food for the day, and those that wish it with a glass of beer, a pipe, and a half-ounce of tobacco. The latter articles are not bought out of the money subscribed, but are invariably given by local brewers or publicans and tobacco-dealers. Only the poor—usually those in receipt of parish relief—are allowed to go free, but a large number of people make a point of taking a holiday the same day and of going to the same place. Thus plenty of help in carrying out the programme is always forthcoming. A band is always engaged to accompany the excursionists.

HOLIDAY CAMPS.

Liverpool and Manchester at one time established Holiday Camps for destitute children. Between 400 and 500 boys were provided for in the Liverpool camp at Meols. The cost per head, including that of superintendence, is about 7d. a day. At the Manchester Summer Camp the cost was 6s. per head per week. The Country Holiday Fund in Liverpool has a salaried secretary, a lady, who was appointed last year. 2,074 children were sent into the country last year for three weeks. In 1884, when the scheme was started, the number was only 192. It rose year by year as follows:—387, 660, 1,062, 1,607, 2,074. The total cost last year was £1,746, of which £495 was paid by the parents. The average cost per week is therefore slightly under 6s. of which 4s. 3d. per week is paid by the public.

MANCHESTER IN WHIT WEEK.

Our Manchester Helper sends us an enthusiastic description of the universality of country holiday-making in Manchester. Whit-week, from Wednesday to Saturday, is given over to processions, excursions, and a kind of children's carnival. Every Lancashire child regards it as her natural birthright to be taken into the country at least once a year. The working population of Lancashire considers that existence to be tolerable requires an occasional outing by the sea, and there are legends that cat's-meat men and the like have their seaside holiday with the rest. Among other trips to the country, I have received an account of one organized by a superintendent of police! Another, which interested me much, by which 1,100 boys and girls were taken to Lytham, was organized by Mr. Thomas Johnson, of whom a correspondent gives the following brief account:—

Mr. Thomas Johnson was some twenty-five or thirty years since a ragged, homeless lad, sleeping at times under stalls in the market, and earning a trifle by selling newspapers, &c. He came under the notice of a kind and benevolent friend and was taken to Charter Street Ragged School and brought under moral and religious influences, which have proved to be a great blessing to him. He is now a respectable and highly honourable man, holding a position of important trust in one of the largest Manchester warehouses. Having received so much benefit himself from the training of the Ragged School, he determined that his life's work should be to help others from the same class from which he sprang, and especially the children, and to this object he is most earnestly devoted.

Our Helper also speaks highly of a working girl's home in the country, where girls employed in the city are enabled to enjoy a week end in the country, or a week's holiday at a few shillings per week.

At Bristol the camps are for both boys and girls, and are under the management of the Bristol Children's Home Society. About 150 girls and 220 boys are taken out. When the Children's Home Society closes the camp it is let to the Industrial School, and the Day Industrial School takes the camp before the others go down. One helper is needed to every ten children. Thus for eight weeks 28 ladies and 28 gentlemen are needed to help at the camp, supposing that each one remains for a week. The Helpers pay from 10s. to 12s. a week for board. The children usually stay a week. The children are provided with a new suit of clothes.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

In Bradford the Children's Summer Holiday Fund is managed by a branch of the Charity Organization Society. Last year 452 children were sent for a period of three weeks at a cost of 5s. a week, plus the expenses of travelling. Money was raised by appeals in the newspapers and bazaars. The Bradford Temperance Societies take their members for an annual excursion. The Sunday School teachers take a halfpenny a week from every scholar to defray the expense of the annual treat. The Cinderella Club at Bradford is reported to be doing good work.

At Wigan, also, the same thing is reported; teachers collecting Sunday after Sunday the pence from the children, and then taking their classes to the sea-side by means of the money subscribed throughout the year.

One of my Sunday-school teachers, writes a Helper in Barrow-in-Furness, has for several years been in the habit of taking his scholars for a week's outing. They save up their travelling expenses, and he generally pays their board and lodging. They spent a week in London last year.

In Hull the Cinderella Club is busy. The Children's Holiday Fund boards out the children of the very poor for a week or more in the adjacent villages.

In Leeds there is also a Children's Holiday Fund. About £600 had been raised by the end of July towards sending children into the country.

At Portsmouth many thousands of the Board-school children are taken into the country by subscriptions. This is in addition to the Sunday-school trips.

In Leicester, a ladies' club in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association have taken a cottage overlooking the sea at Skegness, furnished it, and sent down two young ladies with ten children, and entertained them at the seaside for a fortnight at a total cost of 11s. 10d. The money was raised by a Christmas tree and private subscriptions.

Rochester, writes a Helper, is in a favoured position. There is an old castle in centre of city, situated in well-planned public gardens, skirting the Medway. All the schools are treated to excursions or outings. Some are taken down the river on steamers to Sheerness, or Greenwich, or Kew Gardens. Others proceed by rail or road vehicles to one or other of the many lovely spots in this district. The poorest children are not forgotten. Alderman F. F. Belsey, the Chairman of the School Board, employs a missionary to collect the roughest and raggedest boys of the town. These every Sunday afternoon are supplied with an ample meal of bread-and-jam and tea. And once at least in the summer they are taken for a day's outing in the country.

"EVEN THE POOREST HAVE THEIR HOLIDAY."

From Aberdare a Helper reports a pleasant state of things:—

Not only, of course, can the children reach the country—which is still beautiful around here in spite of the coal-pits—in a quarter of an hour, but almost all our various Sunday schools take the children for a day's outing at least at the sea-shore or elsewhere. Various choirs, societies, &c., also arrange similar excursions; and most of the collieries here arrange for one such in the year. The Guardians give the pauper children in our Industrial School a day at the seaside as well every year. The bulk of the miners here, in addition to all this, go away for a fortnight to the wells or the sea, generally taking their families with them.

Equally good is the report from my Helper at Colne:—

Nearly all the people in these parts go regularly for a week every year, either to the Isle of Man, the Lakes, or some other resort. On the 10th of August almost the whole population of this and the neighbouring towns will have left, so that this town will be almost empty, and of the few who remain most of them will have already had a holiday somewhere. All the mills will be closed. Besides this, there are excursions every week end, and often at other times, which are very largely patronised by the working classes, to Bolton Woods and Abbey, and many other places of historical or other interest. In fact, if any of even the poorest of the townspeople could not have their holiday they would think that they were very hardly done by indeed, and would try to make others think so too.

At Bury the Ragged School takes 250 children into the country four or five times a year.

FREE TICKETS FOR RAILWAY EMPLOYÉS.

The assistance which railways can render in running cheap trains must never be forgotten. Many railway companies, for instance, grant a free pass to their employés and families over their lines, once a year, to any place they choose to select. At Swindon, for instance, last July, the Great Western Railway Company carried 18,500 children and adults out of Swindon in two hours. Some went for periods varying from two to ten days, 4,000 going to Weymouth. As the population of Swindon at last census was only 20,000, this amounts to nearly 90 per cent. of the whole population. I should be glad if any Helpers resident in the neighbourhood of great railway works would kindly collect for me the privileges that are extended to railway employés and their families by the various railway companies. In this matter of the annual outing there are certain to be some railway companies in advance of the others, and if we could collect what is done all over the country we might be able to level up the backward lines to the standard of the most advanced.

SCOTLAND.

Among the most interesting reports which have reached me are those which have come from Glasgow and Edinburgh. In Edinburgh one very interesting instance of this philanthropic activity owed its origin to a Conservative newspaper which has died, but the good which it did still lives on. The *Courant* Fund was formed to give outings to the children of the slums, and although the *Courant* no longer appears to rally the Conservatives of Edinburgh, the *Courant* Fund flourishes and sends away many children every year for a week in the country. Our Helper writes:—

GOOD WORK IN EDINBURGH.

The best known scheme in Edinburgh is Mrs. Stirling Boyd's Holiday Scheme, by means of which 600 children were sent away last summer, but this only amounts to 2 per cent.

of the school children in the town. But there are many other less conspicuous schemes. I do not think that I am exaggerating in saying that nearly every *Mission in the city* endeavours to do something in this way. A great many *combine to support and supply the Home, at Harmony House, Balerno*. This Home, which is near the Pentland Hills, and pleasantly situated about eight miles from the city, is open *all the year round*. In summer their complement is twenty, but in winter, when the schools are in session, the limit is about twelve. The only recommendation required by the children is their need and a doctor's certificate, which is given by the dispensary doctor a week before they leave the town. In connection with the Sabbath Free Breakfast Mission there is a more modest scheme. It is merely an auxiliary to their mission work, but the class in which they work is the most *necessitous in the town*. This year, however, they have sent away fifty to the country for a fortnight, or in exceptional cases for three weeks, and have exhausted their funds. Those in charge endeavour, so far as possible, to select (for with a floating congregation of 800 or 900 they must select very carefully) orphans and fatherless children. All the schemes limit the age to 12 or 13. After that age the children become difficult to manage, and what is more serious still, there is a great danger that they might corrupt the children in houses in which they are boarded. Many of the Boys' Brigades go away to camp for a fortnight, but this is all that is being done for the bigger boys. With the exception of Harmony Home, the children are boarded out in the *cottages at a cost of 5s. or 6s. a week*. There is no great difficulty in finding homes for the children at the seaside, and the villagers are generally anxious to have the children back the next year. In addition to these *Holiday schemes* there is almost a superfluity of "trips." Every Sunday school and Bible-class has its annual excursion, and very few children can miss getting one day in the country. Many contrive to attend two or three schools, and so get to two or three excursions; and there is a tradition that one youngster managed to keep his name on the roll of seven different schools. There is great need also of some self-supporting scheme to enable 'prentice boys to spend their week of trades' holidays away from town. These lads have money enough to save for the purpose; they do save, as it is, to go on a trip on the Spring Holiday or the Queen's Birthday, or to squander at the Christmas shows and entertainments. There is no need of charity here, only of organization.

This year the Edinburgh Poor Children's Excursion, which is organized by Mr. William Anderson, visited Dalkeith. 2,600 children were conveyed by two large trains, the girls, headed by three pipers, marched through the streets, while Dr. Guthrie's band preceded the boys' procession. The children are taken away and fed during the day, the expenses met by subscriptions.

THE GLASGOW FRESH AIR FORTNIGHT.

In Glasgow, besides the usual one day's outing, as provided by *Sunday schools*, when the little ones are fed with milk and buns, supplied with skipping ropes, prizes for racing, &c., to an extent which makes the suburbs bright every afternoon with the banners and bannerettes of the young excursionists, there are special efforts made in other directions. For two years one of the largest drapery houses, Messrs. Walter Wilson and Co., have taken hundreds of poor children to the coast each year. One great institution in Glasgow is the Children's Fresh Air Fortnight, which began six years ago, when in the spring of 1884 the Rev. Thomas Gregory, of Kilmalcolm, offered to provide lodgings for a number of children and look after them while they were on their holiday. The work thus began has been continued until between 2,500 and 3,000 children are boarded out every year. The cost is about ten shillings a fortnight, the railway fare and other expenses being about eighteenpence per head. The total

amount expended in 1889 was £2,542, of which one-third is collected from children in Sunday schools and by collecting cards.

Two hundred and seventy-four were brought in by School-Board offices and those connected with Industrial Schools; 548 by Sabbath-school teachers and Foundry-boy workers; 308 by ministers, missionaries, and Bible-women; 179 by sanitary visitors, Poor Children's Dinner Table Society, and similar institutions; 143 by doctors, Sick Children's Hospital, medical dispensaries, and medical missions; 926 by workers connected with the Sabbath Dinner; 429 through the Children's Day Refugees; and 724 by private individuals or firms. Only those visiting among the very poor of Glasgow know the real value of this fresh-air movement, especially to families bereft of mothers.

They have three fresh-air homes, Steward Hall, Rothesay, Ailie Cove, and Lamington. Three local newspapers open their columns to appeals for funds and contributions of clothing, hats, boots, &c., for many of the children cannot go for the holiday as they are so naked. The Singer Manufacturing Company presented the committee with a sewing machine for making up clothing for the children.

The Fresh Air Fortnight is worked in connection with the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association, whose humanitarian activities are innumerable, and whose report, which can be had from Mr. Graham, 57, Cathedral Street, is one of the most interesting publications that has reached me for some time. All who are ministering to the wants of the poor should have this report at their right hand. The Association provides free Sabbath breakfasts, and besides the Fresh Air Fortnights, provides day refuges and Sabbath dinners for the children, and manages a home for destitute children at Saltcoats.

A SELF-SUPPORTING SYSTEM.

Another institution in Glasgow, which deserves to be better known far beyond the confines of the city, is the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Religious Society. The importance of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' plan is, that it is largely self-supporting. One Helper writes to me on the 17th of July:—

The writer forms one of a company of 700 to 800 working lads and girls who leave Glasgow to-morrow (Friday) morning at seven o'clock, and return to town on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. We sail through the delightful scenery of the Firth of Clyde to Arran and Loch Fyne. Detachments are left at various places in Arran and Argyllshire. We get use of schools, farms, barns, &c., free, take our bedding and provisions with us. This annual "Fair-Week Trip of the Glasgow Foundry Boys' Society" has gone on for fifteen or sixteen years at least. We charter a special steamer for about 150 to 200 miles of sailing, and good wholesome food for six days. The charges are:—Girls, 7s.; Lads (under 18), 8s.; Lads over 18, 10s. We begin to take the money about March—6d. weekly.

AN EXCELLENT WORK.

The following is a brief account of the Society from the President, Mr. James Dick:—

The Society was formed in November, 1865, and deals with boys and girls from the earliest age until they become young men and women. Its operations are carried on under four departments, viz.:—1. Religious; 2. Educational; 3. Provident; 4. Social Reform.

Social Reform Department carries on Bands of Hope, singing classes, orchestral classes, swimming, cricket, and athletic clubs, concerts, and soirées; Saturday afternoon excursions, a flower show, and "The Fair Week Trip." This trip occurs at the Annual Fair Week Holidays in July, leaving the city on Friday morning and returning on the follow-

ing Wednesday evening. The first trip took place in July, 1866, the party consisting of ninety lads and a committee in charge numbering about eight gentlemen. Each year since then has seen a similar one, with the addition since 1869 of girls, and for many years the numbers have been between 600 and 800 lads, girls, and committees. The districts visited are Lochfyneside and the Ayrshire coast near Girvan. The party is divided into what are called encampments, each encampment numbering from forty to eighty or so, lads or girls, under the command of a captain, assisted by a committee. A distance of about five miles is kept between encampments of lads and encampments of girls, and the girls' encampments are always in charge of a married gentleman as captain, with his wife or some matron to assist him, and a proportion of ladies as members of committee. The lads and girls must be working lads and girls, and each pays—the former, 8s. to 10s., according to age and ability, and the latter 7s., as their proportion of the cost of the trip. This is paid by instalments as they can afford it, the instalments being begun about February or March. The trip companies are lodged in barns, school-houses, drill-halls, &c., the use of which is cordially granted by the friends in the districts, besides which many valuable and kindly services are also rendered by them. The committees are accommodated in lodgings such as can be had near to the party. A special steamer is chartered to convey the Lochfyneside party with their baggage, each company being landed as near the place of encampment as possible. The society supplies bedding, consisting of a Hessian bag stuffed with straw, and a bolster of the same securely stitched to the bed; also cups, saucers, bowls, spoons, tea-boilers, porridge pots, brushes to sweep the hall or barn, shoe brushes, pails, &c. The lads and girls bring each a rug or shawl, to use as bed clothes, a towel, comb and brush, a Bible and hymn-book. Many of them arrange among themselves, and so one brings a rug, and the other a sheet, and so on, which increases their comfort. A clean, tidy woman accompanies each company to do the cooking, washing of dishes, &c. Stewards to superintend the distribution of the food, the tidying of the halls, &c., are appointed from the lads and girls themselves. Family worship is observed morning and evening, the latter generally in the open air, when a large attendance of outsiders is often obtained. On the Sabbath day the minister of the nearest church is asked to have special service in the church, or such service is conducted in the church or elsewhere by some member of the Society. The committee in charge of each encampment arrange for the dietary, amusements, &c., of each day, the final authority in all matters being the captain. There is generally a Breakfast Committee, a Lunch or Dinner Committee, a Tea Committee, &c., and all lads, girls, and committee in charge are expected to take part in each day's proceedings, unless on duty or by special permission granted them. No lad or girl is allowed to go on this trip unless recommended by their monitor, and after appearing before a passing committee so as to secure the suitability of those who take part in it. I may add that in all the twenty-three trips that have taken place there has not been a single accident to any lad or girl, no serious illness, and no death. I would only add further that our Society consists of seventy-nine branches, the average attendance on each Sabbath forenoon of May last being 13,783 lads and girls, with 1,987 workers, all being voluntary and entirely unpaid.

STEAMER ARRANGEMENTS.

The steamer *Vivid* leaves the Broomielaw on Friday morning, 18th July, and returns on Wednesday, 23rd.

The company will assemble at the Bridge Wharf at half-past six o'clock.

Be punctual.

The steamer will call at Partick Pier.

The cabin is reserved for the use of girls.

Sew your badge firmly outside the left breast of your jacket so as to be distinctly seen. It is your ticket for the trip, and must not be removed during the excursion.

When nearing the pier at which you leave the steamer, get your parcel, and be in readiness to go ashore with your captain.

Take with you food for the way down. The committee will supply you with food for the return journey.

ENCAMPMENT ARRANGEMENTS.

You must provide yourself with the following articles:—

1. Shawl or blanket.
2. Towel with your name on it.
3. Brush or comb.
4. Bible and hymn-book.

Tie your label firmly to your package, which must be in small bulk.

Preserve the label for the return journey.

Intimations will be made every morning at breakfast regarding the arrangements for the day.

At each station the roll will be called twice a day, as the trip captain may arrange. No one to be absent at roll-call without the captain's sanction.

Public worship in the open air every evening, when all must be present.

As it depends on your conduct while in camp whether the place at which you stay can be secured again another year for trip purposes, it is earnestly hoped that you will see it to be your duty to our Society to show exemplary behaviour and a due regard for the property of others.

SUGGESTIONS.

Supply yourself with an extra pair of stockings.

Bathing gown or pants.

Let your clothing be strong and useful.

Be kind and helpful to each other. Let elder ones show a good example.

PRIZES.

The Flower Show Committee offer prizes to lads and girls going the trip for—

1st. The best bouquet of wild flowers from each encampment.

2nd. The best fern basket from each encampment.

3rd. The best bouquet in the whole trip.

4th. The best fern basket in the whole trip.

The flowers must have been collected and the baskets made by the lad or girl competing.

No prize will be awarded where there are fewer than three competitors. The exhibits will be judged on board the steamer after leaving Skippness.

The members of the trip all pledge themselves to loyal obedience to their captain, whose directions are to be followed in every particular.

All our trips being conducted on total abstinence rules, any one breaking these or violating the captain's instructions is liable to instant separation from the company.

It would be an immense benefit if the advantages of the "Foundry Boys' Fair-week Trip" were made available to ten times the number. Instead of eight hundred, in a city like Glasgow, there might well be ten thousand. It has to be remembered that here there is a cessation of work for a week at this season every year, and large numbers of working people, even the poorest, go with their wives and families to coast or country, travelling being specially cheap for their benefit.

Some idea of the extent to which Sunday-school excursions are carried on, may be gathered from the fact that in Glasgow it is estimated that no fewer than 50,000 children are taken to the coast or the country for a day or part of a day.

Another excellent institution, which has Glasgow as its headquarters, is the Boys' Brigade, some notice of which comes within the scope of this article, because they form holiday camps during summer. These camps are held at some attractive seaside or country place, and the boys are

put under canvas, or in some commodious house. These camps, as in everything else connected with the Boys' Brigade, are managed on military lines. This is its sixth year, and there are already 15,000 boys enrolled in different parts of the country, stretching from Plymouth to Wick. Organizations of a similar kind have been established in Canada, the United States, and New Zealand. From the report it appears that the experience of the summer camp is, that it, more than anything else, welds a company together, and gives the officers an opportunity to know and understand their boys. Every officer of the 380 companies is urged, if possible, to form a summer camp. Mr. W. A. Smith, 68, Bath Street, Glasgow, is the secretary of this brigade.

Our Govan Helper writes:—

Besides the annual trips, Mrs. Elder, widow of the late John Elder, shipbuilder, of world-wide fame, has for some years past had a lady help in town, who inquires into deserving cases of the poor, and sends young girls only in companies of from six to twelve, according to accommodation, to coast or country, as it may suit their health. The whole expense of this "fresh-air fortnight" is defrayed by Mrs. Elder. The good that this lady has done in various ways amongst the poor is beyond praise. My district is quite deserted. The summer holidays occur for a fortnight or so, beginning last week, and during that time there are very few who have not the necessary funds to go to the coast or country for a quiet time. And to any one who has opportunity, as I often have, of visiting the coast particularly, it is very pleasing to note how rationally the strangers enjoy their holidays.

In Aberdeen, the Children's Fresh Air Fortnight is a new institution, its first season's work having been last year. 555 children were sent out at a cost of £275. They were sent out in contingents from the 9th July to the 13th

August. This year more than a thousand have gone. A large portion of the children sent in to be sent on their holidays were nearly naked and very dirty. A bathroom, therefore, was taken, and two experienced women engaged to wash them and to see that they were free from parasites. A complete change of clothing was supplied them, as a loan, for a fortnight. The number of Helpers actually engaged in this work last year was twelve—four for visiting, and eight for dispatching. To those most actively engaged in the work, the Children's Fresh Air Fortnight was a kind of revelation, taking them into the lowest slums, and bringing them face to face with squalor and poverty of the most dreadful kind. The Northern Figaro deserves honourable notice for the day's outing which it provides every year for about 1,000 of the poorest children.

At Dundee, the Children's Free Breakfast Mission takes 350 boys and girls into the country for a week, at

the cost of £90. The work began seven years ago, when only 63 children were taken; numbers have gradually crept up until they have reached the present figure. The children sleep at night in farm granaries; bedding is taken with the party. The teachers travel with them and provide their food. The Mission also has walking excursions on Saturday afternoons into the country.

THE UNITED STATES. AMERICAN FRESH AIR FUNDS.

The service of Helpers not being yet organized in America, I have very fragmentary reports, but a correspondent in Canada sends me the following brief report of the admirable work by the *New York Tribune*:—

Once a week half or two-thirds of a column is devoted to acknowledge receipts for money sent in to the Fresh Air Fund, to send for seven or fourteen days into the country poor children and young people. Farmers and others even 500 miles away from New York receive and feed them. The following figures show the growth of this admirable work:—

	SENT OUT
1877 ...	0
1878 ...	1,077
1879 ...	2,400
1880 ...	2,500
1881 ...	8,203
1882 ...	5,500
1883 ...	4,250

COST PER HEAD.

3 dols. 12c., equals 13s.

The working of same is all voluntary; some of the girls pay part expense.

My Helper in Louisville, Ky., sends me this report, which will, I hope, stir up some of our English editors to similar good works:—

The *Louisville Times*, an evening journal of this city, has for a number of years taken charge of afternoon excursions up the Ohio River from this point, for the benefit of sick children and mothers, who would be unable otherwise to get an outing during the summer. Prominent clothing, dry goods, and other houses contribute liberally towards these excursions, charging the expenses up to "Advertising." The ubiquitous candidate also sends the children up the river and takes the opportunity to circulate among the babies in a father-like way, thus making himself "solid" with the mothers, who are supposed in turn to influence the heads of the family. These excursions are under the control of the newspaper management, which always sees that doctors, &c., accompany the boat. There are, I understand, similar excursions throughout the country engineered by various newspapers. Much good is accomplished by them.

THE POLYTECHNIC IN MADEIRA.

The excursions organised by the Polytechnic (referred to in our July issue) have met with tremendous success. Ireland has been overrun and Scotland overwhelmed with the crowd of "Poly. boys and girls" who have availed themselves of the unprecedented opportunities afforded them. Switzerland has also yielded its charm to the favoured ones of the Polytechnic, but the holiday par excellence was undoubtedly the three weeks' Madeira trip, there and back for £10 10s.!



ENTRANCE TO THE BELLA VISTA HOTEL, FUNCHAL.

At first thought this seems an impossible figure, but by judicious management such terms were arranged with the shipping companies and hotel proprietors that all difficulties disappeared. The applicants were so numerous that they were divided into five parties, the first party leaving London by the Castle Line on July 30th; the second from Southampton the following week by the Union Line, and so on. We append a short account of the first of these trips in the hope that such experience may lead to similar experiments being attempted by institutions all over the country, feeling assured, as we do, that travel is one of the truest methods of education. The party, numbering twenty-two (of whom six were ladies), were soon thoroughly at home on the *Hawarden Castle*. But few hours had passed, and the party had constituted itself as one family, under the guidance of "Mother," "Father," and "Uncle" (offices created temporarily, and filled admirably by the chosen ones). By common consent the financial and general manoeuvring of the party was placed in the hands of a leader (the genial Axford). Responsibility and care thus removed from the rest of the party, all settled themselves down to the enjoyment of the trip. Calling at Dartmouth for the mails, advantage was taken of the short stay to take a last run on English ground. Devon is at all times charming, and it never looked more attractive than on that afternoon; but mails once aboard delays are dangerous, and the coast was soon lost to view. The vessel kept excellent time to the movement of the sea—a perfect harmony. Bay of Biscay passed a few mishaps (details unnecessary). Another short stay at Lisbon.

All were eager to explore the city; all were glad when the vessel swung round, and steamed once more through the mouth of the Tagus.

The time sped pleasantly, ample occupation being found in music, games, reading, and meals (which, together with everything else on board the *Hawarden Castle*, left no room for criticism). Madeira sighted; excitement prevails. Drop anchor off Funchal soon after midnight. A flotilla of boats surrounds the steamer. We disembark. Three cheers for the *Hawarden Castle* and its obliging officers, and good-bye to the friends en route to the Cape.

Immediately upon landing, the party is taken charge of by Mr. Jones (host of the *Bella Vista Hotel*). The Customs have but few terrors for the traveller to Madeira, and the party was soon taking its rest in peace 'neath the hospitable roof of the *Bella Vista*.

The party was not long before it appreciated the genius it had discovered in the person of Mr. Jones. Plans already made, excursions arranged, etc., in short, nothing left for the party but to enjoy itself, and, be it said, none failed in this laudable service. One has not

far to seek for beauties in Madeira. The view from the balcony of the hotel is in its way unsurpassed. Looking out seawards, the solitary rocks of the *Desertas* stand sharply outlined against the horizon; no small items these same rocks in the sea view from Funchal—they present an ever-changing panorama, taking to themselves fresh beauties with every movement of the shifting clouds; the morning light reveals them cold and grey, but ere evening they glow purple, like enchanted islets set in a violet sea.

The fishers' boats (out night-long, day-long) appear mere specks in the distance. Nearer at hand lie the ships riding at anchor—boats going to and fro betwixt them and the shore. Close at hand lies the town, rising terrace upon terrace far up the hill-side—the white houses partially hidden in the luxuriant foliage of a sub-tropical clime. Stately palms are conspicuous in the foreground, while, commanding all, stands the picturesque *Pico Fort*. The town is surrounded by a perfect amphitheatre of lofty

mountains containing in their recesses streams and springs innumerable, ensuring health by the purity of their waters. With such advantages, nothing is wanting to make Funchal an ideal resort for the pleasure-seeker. The town itself explored, extended excursions into the hills beyond became the order of the day. A few of the places visited are given below, the party taking its journeys on foot or horseback as circumstance and occasion required:

EXCURSIONS.

To the Mount Church by *Saltos*, round Little Curral (beautiful views); return by sledge.

To *Pico Poiso* (over 4,500 feet); stopped by mist; return via *Camacha* (a quaint village).

Pilgrimage to Mount

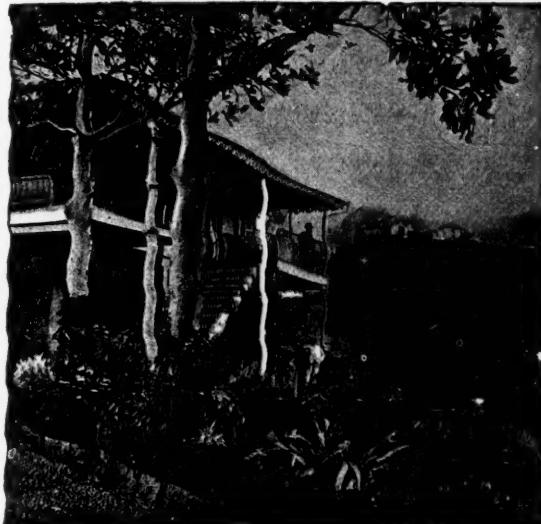
Church on Sunday; religious festa (music, fireworks, and wine-booths!).

Grande Curral by *S. Martinho*, returning by *Jardim da Seira* (excellent ride to Curral; views of great magnificence). Boat excursions to *Santa Cruz* and *Machico*, &c., &c., &c.

All were loath to depart when at the expiration of the week the *Norham Castle* steamed into the bay. We parted from our host with many regrets, leaving under his care the second party, who had arrived the day before by the *Athenian* (Union Line).

We embark in the early morning before sunrise, and watch the island fade gradually from view. Homeward bound. Short and few were the days, and the holiday was over, and many the congratulations passed when a few of the party landed at Plymouth.

For such an admirably conceived and executed holiday praise is indeed due to the management of the Polytechnic, and we look forward, not only to a repetition of the Madeira trip, but to the widest extension of this application of the principle of co-operation.



BELLA VISTA HOTEL.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

MR. GLADSTONE.

WRITING in the *Speaker* of August 30th, Mr. Gladstone thus prefaces his review of Dr. Döllinger's Posthumous Remains :—

The current year has witnessed the death of two men whom an observer from without, wholly discharged from divisional prejudices, might probably pronounce to have been the two most remarkable men of the contemporary Christian Church: Ignatius von Döllinger and John Henry Newman. Two men, both of them great, but very diversely great. To attempt a comparison between them would be to tread upon ashes dangerously hot. Only a very few words may be hazarded. Each of them, in the beautiful language of Charles Lamb, gave, in intention, "his heart to the Purifier, his will to the Will that governs the universe;" each with the effect of severance from shrines at which he long had worshipped; each, at parting, left behind him the memory of splendid services; and each passed into voluntary and unambitious retirement at once and for ever. The construction of Döllinger's mind was simple, that of Newman's complex. Much more will be written, and will need to be written, about the Cardinal than about the Provost and Professor. The subtle and far-reaching genius, the shadings

of whose thoughts were like the countless ripples of the sea, stands in no invidious rivalry with the companion of whose prodigious learning it might be said, that it was diversified as the Asiatic host of Xerxes, but organized and available as the Three Hundred of Leonidas. To those in Germany and else

where who sympathise with him, he will recall Dante's grand indication of Saint Dominic ("Prad." xi. 38):—

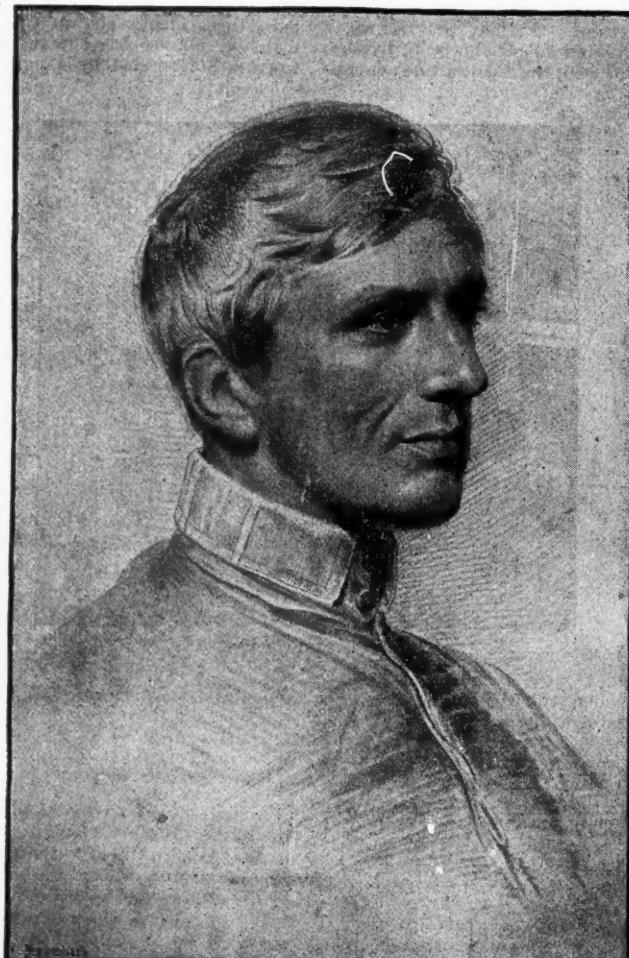
Per sapienza in terra fue
Di cherubica luce uno splendore.

Of each of these great men, however, the life and the unpublished remains (principally perhaps letters in the case of the Cardinal) will be of deep interest. Those of Döllinger must be very rich, and he is first in the field.

BY MR. WILFRID MEYNELL.

Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, in the *Contemporary Review*, has the first place with a very brightly-written account of Cardinal Newman :—

John Henry Newman, the eldest of a family of six children, was born within sound of Bow Bells, and he had his own experience of the "Tuna again Whittington" legend. For him, as well as for my Lord Mayor, certain phrases chimed, and they directed his steps. The child's "Tolle, lege—tolle, lege," converted St. Augustine; and St. Augustine's "Se curus judicat orbis terrarum" converted Cardinal Newman. From the head-centre of worldliness—the City of London, and from its innermost shrines of mammon and money—the banking-houses, may be said to have issued forth those two captains of war upon the world—the great contemporary English Cardinals. Cardinal Manning's father was connected with the



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Bank of England. Cardinal Newman's was a partner with the Ramsbottoms, in Lombard Street; the relative positions of the two banks, one official and the other a private venture, being afterwards reproduced in the ecclesiastical careers of the two boys born within a decade of

years of one another, and friends, counterparts, and contrasts during sixty years.

Mr. Meynell, in referring to the contrast between the eulogy showered upon Cardinal Newman and the article condemning the "blasphemous fable" of the mass to which they have subscribed, asks:—

Is it too much to suppose that Newman's death and the subsequent utterances of so many and so illustrious subscribers to the Thirty-nine Articles, may somewhat hasten the time when the hard words of that official creed shall be mitigated? If not, one can only say that the manifestation of sympathy over Newman's tomb was the greatest exhibition of what he most dreaded—the "liberalism in religion"

—of which, indeed, there can be no doubt.

BY MR. W. S. LILLY.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, writing in memoriam in the *Fortnightly Review*, tells, chiefly by aid of letters addressed by Cardinal Newman to himself, "what manner of man John Henry Newman was." Apart from the letters, the article gives many vivid character-touches drawn by the pencil of one who has lived for seventeen years in closest friendship with the great spirit who has departed. Mr. Lilly says that Cardinal Newman's devotion to St. Philip Neri, whose habit he wore and under whose order he lived, was so deep that it seemed to his Protestant friends fantastic and unreal, but it was in fact one of the soberest facts of his life. The old saint who had been dead for three hundred years, and who never wrote a book, was ever present to Cardinal Newman's mind. Mr. Lilly speaks with enthusiastic eulogy of the boundless courtesy and tenderness which Newman exhibited in his intercourse with his friends: "As a conversationalist he was a talker of supreme excellence, with no touch of arrogance." He impressed Mr. Lilly in conversation as being one of the most puissant and fecund natures with which he had been brought into intercourse. The light of his whole conversation was his supreme loyalty to truth. Of his religious convictions, Mr. Lilly says his whole conception of Christianity was ecclesiastical and sacramental. "Mr. Darwin's discoveries and hypotheses greatly interested him. But I do not think he was deeply read in the literature which grew up about them. The central doctrine of evolution seemed to present, in itself, no difficulty to him."

His personal submission to the faith of Rome was absolute and unreserved, but he sympathised deeply with men of good will outside his own communion. Mr. Lilly gives a pleasant picture of Dr. Newman at home. He says:—

In order fully to appreciate Dr. Newman, it was necessary to be with him in his own home, among the devoted fathers and brethren with whom his life was passed. His mornings were usually sacred to his work. But in the afternoon, at the period of which I am speaking, he would take a long walk—he was still a great pedestrian—in which his visitor had the privilege of accompanying him. At six o'clock the community dinner took place; and on the days when his turn came round "the Father" would pin on the apron of service and wait upon his brethren and his visitor; not himself sitting down until they had received their portions. All ate in silence, broken only by the voice of the lector. When dinner was over, questions in some department of theological science were proposed by one of the community. Each of the fathers in succession gave his opinion, ending with the formula, "But I speak under correction." Then the proposer summed up. After that we all adjourned for "recreation" to a neighbouring parlour, where coffee was served, and the pent-up flood of conversation burst forth, in all of which the Superior would fully bear his part. Some hours of the evening Dr. Newman would not unfrequently devote to music. He was no mean performer upon the violin. It was

not until three or four years ago that his right hand forgot her cunning. A month before his death his cherished instrument was given to the daughter of a friend for whom he entertained an especial affection.

Mr. Lilly concludes his estimate of his character as follows:—

Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian. He was what the friend from whom I learnt of his departure called him, with woman's happy instinct; he was "a great spirit." No such profound and keen intellect has been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bossuet. His rare moral and spiritual excellence command a veneration transcending even the homage due to his superb intellectual gifts. In him we recognize one of those elect souls, "radiant with ardour divine," who as "beacons of hope" illuminate, from time to time, "the path of troublous and distressed mortality."

BY ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

In the *Lamp*, one of the boys educated at the Oratory under the late Cardinal Newman, one of those who is about to appeal to a wide public in the new sixpenny, the *Paternoster Review*, thus speaks of his beloved master:—

And to fight this the boys who were educated under Cardinal Newman were given peculiar weapons. For their independence was not sapped by any system of espionage and prisoning which has unfortunately come to be connected in the minds of many (falsely or truly) with the name of Catholic education. They were taught to be as free—as self-reliant and as free—as any of the young Englishmen who were growing up around them in the great public schools; but with it all there was an atmosphere of healthy religion, an unconstrained frequency in the approaching of the sacraments, a sincere faith and a high code both of morals and of honour, which appeared so natural and so native to the place, that it would have been called spontaneous by anyone who did not know that the founding of the school, its influence, and its spirit were due to Cardinal Newman.

In the last years his great age made his time among the boys more and more short, until it was confined to an occasional service in the school-chapel, or to a rehearsal of the Latin play, for which, seated in an arm-chair in front of the stage, he would give hints as to acting, and direct small changes in attitude or interpretation. But one might almost say that in proportion as the boys were deprived of his sight, so the peculiar love and reverence with which he was regarded grew. He, to them, was not, perhaps the great man and foremost leader which he was to the outside world, but he was much more, he was a father and a head to whom a most unswerving loyalty was always paid, even in speech, among the crowd of young boys that they were, and more particularly was he beloved by those who ever had the rare occasion in those last years—whether as actors in the play, or as leaving the school—to hear a few words from him spoken to them personally. His courtesy, his graciousness, the charm of his voice, enfeebled with its eighty years, will always be to them a carefully kept memory, standing peculiar and sacred among the rest. I remember him thus, an old man, infinitely gracious, infinitely beloved, moving slowly, leaning on the arm of one of the fathers, and it seems strange to hear that to others he is the upright figure of forty years ago, calling loudly the truth and fighting for it with a force and mastery of English, that he could spare or crush any adversary that came into the lists against him. To us who grew up under his roof in his last year, he will always be the same figure, an old man, very great, very reverend, but above all infinitely beloved.

Our photograph is taken from a block lent us by the editor of *Merry England*, who had it made from an engraving of Richmond's portrait of the Cardinal, which is in the possession of Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

In the *Leisure Hour* the King and Queen of Italy are described in the latest of the excellent series of the "Sovereigns of Europe."

Umberto I., second King of Italy, was born at Turin, March 14th, 1844, on the anniversary of the day that had given birth to his father, Victor Emmanuel. It was not till he was twenty-four that a bride was chosen for Umberto. The marriage was celebrated in April, 1868, at Turin, with great pomp, in presence of the whole royal family.

It was during one of the balls held in honour of these nuptials that the late Emperor Frederick of Germany showed his sentimental adoration for Queen Margherita. A piece of her dress being torn and annoying her as she danced, the Prince drew from his pocket a "housewife," extracted a pair of scissors, cut off the offending bit, pinned up the rent, and finally carried off the rag as a trophy. As is known, he loved Italy sincerely, and never lost an opportunity of going there and visiting his good friends Margherita and Umberto. To one of his own daughters the Queen of Italy stood godmother, and she bears her name.

One of Umberto's first acts on ascending the throne earned for him well-merited praise. As is well known, Victor Emmanuel was most extravagant, not so much in the gratification of his private tastes, as because his charities, his open-handedness, knew no bounds. It was found on his death that his debts were very considerable, and it was proposed in Parliament, in the first enthusiasm after his loss, that the State should pay these. To this, however, Umberto opposed a firm negative, declaring that his father's debts were his, and that he should undertake the liquidation.

The only person given to extravagance at the present Court is perhaps the Queen, who shares with her country-women an inordinate love of dress—a matter in which she unfortunately sets her subjects a bad example, encouraging them yet further to dress beyond their means.

As a ruler, Umberto has every year given more satisfaction to his people, as he has gained in insight and judgment. His character might be summed up in the word "Courage!" Not even among his ancestors were there any more dominated by their family motto, "Avanti Savoia." When during the cholera epidemic he fearlessly visited the worst cases, the dirtiest slums, he was amazed extremely to find his conduct praised. Again and again he repeated, almost impatiently, "I have done nothing but my duty."

In any disaster the King is the first on the spot, inspiring by his example and his intrepidity. As regards intelligence, King Umberto cannot be put at a high level. Umberto is most sincerely anxious to do his duty, but he is continually tormented by uncertainty. He solves a situation by following closely the opinion expressed in the passing votes of the

Chamber, and in accordance with the solicitations of his Ministers, who are naturally more inclined to favour the temporary interests of their own party than the permanent interests of the State.

It is said that the King is always enthusiastic about the Prime Minister in office; he was so for Cairoli, for Depretis; he is so for Crispi. The persons who approach him for the first time are struck with his language, for he bursts out with the most astonishing free judgments on what is happening in national and international politics. But this frankness of speech, most undiplomatic and unroyal, covers the timidity of a man who is not very sure of his own judgments. One of the King's indubitable merits is to know how to deal with the masses, and how always on such occasions to find the right word to say, a word that goes straight to the heart of his warm-natured Italian subjects, and which causes the noblest chords of patriotism to vibrate.

As a boy, Umberto was extremely thin—as the princes of his house are wont to be—and as a young man he was delicate. In the course of years he has grown stouter and stronger, but he has aged prematurely. At one time he smoked to excess; but one day, his doctors having prescribed abstinence from tobacco, he completely renounced the habit. It is recounted that when the advice was given that he should give up smoking for a time, he answered, "On my kingly honour, I will never smoke again." And he has kept his word. Without leading the mountaineer's life affected by his father, his greatest pleasure consists in passing whole weeks under canvas in the mountains of the valley of Aosta, stalking the chamois, eating the same hard fare as the peasants. He rises at early dawn, and defies all weathers with indifference. Even when dressed in civilian costume he does not hesitate to allow a heavy downpour to wet him to the skin rather than put up an umbrella, nor does he shrink from standing for hours, if need be, under the occasion of some popular fête, mocking at those who seek shade and shelter.

Of the beauty of Queen Margherita all the world has heard, but she has been and still is beautiful, thanks to the delicacy of her complexion, the grace of her outlines, the sweetness of her expression. Early in life she, too, was very delicate, and so thin as to be almost transparent; but in the course of years she has grown stouter, and now may be said to be too stout for beauty. She knows both German and Italian literature well, is fond of music, and sings herself with taste and feeling. She is fond of the society of men of thought and letters, and at her intimate evening teas may be met some of the leading men of the land, who drop in to chat away an hour without ceremony.

Among those whom the Queen loved to receive was the late Minister Minghetti, a simple gentlemanly burgher, who was well versed in questions of art and letters. Another of her



THE KING OF ITALY.

well-liked *habitués* is Benghi, the statesman and man of letters; also Professor Villari, senator and historian. She has even known how to gain over to her Italy's greatest living poet, Giosuè Carducci, who began life as a violent republican and hater of royalty.

Indeed, a sentimental *cultus* for the Queen, their first Queen, is widespread among the Italians, and her name, Margherita (Daisy), is symbolized in many ways, and the daisy emblem occurs in every form of festive decoration. Her own favourite emblem is the pearl, of which she wears strings upon strings around her neck, so that by her rows of pearls the Queen can always be recognized if by no other sign. And every year this row of pearls grows richer, for the King, who shares the Queen's half-barbarian love of precious stones, adds annually a string to the precious necklace, until it now descends far below her waist, and has really lost some of its elegant and decorative character. Malicious tongues whisper that the Queen so clings to this adornment because it hides a tendency to *goitre* with which she is afflicted, in common with many Savoyards.

A very cordial friendship exists between King and Queen; and the former relies much on his wife's judgment, which is frequently clear and sound. Some pretty anecdotes are told of their domestic life. Thus the Queen was anxious that her husband should follow the example of his father, and the fashion common among elderly Piedmontese officers, and dye his hair, which has become quite white. Her pleadings were in vain. Umberto's is an honest nature, that does not love these subterfuges. Seeing petition was in vain, the Queen had recourse to stratagem. She caused a quantity of fine hair-dye to be sent from Paris and put in the King's dressing-room, together with directions for its use, making, however, no allusion to the subject. The King, too, said nothing, though he could not fail to see the pigments. Now the Queen has a large white poodle of which she is very fond. What was her horror, a few days later, to see her

pet come running into her room with his snowy locks of the deepest black hue. King Umberto had expended the dyes upon changing the colour of the poodle's hair! From that day forth the subject of hair-dyeing was dropped between the royal couple. On yet another occasion the husband gave the wife one of those quiet rebuffs into which enters a sense of humour, and which are on that account less hard to bear. It appears that Umberto once asked one of the Queen's secretaries what would be an acceptable Christmas present for her Majesty. This gentleman, a truer friend than courtier, had the courage to suggest to the King that the Queen had a large number of unpaid milliners' and dressmakers' bills. The King took the hint, and begged that they should all be given to him. On Christmas morning Umberto placed all these bills, receipted, under the Queen's table-napkin. There was no other present. It is said that she took the hint, and has been less extravagant since. Both the King and Queen

are fond of petty gossip, and on their informal receptions—held on Sunday evening, to which all may drop in who have the *entrée* to their house—it is quite strange to hear them always asking after the local news, and to see how well they are posted up in all the latest scandals.

LADY ARTISTS IN PARIS.

UNTIL recently, says Miss Marie Adelaide Belloc, in *Murray's Magazine*, in an article full of useful information to ladies who may desire to study art in Paris, a woman who wished to become an artist in the French capital found her way beset with almost insurmountable difficulties. There was literally no studio in Paris where lady students could study under the eye of a master, except by taking private lessons at prohibitive expense.

Charles Chaplin was the first person who started a ladies' studio. Carolus, Duran, Bonnat, Dubufe, and Cabanel followed suit, and then in the year 1856 arose M. Julian. Of his seventeen studios seven are given over to women. Miss Belloc describes the interior of Julian's ladies' studios, and declares that he has deserved the gratitude of her sex, but incidentally she mentions that he demands a double fee from women, and in return only gives them half the teaching given to the men working in his studios. Among the other ladies' studios which she passes in review are those of Collo Rossi, Lazare, Aublet at Passy Bouvret, and others.

The Julian and Collo Rossi system has caused most of the best-known artists to close their ateliers again to women. They find it more lucrative and agreeable to devote a morning twice a week to go round one of the larger collective studios than to have the responsibility of *ateliers des dames*, and so the lady art student is obliged, willy-nilly, to go through the mill, and cannot give herself up for study under any one master.

Another mistake that foreign art-students fall into is that of overworking whilst in Paris. The time seems so precious, and is really money to many of them. The result is that, what with the strange food and perpetual application, a large percentage fall ill, and have to go home ignominiously, carrying away only uncertain memories of their winter in Paris.

But in Paris even more than in London the art school has become a mill, grinding out its quota of yearly talent:—

Those who cannot cross the water may console themselves with the reflection that Reynolds and Gainsborough and Morland and Turner were home-bred boys, and England is warranted in waiting hopefully for the woman who may be to art what those who bore the names of Austen, Eliot, and Browning were to the sisterhood of the pen.



THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

THE FARMERS' NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

HISTORY AND PROGRAMME OF A GREAT MOVEMENT.

In the *Andover Review* for August Mr. C. S. Walker contributes an interesting account of the new organization of American Farmers which threatens to control politics in some States.

ITS GENESIS.

More than twenty-one years ago a clerk in the Agricultural Department at Washington started out on a missionary tour to teach the farmers of America to organize for the protection of their interests. He met with rebuff after rebuff and failure after failure, but at length his efforts were crowned with success. A million farmers were enrolled. Like all great movements the flood-tide was followed by the ebb. The Grange, once established, maintains itself to this day; but of late years the Grange, composed of the more prosperous farmers, has been very conservative, keeping out of politics and devoting itself principally to social and educational interests.

But now, when the idea of organization has taken such possession of the public mind, the Grange has been followed by a new and more aggressive organization, calling itself the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union.

ITS ORGANIZATION.

It is composed of agriculturists, of sixteen years of age or more, without distinction of sex. Its associations cannot be organized in incorporated cities. Farm labourers, mechanics, country doctors, preachers, and teachers, who believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, are admitted. Middlemen, bankers, lawyers, city doctors, preachers, and teachers, and some others are excluded from membership. Amateur farmers are not received. As a national organization its origin dates from the consolidation at St. Louis, October, 1889, of the National Farmers' Alliance and Co-operative Union of America with the National Agricultural Wheel.

They claim to represent something like a million of men. They allege that they have an understanding with the Knights of Labour. They feel sure of the sympathy of the Grange, and as not a few of them are old soldiers, they do not wholly despair of the help of the Grand Army. The headquarters of the Alliance is established at Washington. Its president is Colonel L. L. Polk, of Raleigh, N.C. The official organ, the *National Economist*, is published weekly.

The Alliance has succeeded in securing a strong organization of its own members, so as to efficiently promote social, business, and educational ends. The separate States have co-operative business associations for buying and selling, each of which has done a large and profitable business. The usual benevolent ends of such brotherhoods are provided for. An Alliance Insurance Company has been established for the benefit of members of the order. The subordinate bodies are established on the principle of local self-government. These are united into the State Alliance on the representative principle, and the State Alliances are joined in the same manner into the National Alliance. On the other hand the secret work of the organization emanates from the central body to all the various state and local bodies. Thus by a centripetal as well as centrifugal force is the stability of the complex organism secured.

The constitution of the Alliance, adopted at St. Louis last October, contains the following:—

ITS DECLARATION OF PURPOSES.

We hold to the principle that all monopolies are dangerous to the best interests of our country, tending to enslave a free people and subvert and finally overthrow

the great principles purchased by the fathers of American liberty. We therefore adopt the following as our declaration of principles:—

1. To labour for the education of the agricultural classes in the science of economical government, in a strictly non-partisan spirit, and to bring about a more perfect union of said classes.

2. That we demand equal rights to all and special favours to none.

3. To indorse the motto, "In things essential, unity; and in all things charity."

4. To develop a better state mentally, morally, socially, and financially.

5. To constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will to all mankind and brotherly love among ourselves.

6. To suppress personal, local, sectional and national prejudices; all unhealthful rivalry and all selfish ambition.

7. The brightest jewels which it garners are the tears of the widows and orphans, and its imperative commands are to visit the homes where lacerated hearts are bleeding; to assuage the sufferings of a brother or sister, bury the dead, care for the widows, and educate the orphans; to exercise charity towards offenders; to construe words and deeds in their most favourable light, granting honesty of purpose and good intentions to others, and to protect the principles of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union until death.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. Walker says some things are very certain. The concentration of the wealth of the nation in the hands of a few has been carried far enough. An equitable distribution of the income of American industry among the bread-winners is the problem of the age. Here, then, is the opportunity of the century for the man of the people, the true leader, the genuine statesman, to turn from the petty strife after spoils and political preferment, that he may comprehend this movement, discover its dangers, prevent disaster, restrain and guide, until the goal of assured victory is gained. A hundred years ago our fathers met and solved the problems of new government. Degenerate sons of noble ancestry must we be if we prove insufficient for the task of our day.

JAMAICA PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A FEW SAMPLES.

In *Timehri* the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, writing about Jamaican proverbs, says:—"The result of many years' study has been the conviction that there is no country which can boast of a collection of secular proverbs more pithy and instructive, more replete with wit and humour, or more terse and compact, than those which are associated with our beautiful 'Isle of Springs.'" From his collection I make a selection of a very few of the most striking and piquant:—

Calabash don't grow 'pon pumpkin vine.
Cow tail cut off, God A'mighty brush fly for her.

Play wid puppy, puppy lick you mout.

Cotton tree ebber so big, little axe will cut him down.

Nebber mek goat trustee for bread-fruit tree.

Dog hab too much owner, him sleep widout him supper.

Hansome face 'oman not the bestest kind of 'oman.

One tief nebber like fe see anudder tief carry a long bag.

Shut mout nebber ketch fly.

Cow horn nebber too hebbey for cow head.

Braggin' ribber nebber drown anybody.

Big word nebber crack man jaw-bone.

A pound ob fretment won't pay a gill ob debtment.

Hab money hab fren.

Ebery ting good fe eat, but no ebery ting good fe talk.

When fowl drink water, him lift up him hed say "tank God, tank God." When man drink water, him say nothing.

YET ANOTHER VIEW OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

FROM THE DUTCH POINT OF VIEW.

J. VAN LOENEN MARTINET, in reviewing a recent Dutch translation of "Robert Elsmere," in the August number of *De Gids*, gives a very favourable—indeed warmly enthusiastic criticism of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work, which he defends against all imputations of inartistic treatment in the story, though not of religious heterodoxy, for, from his point of view, it needs no defence in that direction. He remarks that it has vividly recalled to his mind the controversies which agitated Holland some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when Pierson, Opzoomer, and Toullier wrote learned works on the very points raised by Langham in regard to "testimony."

"We can scarcely picture to ourselves, at the present day, how half of the Netherlands—people of all ranks and positions—seemed as though they could never have enough of the sermons, lectures, pamphlets, and articles issued day by day, on a subject which occupied men's thoughts, in the quiet home and the academic lecture-room, in the workman's dwelling, and the professor's study—and seemed to touch the hearts of all. In this last fact lies the explanation of the matter. This question touched the heart—the life of the feelings—all sorts of ideas and convictions which are most closely connected with the latter. In many circles, to-day, people may look down with some pity, and even contempt, on the 'theologizing' Holland of that epoch, and be astonished that so many should attach the most vital importance to what was said by 'theologians'—but can that be other than a superficial way of looking at things, which would fail to recognise the seriousness of the questions there treated of—their significance for national life—for spiritual life in general ?

THE RELIGIOUS NEED FOR A NEW THEOLOGY.

"It is true that the importance of an event is not always in exact proportion to the sensation it causes and the passions awakened by it. But here the idea was clearly present—though men were not themselves clearly conscious of it—not only that the denial of miracles must bring about a great modification in the conception of Christ's person and work, and the rise of Christianity in general, but, still more, that this denial itself pointed to quite another way of looking at things than that, under the influence of which the Gospel history was handed down, Christianity appeared in the world, and its religious ideas and doctrines arose. The old intellectual world had become new, and while men had found other formulas for the rest of the world, religion alone kept the old ones. And all hearts felt, by an overpowering instinct, that these formulas, too, would no longer hold.

"It was not alone that religion required another speech and another interpretation—that the facts of the religious life called for a new explanation. Human life is one, and the religious life itself had undergone a modification. It is to satisfy a religious need that the 'Modern tendency' sets itself the task of creating a new theology and new ethics. And among all the influences which conspired to bring it about, the application of scientific historic criticism to the Old and New Testaments certainly played one of the principal parts.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MISTAKE.

"Mrs. Ward has in her book depicted the process which religious natures like Robert Elsmere must pass through under its influence. There are two kinds of criticism—the coldly negative, concerned only with the destruction of opinions and beliefs; and another—the

daughter of enthusiastic, courageous, and hopeful love of the ideal—whose aim is not to destroy, but to preserve, and which cares only for truth. The last-named is represented in the novel by Robert Elsmere himself—the former by Wendover and Langham. Many, we know, object to all criticism as applied to the Scriptures, and consider the 'scientific method' entirely unlawful in the region of belief. These last Elsmere does not meet with. Mrs. Ward refrains—as, indeed, she has a perfect right to do—from bringing these defenders of modern orthodoxy on the stage. Mr. Gladstone's objection quite overlooks the real intention of the novel. It is not intended to be a theological treatise with the arguments for and against different views fully discussed, but the picture of a man of our own day, who, receptive of modern influences in the scientific and social spheres, rescues his religion from the crucible into which these have cast it.

DUTCH ELSMERES OF THE PAST.

"Many a Dutch reader will be able to testify that a struggle, such as that gone through by Elsmere, belongs, for him, to past age. Countless numbers have passed through the process as described here. Another period has begun. Other questions are before us now. . . . In considering Elsmere's secession from the Anglican Church, we must remember that the latter rests on quite other foundations than our own Reformed one. Her teachers are bound by much stricter doctrinal obligations; her past and her traditions are, in many respects, of quite another kind. With us, at present, a totally different conception of what is demanded by duty and conscience, in a case like Elsmere's, is possible, and indeed actually exists. This conception, however much it may have been disputed, is grounded both on the history of our Church and on its arrangements since 1816. But beyond this, Elsmere's secession has its motive in his whole character; and this throws a peculiar light on the sphere of work which he created for himself, and the way in which he took up and carried out his task.

THE TRUE TEST OF THE NOVEL.

"In the details which are meant to give us an idea of the organization of Elsmere's Brotherhood there is something which seems to us almost mean when contrasted with the sublime spirit which is to inform it—its wide conception, the lofty aim which it has in view, and the great expectations encouraged by it. . . . This part of the book is, from a literary point of view—and not from that alone—the least satisfactory of all.

"For the rest, the only question which—keeping the novel in view—can be asked, is whether Elsmere's undertakings, and the manner in which he carries them out, are sufficiently accounted for by the character which the author assigns him ?

"That, in discussing 'Robert Elsmere,' I have been unable to do justice to many beauties in this novel is the fault of the criticism to which it has over and over again been exposed. I wished to give the author a token of sympathy from the little country of which the German in her book was certainly not thinking when he said to Robert: 'At this moment you alone among the European nations possess freedom in the true sense—you alone have religion.'"

After a passing reference to the various characters and scenes which, as he says, made the reading of this book a treat, the author concludes by saying: "I close the book under the impression left by a piece of human life, depicted with its wonderful contrasts of light and shadow, heights and depths, sublime tragedy and flat prose."

THE PROGRESS OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MADAME BLAVATSKY.

MADAME BLAVATSKY describes in the *North American Review* for August the progress of the Theosophical Society, of which she is the high priestess. She says that "the most optimist among the society's originators scarcely dreamed of such success as has rewarded their endeavours." The Theosophical Society is based on three principles: the brotherhood of man, the study of Oriental theories, and the investigation of the hidden force in nature and in man. The Theosophical Society hatched the Psychical Research Society, but it has much more vitality than its chicken. Madame Blavatsky maintains that the theosophical movement was a necessity of the age, its aim being the union of all religious people for research into the actual basis of religion, and for scientific proofs of the existence and predominance of the higher self.

FOR CONVERTING THE INFIDEL.

Mrs. Besant's conversion encourages Madame Blavatsky to hope that with a wider dissemination of the facts we shall see a "very large accession to our cause from the Secularist ranks":—

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Humanity, dimly feeling its origin and presaging its destiny, has stretched out towards the East empty hands that only a spiritual philosophy can fill. Aching from the divisions, the jealousies, the hatreds, that rend its very life, it has cried for some sure foundation on which to build the solidarity it seeks, some metaphysical basis from which its loftiest social ideals may rise secure. Only the Masters of the Eastern wisdom can set that foundation, can satisfy at once the intellect and the spirit, can guide Humanity safely through the night to "the dawn of a larger day." Such is the goal which theosophy has set itself to attain; such is the history of the modern movement; such is the work which theosophy has already accomplished in this nineteenth century.



MADAME BLAVATSKY.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

A RUSSIAN PROTEST AGAINST ENGLISH HYPOCRISY.

MADAME BLAVATSKY has been moved to a vehement protest in *Lucifer* against the agitation which the editors of the *Fortnightly* and the *Universal Review* have endeavoured to get up in this country against Russia on account of the abuses connected with the exile system in Siberia. Madame Blavatsky, although Russian by birth, is very cosmopolitan in her sympathies and by no means an apologist of the misdeeds of the Russian or of any Government; she is also associated editorially with Mrs. Besant, who is one of the most advanced Radical women of our day; but all that cannot keep her from pouring out her vials of scorn upon what she regards the hypocrisy and cant of recent manifestations of American and English indignation. The extracts which I take from her article may at least suggest one reflection to some of those good people who imagine that the one thing needful, when Siberian atrocities are described, is to fall a-cursing the Russian Government, and demanding the assassination of the Tzar. If this is the effect produced by their diatribes upon Madame Blavatsky, what kind of influence will these "demonstrations" produce upon the responsible Ministers who are charged with the administration of the Russian Empire?

ENOUGH TO MAKE AN OWL LAUGH.

Madame Blavatsky, in beginning her article, says that she can understand and sympathise with the men who went to Hyde Park to express their sympathy with the suffering poor in Siberia; but that is a very different thing from the hypocritical cant in this matter of sundry editors who remain dumb in face of misdeeds at home. This is enough to make an owl laugh in full daylight.

Of the flogging of Madame Sahida she says:

Were this "flogging" even proven—which it is not—still, brutal and sickening as the fact would undeniably be, is it really any worse than the kicking by the police of women already knocked down by them; than the clubbing until mangled to death of men and crippled boys? And if one is reminded that the alleged "flogging" took place (if it ever did) in the wilds of Siberia, probably hundreds of miles away from any civilized centre, to speak of, and the well-proven "kicking and clubbing" right in the midst of the most civilized city in the world, namely, in Trafalgar Square, it does seem as if it were a case of merely "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other."

But that does not content her, however, and, carrying the war into the enemy's camp, she roundly declares that even when such an incident as the flogging of Madame Sahida is taken into account, the position of women in Russia is immeasurably better than the position of women in this country. Woman, who has for centuries been in England the man's chattel, has had in Russia rights on a par with those of men, and in some cases enjoyed much greater privileges. She quotes Herbert Spencer to the effect that "Gentlemen (!) arranged parties of pleasure for the purpose of seeing wretched women whipped at Bridewell. It was not till 1817 that the public whipping of women was abolished in England."

ENGLAND'S TASMANIAN ATROCITIES.

But Madame Blavatsky has more serious business in hand. She declares that the English treatment of the aboriginal races, especially in Australia, on the authority of French and Swedish travellers, is infinitely more ghastly than anything said of Russia and her conduct

in Siberia. She quotes in support of this assertion passages from Bertillon's "Les Races Sauvages" and Charles Lümholtz's "In Cannibal Countries," passages which should certainly make us pause when we are talking of playing the *Pharisee* and reprobating our neighbours' inhumanity.

Bertillon speaks of Tasmania. In 1803 there were still about 6,000 natives left. In 1872 died the last of the Tasmanians. How did it come to pass? This is Bertillon's tale. To achieve such a brilliant result, the English did not stop before any kind of cruelty. They premised by offering £5 for the head of every adult, and £2 for that of every baby Tasmanian. To succeed in this chase after the miserable native the better, the English brought with them aborigines of Australia, the great enemies of the Tasmanians, and used them as blood-hounds. But this method was found to work too slowly. Then a cordon was organized, or rather a band, selected from Colonists, and among the scum of the garrison . . . and Arthur, the then Governor of the island, was appointed as its chief. After this commenced a regular chase after the Tasmanian, as one finds in hunts after wild boars. . . . The natives were driven into deep water, shot, as if by accident, and those who escaped were poisoned with arsenic . . . some Colonists going so far as to make a fine collection of their victims' skulls, and boasting of it . . .

AND AUSTRALIAN MASSACRES.

Now this may, or may not, be true; it may, or may not, be exaggerated, just as in the case of "Siberian flogging" and cruelty to political prisoners. But here comes something more modern and trustworthy, a charge from a decided friend of England and the Australians, and one who says what he has seen with his own eyes, heard with his own ears—namely, Charles Lümholtz, in his work called in the French translation, "Au Pays des Cannibales." "To kill a native of Australia is the same as killing a dog in the eyes of a British colonist," says Lümholtz. More than this: no dog will be so cruelly treated in Europe. Its life, unless dangerous to men, will not be taken away without any cause. Not so for the native of Australia, according to the evidence of the Swedish author, who shows that there are young men who make a point of hunting the blacks every Sunday in the neighbourhood of their cities, systematically passing the whole day in that sport, simply for pleasure's sake . . . A party of four or five horsemen prepare traps, or, driving the savages into a narrow pass, force them to seek refuge on precipitous cliffs, and while the unfortunate wretches are climbing at their life's peril on almost perpendicular bare rocks, one ball after another is fired at them, making even those slightly wounded lose their hold, and falling down, break and tear themselves into shreds on the sharp rocky projections below. . . . A squatter in Long Lagoon has become famous for the immense number of blacks he has poisoned with strychnine. And this is no single instance. Although local law (on paper) punishes murder, it is in reality only the killing of white men which is called murder. English colonists have repeatedly offered to Lümholtz to shoot a few blacks, to get for him the native skulls he was in need of. . . . Before law a black savage is entirely helpless. The British colonists, with a cruelty a tiger might envy, destroy to this day the Australian savages. "A few more years," says Lümholtz, "and the Australian aboriginal race will have disappeared from the face of the earth. The English province of Victoria, raised on the black man's lands, soaked through and through with his savage blood and fertilised with his bones, will blossom the more luxuriously for that . . ."

Madame Blavatsky's final word is this, that until Russia has as much said of her by her friends as Lümholtz says of Australia, and others of India and America, the best advice one can give to the English and Americans is "Judge not that ye be not judged."

THE PROGRESS OF THEOSOPHY.

BY MADAME BLAVATSKY.

MADAME BLAVATSKY describes in the *North American Review* for August the progress of the Theosophical Society, of which she is the high priestess. She says that "the most optimist among the society's originators scarcely dreamed of such success as has rewarded their endeavours." The Theosophical Society is based on three principles: the brotherhood of man, the study of Oriental theories, and the investigation of the hidden force in nature and in man. The Theosophical Society hatched the Psychical Research Society, but it has much more vitality than its chicken. Madame Blavatsky maintains that the theosophical movement was a necessity of the age, its aim being the union of all religious people for research into the actual basis of religion, and for scientific proofs of the existence and predominance of the higher self.

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HOW TO FEED MANKIND IN THE MILLENNIUM.

TRY HOOTHUSES. BY PRINCE KRAPOTKIN.

WHEN the millennium comes, shall we have enough to eat or shall we be driven to eat each other for want of victuals? Such is the formula familiar to all students of Malthus, whose calculations in favour of the latter hypothesis are amongst the most formidable and the most disagreeable in the whole field of political economy. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in criticising Edward Bellamy, declares that in his Utopia the people would multiply at such a rate that it would "bring about a vast scene of squalid misery." Prince Krapotkin, who follows him in the *Forum*, argues strongly against this, and supports his contention by an array of curious facts and figures in an article which he entitles "The Possibilities of Agriculture." Mr. Goldwin Smith argues that the millennium will run short of food because it is a mistake to assume that everything is produced by labour:—

Labour only produces the form or directs the natural forces. The material is produced by Nature, and she will not supply more than a given quantity within a given area and under given conditions.

HOW TO INCREASE THE YIELD OF LAND.

Prince Krapotkin replies that the limits of the productiveness of nature are almost incalculable. It is possible so to revolutionise the conditions under which nature produces food, that ten times our present population could live and thrive on the same area. Dealing with French agriculture, he maintains that it is now proved:—

That by combining a series of such simple operations as the selection of seeds, sowing in rows, and proper manuring, the crops can be increased by at least 75 per cent. over the best present average, while the cost of production can be reduced by 50 per cent. by the use of some inexpensive machinery, to say nothing of costly machines, like the steam digger, or the pulverisers which make the soil required for each special culture.

The extent to which crops can be increased by heavy manuring is almost fabulous. Below Milan, there are meadows which will yield, when irrigated with sewage water, eighteen tons of hay per acre; so that if such production becomes the rule, instead of requiring three acres and a cow, the happy Hodge of the future will be able to keep three cows to the acre! As to what can be done in raising cereals, he says:—

Mr. Hallett, by a simple selection of grains, will obtain in a few years a wheat which bears 10,840 grains on each stem grown from a single seed; so that from seven to eight hundred of his stems of wheat (which could be grown upon a score of square yards) would give the yearly supply of bread for a full-grown person.

SOIL MAKING, HOT PIPES AND GLASS.

Market gardening, as developed in the neighbourhood of Paris, convinces Prince Krapotkin that the gardener of the future will make his own soil, for in Paris, when a market gardener removes to another plot, he carries his soil with him! Soil making, hot-water pipes in the soil, and cultivation under glass, will be essential features of the garden of the future. The latest idea is watering the soil with special liquids, containing special microbes. The presence of certain microbes in the soil is necessary to the growth of plants, hence the idea of sowing microbes, which rapidly grow in the soil, and fertilise it. Prince Krapotkin's chief illustrations, however, as to the possibility of intensive agriculture are taken from the Channel Islands, and notably from Guernsey. Guernsey has 1,300 persons to the square mile, and has more unproductive soil than Jersey; but Guernsey leads the world in the matter of advanced agri-

culture, because Guernsey is being practically roofed in. The Guernsey kitchen garden is all under glass. Prince Krapotkin found in one place three-fourths of an acre covered with glass; in another, in Jersey, he found vineyards under glass covering thirteen acres, and yielding more money return than that which can be taken from an ordinary English farm of 1,300 acres. Each acre of greenhouse employs three men. The cost of erecting them is about ten shillings per square yard, excluding the cost of the heating pipes. The thirteen acres are warmed by consuming a thousand cart-loads of coke and coal. Prince Krapotkin sees before long that immense vineyards will grow up round the coal pits of Northumberland, where artificial heat can be obtained from coals selling at the cost of three shillings the ton.

A SUGGESTION FROM CHICAGO.

The limit of productive activity, Prince Krapotkin concludes, has not even been imagined. He closes his paper with the following suggestion:—

Suppose that instead of building at the Chicago Exhibition an Eiffel tower a thousand feet high, a number of intelligent men should cover with glass houses, say, a hundred acres, or more. Suppose they devote forty acres to art—I mean to flowers and to tropical vegetation—and the remaining sixty acres to the plainest vegetables and fruits, such as will be consumed by the ton during the Exhibition. It will not cost one tenth part of what the tower would cost, but it is sure to repay the expense. And—what is infinitely more important—it will make a complete revolution in the ideas of mankind as to what the soil is, and how it must be treated. It will stimulate invention in a field where it is most required, and it will be a new departure for the coming century.

THE FIRST STEPS TOWARDS INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, who declares that a political democracy will not tolerate much longer an industrial oligarchy, thus defines in the *Forum* the first steps towards the realisation of industrial democracy. He says:—

It means an extension of profit-sharing and co-operation, for both of which the device of joint-stock corporations is preparing the way. It means certainly not a nationalisation of all wealth, but such legislation as will preserve to the people the values which properly belong to the people—the mines and oil wells, the undeveloped land values, the forests, the great franchises, and the forces of nature given by our present patent laws too absolutely to the patentee, who is rarely the real discoverer or inventor. It means the total abolition of the methods of partnership now in vogue, by which the State furnishes funds to certain enterprises—sometimes ecclesiastical, sometimes educational, sometimes industrial—and leaves the control in private hands, and the profits, when there are any, in private pockets. It means the adoption of the broad principle, "No appropriations by government to any organisations not under public control and for the public benefit." It means not the conduct of the industries of the community by the State, but the regulation by the State of all industries on which the life of the State depends; of all natural and necessary monopolies, such as telegraphs, railroads, water-supply, public lighting, and the like; and the absolute ownership and administration by the State of all such industries, in the measure in which cautious experiments may indicate that the public can serve itself cheaper and better than it can hire private corporations to serve it. It seems to me to involve municipal ownership and administration of all street-lighting, all street-car routes; federal ownership of the telegraph and telephone service; State regulation of all mines and oil wells; and federal regulation, though probably not federal ownership, of all inter-State railway systems. These seem to me to be first steps in the forward movement.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH SAYS.

FOR ALMOST THE LAST TIME.

In the *Bystander* for August Mr. Goldwin Smith publishes a valedictory; in which he announces that "the series of the *Bystander* will not be carried beyond the next month, which closes our year." I make, therefore, the following extracts from his penultimate swan song:—

A NEW FRANCE IN CANADA.

Between the British and Protestant sections of the Dominion there is being formed a French nationality, under the moral sovereignty not of the Queen but of the Pope. Who fail to see that a New France stands in the way of our efforts to bring about the national unity of the Dominion? When there is a solid mass of people of one race inhabiting a compact territory with a language, religion, character, laws, tendencies, aspirations and sentiments of its own, there is *de facto* a nation. That Canada has power to absorb or assimilate this nation is what nobody can imagine. The time was when the growth of French nationality and of the Ultramontane theocracy connected with it might have been prevented, but that time has long since passed away.

There is not, it seems, to be a single representative of the British element in the Cabinet. So much for the British conquest of Quebec! All the more ought we to guard against French and Ultramontane encroachment the integrity of the British Province.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE JESUITS.

The triumph of the Jesuits has brought to Quebec, whence it will operate on the Dominion, another corps of the Papal militia. The Franciscans, it is now announced, have landed, and are displaying to an edified people the hard boards on which they sleep, the sackcloth which forms their bedding, and all the paraphernalia of their asceticism. The net result of this new irruption of friars probably will be a further draining by ecclesiastical suction of the wealth of Quebec, ending in increased need of subsidies from the Dominion. What the Jesuit palmer-worm leaves the Franciscan locust will devour, and Ontario and Protestant Montreal in the end will pay for all.

To the restoration of the Inquisition we have no doubt we should come in due time if the propagandists of the Encyclical could have their way, but at present we have got no further than the restoration of the Jesuit Estates.

A CANADIAN CAUTION TO AUSTRALIA.

It seems that through some "traitorous" channel a doubt has found its way to the Australians whether the success of Canadian Confederation is so assured that they have only to tread in our footsteps. Let the Australians come here and judge for themselves. Let them measure, still with our example in view, the amount not only of expenditure but of corruption, demagogism, and faction which the creation of a Federal Government as a prize of perpetual contention between Federal parties, will entail. Already they are practically federated for all the ordinary purposes of such unions as a group of colonies under the same Crown. If Independence was the aim of the Australians, federation would be necessary for the purposes of external security and extension as well as for that of internal peace. But otherwise they had better count the full cost before they take the leap. Once more, we say, let them come here and judge for themselves.

WHAT MR. SPEAKER REED HAS DONE.

Mr. Speaker Reed, a man of masterful and unscrupulous temper, has acted on the opposite theory to Speaker Carlisle, and has restored the legislative efficiency of the House with a vengeance. The work of seven months includes the passage of the Bill for a new Tariff, the Customs Administration Bill, Bills for an extension of the use of Silver in the standard currency, and for the Federal control of National Elections, a new general Pension Bill, a Bill for the admission of two new States to the Union, and the adoption of new and revolutionary Rules of Procedure. These were all contested measures. Among other Bills of the first class sure to pass are those for the restraint of mercantile combines and monopolies, and for permitting the State to regulate or forbid the sale of intoxicants brought from one State into another. It is true, the principal measures are as bad as possible, but they have passed, and Speaker Reed may flatter himself that he has renovated the power of legislation. He has renovated in equal measure the power of appropriation. To lavish five hundred millions of dollars in a single session is a proof of vigour and one which, unless the American people are out of their senses, will tell on the chances of the party in power at the approaching Congressional elections.

THE DEFENCELESSNESS OF CANADA.

Our Jingoes have been brandishing an opinion given by an English officer to the effect that the invader would again be repulsed as he was in 1812. Since 1812 all has been changed. The country has ceased to be a natural fortress of forest which the bushranger could defend against regular troops. It has been laid perfectly open for military operations. On our frontier have grown up great cities which would be at the mercy of the invader. Railways would enable the enemy to concentrate his overwhelming resources, and steam would make him master of the Lakes, every point on the northern shores of which he would threaten with superior force. We have no army, nor could we create one in anything like the time allowed by the swift march of modern war. It takes, we believe, about six months to make a good infantry soldier, a year to make a cavalry soldier, and a still longer time to make a good artilleryman. We have no equipments of war, no staff, no general who has ever handled a large body of men under fire. Another vital difference between the situation in 1812 and the present is that now we have in the midst of us a French nation, while the French are no longer kept true to us by antagonism to the Puritans of New England, but, on the contrary, are bound to New England by the presence there of three or four hundred thousand of their kinsmen.

MARRIAGE A RESTRAINT ON MAN.

Marriage is not always a union of souls, but it is at least as often a union of souls as concubinage or adultery, and it has some claim to careful treatment as being the keystone of civilized society and the safeguard of pure affection—the highest source of human happiness. Without it we should be as the beasts of the field. When Mona Caird, or those who are in sympathy with her, play with this question, they will do well to remember that marriage is a restraint placed by the stronger sex upon its own passions, and that by the removal of the restraint the weaker sex would be far the greater sufferer. The male sex is not all made up of sentimentalists like those who gather round the tea-tables of Woman's Rights: it is full of much wilder and rougher stuff, which, when "emancipated," would use its liberty with a vengeance.

ARE WE NEARING A REVOLUTION?

PERHAPS. BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has at last discovered that "Looking Backwards" has achieved a popularity which is not without significance as a symptom of the condition of public opinion. So he writes about it in the August *Forum*. He remarks that Utopias of this kind are apt, "like a rainbow in the spray of Niagara, to mark a cataract in the stream of history." Those of More and Rabelais marked the fall of the stream from the middle ages to modern life. Plato's "Republic" marked the catastrophe of Greek republicanism. Langland's vision of reform heralded the outbreak of Lollardism and the insurrection of the serfs; Rousseau was the herald of the French revolution. All these things make Mr. Goldwin Smith ask himself whether Mr. Edward Bellamy may not be without equal importance as a prophet of unrest. Of his criticism of "Looking Backwards" there is not much need to say anything here. Of more general interest is his attempt to weigh the evidence for and against the belief that we are once more nearing a revolutionary epoch. He says:—

There is a general feeling abroad that the stream is drawing near a cataract now, and there are apparent grounds for the surmise. There is everywhere in the social frame an outward unrest, which as usual is the sign of fundamental change within. Old creeds have given way. The masses, the artisans especially, have ceased to believe that the existing order of society, with its grades of rank and wealth, is a divine ordinance against which it is vain to rebel. They have ceased to believe in a future state, the compensation of those whose lot is hard here. Convinced that this world is all, and that there is nothing more to come, they want at once to grasp their share of enjoyment. The labour journals are full of this thought. Social science, if it is to take the place of religion as a conservative force, has not yet developed itself or taken firm hold of the popular mind. The rivalry of factions and demagogues has almost everywhere introduced universal suffrage. The poorer classes are freshly possessed of political power, and have conceived boundless notions of the changes which, by exercising it, they may make in their own favour. They are just in that twilight of education in which chimeras stalk. This concurrence of social and economical with political and religious revolution has always been fraught with danger. The governing classes, unnerved by scepticism, have lost faith in the order which they represent, and are inclined to precipitate abdication. Many members of them—partly from philanthropy, partly from vanity, partly perhaps from fear—are playing the demagogue and, as they did in France, dallying with revolution. The ostentation of wealth has stimulated to a dangerous pitch envy, which has always been one of the most powerful elements of revolution. This is not the place to cast the horoscope of society. We may, after all, be exaggerating the gravity of the crisis. The first of May passed without bringing forth anything more portentous than an epidemic of strikes, which, though very disastrous, as they sharpen and embitter class antagonisms, are not in themselves attempts to subvert society. Much is called socialism and taken as ominous of revolution which is merely the extension of the action of the government, wisely or unwisely, over new portions of its present field and perhaps does not deserve the dreaded name so much as our familiar Sunday law. The crash, if it come, may not be universal; things may not everywhere take the same course. Wealth in some countries, when seriously alarmed, may convert itself into military power, of which the artisans have little, and may turn the scale in its own favour. Though social science is as yet undeveloped, intelligence has more organs and an increasing hold. The present may after all glide more calmly than we think into the future. Still there is a crisis. We have had the Parisian Commune, the Spanish *Intransigentes*, nihilism, anarchism. It is not a time for playing with wild-fire.

WANTED, A NEW CREED!

THE LUTHERAN DEMAND FOR REVISION.

DR. STUCKENBURG, in the *Homiletic Review* for July, describes a movement in favour of the formulation of a new creed which is attracting considerable attention in Germany. He says that it is headed by Dr. Kaftan, successor of Dorner as Professor of Dogmatics at Berlin.

Dr. Kaftan holds that creeds are necessary for the Church as well as for the individual Christian, but he emphatically rejects the existing confessions. He holds that they are not the direct and sole product of Scripture, and are not the pure expression of Christian faith, but that their character was determined largely by the philosophy of their day. Kaftan, in common with others in the same school, wants to free the dogmas from all foreign admixture, particularly from philosophical elements which change with the philosophy of the times. The present creeds he pronounces a real hindrance to the Church, a destroyer of unity and a source of contention. There is, therefore, urgent demand for a new creed.

And yet the creed cannot be altogether new. He claims that it must be the result of historic development, must strike its roots in Scripture, and must be true to the principles and the doctrines of the Reformation. The new creed must be the product of theologians as representatives of the scriptural faith of the Church. The work must be left to theologians because they alone are competent to give a definite scientific or theological expression to the faith of the Church.

What the contents of the new creed are to be is not stated; but it is evident that in its Christology, as well as in all other respects, it is to differ greatly from the existing confessions.

The views prevalent in Protestant Germany respecting creeds may be summarised as follows:—

1. All admit that the Scripture is supreme and must be the source of faith. The Scripture is therefore the final appeal, and each one has a right to go directly to Scripture for his doctrines. God has committed to no power on earth the authority to determine for the Christian what he must believe. Aids may be afforded by others, but faith is a personal matter between the individual and his God.

2. All likewise admit that creeds are historic, being the expression of the faith of the persons and ages which made them. They are not, however, final, but constantly subject to change according to Scripture, in order to be a true exhibit of the faith of those who adopt them. It is also universally admitted that personal faith and religion can never receive adequate expression in any scientific formulas.

3. The left wing of Protestantism opposes existing creeds because it rejects their doctrines, and also because it regards creeds themselves as useless fetters of reason, of conscience, and of faith, and as inadequate expressions of Christian faith. The liberals want no new dogma, but an "undogmatic Christianity."

4. Others, particularly the Ritschl school, demand a new creed, which is to be purely religious, free from the admixture of any prevalent philosophical systems, and which gives no occasion for conflicts with science.

5. The orthodox advocate the sufficiency of the existing creed, but they admit that its acceptance may be the result of doctrinal indifference, and that there is an orthodoxy which is dead to religion. Some want the creed to be unconditionally binding on theological professors and on preachers; others want a more liberal subscription so as to leave room for differences on minor points. Not a few hold that if the fundamentals are accepted, then there should be liberty respecting other doctrines. Not a theologian of note can be found who does not admit that on some points the doctrines have not yet been satisfactorily determined. Chief among these are the nature and extent of biblical inspiration, the exact character of the Church, and questions of eschatology.

A PROPHECY OF WOE.

WARS, EARTHQUAKES, AND REVOLUTION.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN, M.D., who published a book some years ago pleading for the establishment of ethical and industrial education, and who has further published a Manual of Psychometry, in which he made several predictions which have been verified, publishes in the *Arena* for August a most alarming paper entitled, "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe." He maintains that periodicity is a law of nature, and that we are now approaching our revolutionary period. From 1910 to 1916 America will be devastated by a most frightful war, a labour and capital war in black and white war, in which the Church will be shattered and the marriage relation approximated to freedom. "The cycle of woman is approaching," and it is somewhat consoling to know that "this will be full compensation for the horrors through which we are to pass." The Atlantic coast of the United States will be devastated by a great tidal wave, all the cities that are not more than fifty feet above the sea level are doomed to destruction, and "the grandest horror will culminate at New York and Jersey City." All the cities of the coast will perish in twenty-three or twenty-four years. The Mississippi will become the scourge of America. The deforestation of the continents leads to devastating floods and barrenness extending over vast regions. In the midst of all these horrors of war and flood there will occur a geological convulsion before which all the earthquakes of the past will seem the merest trifles. After six years the war and horror will culminate after terrible loss of human life and immense destruction of great cities in the establishment of the nationalization of everything on Edward Bellamy's principles.

The following is this terrible prophet's forecast as to what is to happen in Europe:—

Europe, too, has its great calamity, but secondary in importance to that of America. The beginning of the tragedy will approach with the beginning of the century, and the war develop in about fifteen years. Two years of sanguinary revolution will be her volcanic outburst from the pent-up fires that are smouldering now in human bosoms (and in the fiery sea that supplies Vesuvius), for Europe has not the statesmanship that could meet its crisis—neither has America. The result will be the utter destruction of monarchy, an effete absurdity which the enlightened have outgrown. Every throne will be destroyed except that of the "sick man in Europe." The Sultan will remain, and the German Emperor will yield slowly to the progress of constitutional government. Victoria may not survive 1890; but it is possible her vitality will carry her into 1891. Her physicians will not be able to understand her condition or to overcome it. The tendency will be to an apoplectic shock and comatose condition, in which she will pass away. The gentlemanly Wales will have a short reign, for England is ripe for a change, and he will realise the propriety of an abdication. Ten years after his mother's death will probably end his life. England will be more fortunate than the Continent, on which the situation will be grandly melodramatic, for after torrents of blood and demolished thrones have roused the world,—the limitless power of the globe introduces the grand climax in a terrific convulsion of the entire Mediterranean region, the coasts of Africa, Spain, France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. Exhausted nature and exhausted humanity will then end their struggles. Long before that time arrives Pope Leo and Czar Alexander will have disappeared. July will be a dangerous month to the health of the Pope. He will not last two years, probably not one. Neither will Alexander be in existence two years from now—a death by violence seems to be his destiny. Less than three years will end the official

career and personal existence of the two who stand at the head of this administration of the Republican party. The President will be the last of the two to take his departure.

Italy, which is at this time troubled by priestly machinations for the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, of which the public will soon hear (though I believe the press is not yet aware), will suffer severely in the shock and the inroads of the sea along her coasts. Rome will not escape, and Naples will suffer. Egypt will be more unfortunate—Cairo and Alexandria half destroyed, and the Suez Canal demolished—its bed washed out. The maritime cities of the Levant will be nearly destroyed—Palestine and Asia Minor suffer, and even Constantinople be badly shaken, though Greece, the favourite of the gods, will seem to be shielded. Here we drop the curtain.

Not before time!

PAUL BOURGET, THE NOVELIST.

A GERMAN VIEW.

ADMIRERS of Paul Bourget should be grateful to Herr Ferdinand Gross and *Nord und Süd* for another very able study of the French novelist. But before analysing the peculiar characteristics of Bourget, Herr Gross contrasts the French writers of to-day with the greatest German poet. Goethe, he says, is probably the highest example of the naïve creative poet, who, while himself perhaps the most astonished at the works of his own genius, was always burning to learn from others capable of judging him what God had really created in his breast. From the criticism of another he learnt to comprehend himself, and the more objective and foreign an opinion seemed to him, the more welcome was it as a light in the bewildering paths of his poetical creations. He spoke quite honestly when he assured the French translator of "Faust" that he never understood "Faust" better than in the French version. Again, he wrote to Schiller, "Continue to make me acquainted with my own works." Quite otherwise is it with M. Zola and many other French authors. Zola knows himself and his books, and speaks of them as though they were the work of another person, yet always subjectively, for as the critic of himself he fails to separate himself from the author; but he does not need to be helped to understand himself. And in this particular he has many imitators, especially in France. Everywhere we see Frenchmen, each setting up a school of his own, and praising it as the deliverance of authorship from all evil. For the apostle the question is not how the bird sings, but whether he is perched on a bough which no bird has occupied before him, and that the result is often a greater enthusiasm for the bough than for the bird does not seem to concern the bird in the least. The German critic goes on to describe Bourget as a clever vivisector and analyst of the female heart, and reviews his work in the fields of poetry, essay-writing, and fiction. Bourget has joined no existing clique. His one aim has been to bore into the inner life of certain figures which he chooses to bring on to the scene, and to handle hatred and love as anatomical preparations. Indeed his gift of dismembering the organism of a soul is such that with it alone he excites in the reader a suspense which otherwise could not be possible except in actions of the most complicated character, and thereby at the same time he manages to conceal in the most subtle manner his own deficiency in the power of inventing. In his novels natural events of course do take place, but for the most part in the breasts only of his heroes and heroines.

MY ADVICE TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

BY GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE first article in the *North American Review* for August is written by General Sherman, whose portrait, by-the-bye, is given in the *New England Magazine* for August, and is entitled "Our Army and Militia." It is somewhat discursive, but contains much interesting matter. When General Sherman was at West Point a bright young lad, who had just come from the country, asked the commandant of the new cadets, "What must I do to excel in my profession?"—

He received the blunt answer, "Obey orders." The sequel was that he graduated in the following January, went back to his home, studied law, rose in his profession, and became a judge in one of the United States courts in a western territory.

This seemed to General Sherman unsatisfactory, and he complains that the military profession supplies no answer to the cadet's question. After sketching the three arms into which armies are resolved, General Sherman gives his readers the benefit of his own thoughts and experience, which he thinks will partially answer the young cadet's question.

FORTS *versus* SHIPS.

In the preliminary portion of his article General Sherman expresses a very decided opinion upon a question which much exercises military experts in this country:—

It seems to me that, no matter how powerful naval guns may be fabricated, our land guns, resting on the solid earth, can be built stronger, while steam and hydraulic power may raise the gun, fire with precision, and lower away behind the invulnerable earth; so that the old ratio is not changed, that five guns on land are equal to a hundred afloat.

Anything which attempts to limit danger to person in war is a mistake. In my judgment, the engine of a man-of-war should be protected as far as possible by armour, but the fighting-decks and bulwarks should be thin, so as to encourage the shot to go through as quickly as possible. The same of our seacoast forts. A few twelve-inch rifles at the salients bearing on sea channels, with steel casements, an abundance of cheaper ten or fifteen-inch barbette or embrasure guns, with spherical cast-iron shot well handled, supplemented by entanglements and torpedoes, will make our chief seaports comparatively safe against any modern fleet.

ADVICE TO A SUBALTERN.

This is General Sherman's advice to a young officer who wishes to excel in his profession:—

Attend with scrupulous fidelity to the duties of the garrison or post to which you are assigned, with the assurance that these duties are based on the experience of your predecessors, as good men as yourselves, and no better. The Government provides the officer and soldier with reasonable liberality, so that they must not embark in trade, business, or speculation; for a man cannot be a good soldier if his thoughts and interests are elsewhere. The subaltern must devote his whole time to his daily duties and to his studies, which will the better prepare him for the accidents of war that always come suddenly and unexpectedly, especially in this country; and, above all, he must never harbour a thought of doubt as

to the allegiance due to his Government and the officers appointed to administer it. With its politics he has nothing to do whatever.

WHAT AN OFFICER IS EXPECTED TO KNOW.

Every army officer is now required to know the history of his own country and of its institutions, of the colonies, of the War of Independence, the subsequent war with Great Britain, the Mexican War, and the Civil War. Army officers cannot be expected to follow all the decisions of the Supreme Court, but they may easily master the two volumes of Bancroft's "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States." During our Civil War many a young lieutenant became a colonel, brigadier, major-general, corps or army commander, in one, two, and three years, without a book save the "Army Regulations"; and hundreds, if not thousands, commanded detachments, with power over life and death, with little knowledge of the great laws of war. Of the valuable treatises on this subject I always prefer that of "The Rights of War and Peace," by Hugo Grotius (born in Holland), translated into English and published in London, 1738—a book which ought to be found in every good library. Every army officer should make Grotius his text-book, just as every lawyer makes Coke and Blackstone his.

A PLEA FOR AN EFFICIENT MILITIA.

General Sherman pleads for the establishment of a regular militia, which was Washington's great ideal. The revised statutes provide that every able-bodied citizen between the age of eighteen and forty-five shall be enrolled in the militia. This would give the United States a militia of 8,420,000 men, of whom not one is armed, equipped or organized, or who even professes to know the art of war. General Sherman pleads for the revision of the revised statutes in order that war should be adapted to the circumstances of the present day:—

The regular army should be made, in organization, discipline, and equipment, the best possible; and the State guards should have identically the same organization, drill, uniform, and equipment, so as to constitute the reserve to the regular army, subject, of course, to State authority, but ready, as far as can be, if called into the service of the United States.

He would have the Federal Government arm and equip one man in every hundred of those at present subject to militia duty to be distributed *pro rata* among the forty-four States:—

To these the national Government should supply arms, equipment, tents, uniforms, and the same pay as regulars when called into active service, all moneys and properties to be received for and accounted for to the officers of the treasury; and these "select militia" should be subject to inspection by the officers of the Inspector-General's department of the national army.

The States will, as many do already, supplement the provisions of law by exempting the men from jury duty and militia tax; by providing them with armouries, heated and lighted, transportation and pay while in camps of instruction, and other like advantages to encourage the young men who have a natural fondness for military life to embark in it.

In conclusion, he says:—

Now is the time for the United States to so organize the machinery of Government as to make these vital principles an actuality instead of a theory, and as our Constitution declares that a well-regulated militia is necessary to the security of a free state, I say, with the sailor, "Make it so." This work will give ample employment to the young aspirants of the next generation. In this article I have purposely abstained from treating of general and staff officers. In my judgment a good, well-managed garrison on the frontier, or anywhere, is the best possible school for generals and even staff officers.

POETRY IN THE MAGAZINES.

THE most ambitious poem in the magazines for August is Mr. George Barlow's "Singers of the Nineteenth Century," which appears in the *Universal Review*. The poet labours uneasily beneath the mammoth metre which he has chosen to employ, but notwithstanding this it contains much that is good. He passes in review all our century singers, from the early poets who mingled with their mood the spirit of blood-smeared, wild-eyed revolution. Wordsworth chose amidst the hills to ponder "rather than to hear mad Paris thunder from her cannon throats the rights of man." Grey-haired, venerable Landor, "strong-browed, drama-moulding Browning," who won "our woman poet for his bride, who into deathless music wrought all the wealth of woman's passion, all man's sober strength of weightier thought;" and Shelley, "who made the life of a lyric dream, and into music wove the moonlight," pass in stately procession through Mr. Barlow's verse. Of the Americans Mr. Barlow says:—

Later on our brother singers fought their battle vast beyond the wave:
Longfellow and Whittier struggled, hurling slavery to its blood-red grave.
Now at last the slave is chainless, through their power of brain and force of heart:
Lowell, Bryant, countless others—nobly each one played a giant's part.
Poe with mystic sweetness murmured—left us lyrics time's touch may not wrong:
Whitman spoke but half his message, failing through the immenseness of his song;
Failing through his very largeness of desire co-equal with the land—
Left a vast work unaccomplished, waiting for some even mightier hand.

After referring to Musset and Hugo, Mr. Barlow chants the praises of Tennyson, "most English-hearted," and of William Morris—

Morris took the Greek wise legends—made us hear through London's dreary roar
Witch Medea's luring laughter, and the wave that leaped from Jason's oar:

Mr. Barlow then continues with Matthew Arnold, "smitten with all our century's sadness." Clough, seized by grim doubt, "he only knew for certain that the old hope would avail no more;" Charles Kingsley—

Fearless, noble, deathless singer! while his England still confronts the sea
Eyes shall soften, hearts shall tremble, at the pathos of the "Sands of Dee."

"Is not Westward Ho! a poem, rich in music though it lacks a rhyme;" Rossetti, "who reimbued the English sonnet;" Sir Edwin Arnold, who failed not "somewhat of Buddha's greatness." Swinburne and Byron and Keats complete the list of Mr. Barlow's "Singers of our Century."

AN AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(From the *Centennial*.)

MAKER of earth and sea,
What shall we render Thee?
All things are Thine:
Ever but from day to day
Still with one heart to pray
"God bless our land alway,
This land of Thine."

Mighty in brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nations see
Toil from the curse set free,
Labour and Liberty
One cause—and Thine,
Here let glad Plenty reign;
Here let none seek in vain
Our help and Thine—
No heart for want of friend
Fail ere the timely end,
But love for ever blend
Man's cause and Thine.

Here let Thy peace abide;
Never may strife divide
This land of Thine.
Let us united stand,
One great Australian band,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Heart and hand Thine.
Strong to defend our right,
Proud in all nations' sight,
Lowly in Thine,—
One in all noble fame,
Still be our path the same,
Onward in Freedom's name,
Upward in Thine.

J. BRUNTON STEPHENS.

TWO AMERICAN POEMS.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for September two of the foremost American poets contribute verses. The first is Mr. Russell Lowell's "Inscription for a Memorial Bust of Fielding":—

He looked on naked Nature unashamed,
And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
In change and recharge; he nor praised nor blamed,
But drew her as he saw with fearless line.
Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

The second is Dr. Oliver W. Holmes' "Tartarus," which is given at the end of his latest instalment of "Over the Teacups":—

While in my simple gospel creed
That "God is love" so plain I read,
Shall dreams of heathen birth affright
My pathway through the coming night?
Ah, Lord of life, though spectres pale
Fill with their threats the shadowy vale,
With Thee my faltering steps to aid,
How can I dare to be afraid?

Is there a world of blank despair,
And dwells the Omnipresent there?
Does He behold with smile serene
The shows of that unending scene,
Where sleepless, hopeless anguish lies,
And, ever dying, never dies?
Say, does He hear the sufferer's groan,
And is that child of wrath his own?

O mortal, wavering in thy trust,
Lift thy pale forehead from the dust!
The mists that cloud thy darkened eyes
Fade ere they reach the o'erarching skies!
When the blind heralds of despair
Would bid thee doubt a Father's care,
Look up from earth, and read above
On heaven's blue tablet, GOD IS LOVE!

VENUS AND THE SPANISH FRIAR.

A WEIRD LEGEND OF CARRARA.

IN *Good Words*, Mr. William Sharp tells an Italian variant of the Venus and Tannhäuser legend, which, he says, was told him by the grandson of the man who saw the Venus who wrought the irreparable ruin. The story is a very remarkable one, and if Mr. Sharp has not invented it all out of his own head, which I do not for a moment believe, it deserves to rank in a high place with the contemporary stories of the weird. The story begins by telling how a Spanish monk, Fray Antonio El Moro, came to live at Carrara. He had revolted against the discipline of the monastery, and had been trained as a sculptor in Madrid and Rome, but one day during a papal benediction at St. Peter's he fell prostrate, bitterly repenting his sins, crying out that he was neither Moor nor Christian, but a lost soul. After a period, in which he alternated between licence and austerity, he came to Carrara, and took up his residence at a disused farmhouse, where he worked like a demon at a block of Venus marble, a marble so called from its exceeding beauty, and because it has killed so many strong men.

"One day my grandfather was passing by, when he saw Fray Antonio lying stark on the ground outside the studio wall. He ran into the room to seek for water. When he entered, he was as one stricken dumb, for before him was the most glorious thing he had ever seen, dreamt of, or imagined. The Spaniard's 'Venus' seemed alive: her beautiful body glowed with life, so soft and rosy it seemed. My grandfather swore that there was a living light—a light of evil triumph—in her face, and that her eyes moved upon him scornfully. Well, Fray Antonio was soon brought to, but he no longer seemed the same man. For days he wandered about, muttering, clenching his hands, sometimes throwing up his arms like a drowning man. Less than a week had elapsed, when, after a day's absence in Genoa (to obtain money, as was afterwards learned), he summoned one of the foremen and a dozen quarrymen. He had also chartered a six-ox team. When the men arrived Fray Antonio astonished them by his words. 'Men,' he said, 'you may or may not believe me, but this Venus that I have made, and whom you will shortly see, is a demon incarnate and has gained some strange and subtle power over me. There is but one thing for me to do. I have had a vision, and I know that my soul is lost unless I bury her deep in the mountain whence came the evil marble of which she is wrought. I said this to her last night, hoping to break her spell over me; but after I had blown out the lantern and turned to go, I heard her whisper, "You are mine for ever; you have made me live; I am your bride; nought shall keep us long asunder, do what you will." Of course, the foreman—an intelligent man, and one who knew good sculpture when he saw it—tried everything to dissuade Fray Antonio from his purpose, but without success. In blasting the slope, whence had come the block, a deep cavern had been exposed to view, and the rift had extended to the roadway; but no further blasting had occurred there. The Spaniard's idea was to carry his Venus back to the hill-cave, thrust her therein, and then wall her up by rolling huge boulders against the mouth and down from the heights around. He knew well that any further blasting would destroy his Venus, for, as he explained in his madness, he dare not smash up the statue where it stood, for it would be murder to kill a living woman! In vain the foreman argued that it would equally be murder to immure her in the hill of Carrara. "No," answered Fray Antonio, 'for being made of marble she

would endure in the marble heart of the mountain. If ever she were killed by the blasting,' he added, 'the fault would not be his.' Well, well, the long and short of it is that the Spaniard's statue was lifted on to the ox-team, and slowly and as carefully as possible borne upward to the quarries. Fray Antonio wanted almost as much care taken of his Venus as though she were indeed a mortal woman. But at last she was half shoved, half hoisted in, and then big boulders were rolled up, till the opening was an opening no more. Weeks passed, and Fray Antonio was almost forgotten, when suddenly he reappeared. All day long he wandered idly about, and the few who were ever there by night swore that they saw him standing, wildly gesticulating, in front of the place where his Venus was buried. One stormy night he was seen hurrying up the mountain side. About midnight some of the quarry-folk living in the nearer hamlets heard a gigantic rolling and crashing, and next day many affirmed that they had been wakened by a severe though momentary earthquake. Nothing was seen of Fray Antonio after that, and it is possible that his disappearance might have been completely overlooked, had it not been for certain mysterious sounds—strange moaning cries, and even supplicating shrieks—heard o' nights in the neighbourhood of the spot where the Venus had been buried. This went on for months, till that part of Carrara became almost deserted. Ultimately, the head folk grew angry about the matter, and, as the best way to prove that Fray Antonio was not interred in the hillside, determined to blast away the boulders and destroy the cavern, and the Venus with it. It was not an easy matter to persuade men to take part in this action, but at last it was done. My grandfather declared (every time he told the story) that to his dying day he could never forget the sight he beheld after the blastings and pickaxing and so forth had taken place. The final blast had torn the roof and one side of the cavern right off. There, exposed to the view of all, stood—mark you, *stood*, although she had been left recumbent—the tall Venus, and lying across her feet was the emaciated corpse of Fray Antonio! Every one looked very glum. The chief overseer was a religious man, and he did not wish that the poor sculptor should remain without a word of grace, so he gave orders that a rope should be passed round the body's legs, and that it should then be drawn away. Knowing how superstitious the men were, he determined to destroy the Venus, for even if they said no more of her than that she brought bad luck, he knew how troublesome they would become. But no one would stir to fulfil the command, till at last my grandfather mustered up courage and slipped the rope round the lower part of the body of the corpse. Then several took hold of the hither end and pulled with might and main. Alas! none had noticed that the right arm of Fray Antonio was twined round the feet of the Venus, so that the first jerk caused her to sway to and fro. The next moment she fell, and right on the top of Fray Antonio; and then, being on the verge of the incline that led to a dark, narrow, precipitous hollow, from whose profound depths came a sound of splashing, as the stones and shingle fell with a dull thud into the water, downward she rolled, dragging with or shoving before her the body of Fray Antonio. Before anything could be done, she and her victim disappeared down the narrow abyss. There was a hoarse reverberation, a surging splash, and then all was over, though there were some ready solemnly to swear that they heard evil laughter and despairing groans. Signor Emilio Castelbianco, the chief overseer, sent for a priest, who read the services of the Church over the unfortunate Fray Antonio, and then exorcised and cursed the evil spirit.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

In the *Universal Review*, Mr. W. H. S. Aubrey writes on "Some Peculiarities of American Life." He maintains that the immense influx of foreign elements into the American continent is creating political, social, and religious diversities between England and the United States, which result in peculiarities which strike every visitor. Some of these peculiarities he sets to work to describe. There are certain things which arrest attention everywhere, and one of these is the ceaseless movement of the people, and the consuming desire to go on as well as to get on. They have an almost inexhaustible capacity for talk, and, as a whole, are better talkers and speakers than the English. The average people are more accurate in their speech than ours, being trained to speak so from childhood by school recitation. Everyone can get access to everybody, all public buildings are open, fees are unknown. Mr. Aubrey complains that the habit of spitting is almost universal, and the effect on an Englishman is nauseating in the extreme. The peculiarities of travel are most of them as convenient as they are novel, the system of checking baggage he pronounced perfect. Everything is disfigured by glaring advertisements. Diffidence and modesty seem likely to become extinct. The strain of public life is greater, business hours are longer, and competition is keener than with us. Food is not eaten, it is devoured, consumed, bolted; in some parts of the west dining is described as "stoking." Digestion is almost unknown, dyspepsia is a despotic demon whose way is nearly universal. Hotel keeping is an art elevated to a science. Under the pressure of immense publicity individuality becomes less marked and may even become extinct. Mrs. Grundy is absent. Etiquette is as cast iron both in regard to weddings and funerals. The worst thing about America seems to be its umbrellas. "Of all huge, misshapen, bulky, discoloured, wretched-looking articles in the form of umbrellas, surely the United States can boast of the most varied collection."

ENGLAND'S ARTISTIC INFANCY.

In the *Artist* for August, Mr. James Stanley Little maintains that the English are in their artistic infancy:—

Take the drama. What a poor chance a true artist, a serious dramatist—say an English Henrik Ibsen—would stand, of appealing to a British public. If exploited by a popular favourite such as Henry Irving or Beerbohm Tree he might appeal of course, but that would be fictitious success due to the actor's genius and to the actor's hold on the public, due also to the follow-your-leader instinct; but not due at all to the subtle character analysis, brilliant dialogue, and faultless construction of the play itself. So in fiction. It is Captain Mayne Reid, Charles Dickens, anecdote-mongers, story-tellers, pure and simple, the public wants. It never really cared for Thackeray, while it only reads George Meredith and Olive Schreiner under compulsion. In music again, topic or its equivalent—a tuneful air—is everything. Wagner and Liszt are tolerated, but, save by the inner cult, who really cares for them? Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Cellier are much more to the taste of the public; while I was recently assured by the daughter of a Church dignitary that, she would always speak up for the Poet-Laureate in that despite much he had written that was morbid and uninteresting, she was thankful to him for the "Queen of the May."

Topic is all in all with Englishmen. After dinner, men of all sorts and conditions concern themselves with the last bit of Court or Society scandal, the latest murder or some tale about Bonaparte or Byron, not heard before. They seldom

condescend to thresh out abstract problems, or to trouble themselves with the intricacies of criticism.

The English, in short, are still in their artistic infancy. Could there be a more conclusive proof of this assertion than the kind of picture collections our rich men get together, or the absurd prices obtained at Christie's the other day for certain works by Landseer, which properly speaking are not works of art at all? The marvel is that, given a nation so absolutely unable to grasp, to faintly discern even, the true meaning of art, we should be able to show so brave a front to the world in regard to our artists; for in three branches of art—fiction, poetry, and landscape-painting—we may be said to hold our own.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT HAS DONE.

The *New England Magazine* for August publishes a Grand Army number, the greater part of its contents being devoted to illustrated articles on the Grand Army of the Republic, a unique association which had last year 390,000 members. It is composed of those who served in the war in the Federal Armies. As an institution it has had astonishing vicissitudes, having gone up and then down and up again, in quite an unexampled fashion. The writer, Major George Merrill, gives the following account of the work done by it:—

Before entering the military service in 1861, the volunteers stood with bared brows and uplifted hands, solemnly swearing to defend the country against all its foes. The Grand Army of the Republic strives in peace to inculcate the duty of protection of that country against intrigue, faction, or corruption.

The work of the Grand Army of the Republic has not been merely or mainly one of sentiment; the primal principle of helpfulness laid down in the early platform has been religiously and zealously enforced throughout its existence. Mainly through the efforts of the organization there have been placed in the statutes of the nation and those of most of the States provisions giving preferment to veterans in public positions. Its members, especially in Pennsylvania, contributed largely to the enlargement and completion of the work of preserving the great field of Gettysburg as a national battle ground. It has directly inaugurated movements for suitable memorials to the great captain, Grant, and to the typical volunteer soldier, Logan. It has built monuments and memorials in thousands of cities and towns over the North. It has directly expended from its charity funds more than two millions of dollars, which unquestionably is less than half its actual disbursements in this direction; and it is notable that the relief of the Grand Army is not restricted to its own membership, but the hand of the organization has ever been open to relieve want and distress wherever it has been found in the ranks of the veterans, and more than one-half of the entire expenditure has been made in aid of soldiers or sailors, and their families, who were not enrolled in the ranks of the order. It has been the occasion of the formation of that organization of devoted souls, the Women's Relief Corps, with its splendid work of loyal love. It has created the sweetest holiday in the nation's annals. By its efforts sixteen States possess Soldiers' Homes; seven have homes for the orphans of soldiers and sailors; in twelve States, by legislation, the badge of the order has been protected against unlawful use; in seventeen States Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday, and other legislation has been effected. In the work of pensions, in the effort to secure more generous recognition of the sacrifices of the disabled veterans, widows, and orphans, and for the liberalization of general laws, the Grand Army has been active and conspicuous; indeed, not a measure of special importance has been enacted upon this question during the past decade, including the recent disability bill, the most liberal pension law ever enacted by any legislative body in the world, which did not originate with this association.

DID MOSES WRITE THE PENTATEUCH?

WHY I THINK HE DID. BY MR. GLADSTONE.

In *Good Words*, Mr. Gladstone's paper on the Mosaic Legislation deals with the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch. He contends that "the heart and substance of the legislative and institutional system delivered to us in the Pentateuch is historically trustworthy." He deals with the question as to the authorship of the five books of Moses on general grounds, and not only protests but pleads against what he regards as the vague, irrational, and unscientific method of the negative school. The whole question he admits must be treated on historical and literary grounds, but with the conclusions of the linguists in their own domain he does not deal, although he admits that as to the mere form of the books they speak with a force that is overwhelming.

THE HISTORIC MOSES.

Mr. Gladstone maintains that he takes his stand on the ground of established historical fact. The substance of the Biblical history is in thorough accordance with the historical bases which are laid for us in profane as well as sacred testimony. The peculiar, nay unique, phenomenon of the maintenance of the Jews for nearly a thousand years in the midst of the rise and fall of empires and monarchies, and the disintegration of nations, compels us to believe in the existence from the outset of a literal, detailed, and firmly-compacted system of laws and institutions. So far from believing that the Pentateuch was the product of a latter age, Mr. Gladstone maintains that the whole of the Scripture history shows that the Jews gradually deteriorated from the Exodus to the Exile, and that it is a wanton paradox to refer the production of these sacred Mosaic books to the epochs of a lowered and decaying life. Again, the historic Moses was a great and powerful genius, an organizing and constructive mind; he was in harmony with his work.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE JEWS

Mr. Gladstone lays great stress upon the respect shown by the Hebrews at or very soon after the Exile to these books as distinct from all others. They counted their letters, and they established schools of scribes, who were entrusted with the study of the text as apart from the meaning of the law:—

Is it even possible that these books of recent concoction, standing by the side of some among the prophetic books possessing a greater antiquity, should nevertheless have attracted to themselves, and have permanently retained, an exceptional and superlative veneration, such as surely presumes a belief in the remoteness of their date, the genuineness of their character, and their title to stand as the base, both doctrinal and historic, of the entire Hebrew system?

Mr. Gladstone maintains that the rather crude and irregular form of the Mosaic books may be accounted for by the conditions of—

Authorship under the circumstances of changeful nomad life, and the constant pressure of anxious executive or judicial functions, combined with the effort of constructing a great legislative code, which required a totally different attitude of mind. The life of Moses, as it stands in the sacred text, must have been habitually a life of extraordinary, unintermittent strain, and one without remission of that strain even near and at the close.

Whereas if the preparation and presentation of the code took place at the time and in the way suggested by the

negative school we are entirely at a loss to account for their form. The absence of the doctrine of a future state, instead of discrediting the Mosaic authorship, discredits the idea that the books were written long after the Hebrews had been made familiar with the doctrines of the future life and under world, by the captivity and dispersion.

AND OF THE SAMARITANS.

The immense respect paid by the Samaritans to the Pentateuch is also a strong argument in favour of the theory that the Pentateuch existed substantially in its present state before 500 B.C. Had the Pentateuch been a recent compilation of their enemies the Jews, the Samaritans would never have preserved it with such reverence and care. As to the numerical errors in the Mosaic books, Mr. Gladstone makes light of them, taking up the position that—

The same care which ensures general fidelity of statement in recitals does not suffice to secure numerical precision; and, conversely, that the want of such precision, which may often be suspected in the Old Testament, does not raise presumptions adverse to general correctness.

THE OBJECT OF THE MOSAIC LAW.

He concludes as follows:—

I humbly recommend that those who read the law should fix their minds upon the skill with which it is addressed to the attainment of ends of such a nature as to render them in their ordinary aspects hardly reconcilable. Severely proscriptive of the stranger, namely, the nations whom it found in possession of Canaan, it is as singularly liberal and generous towards him when he has made his peace with Hebraism. Aiming much at equality, simplicity, and industry, as fountains of order and of strength, it embodies most peculiar regulations for the purpose of keeping within narrow limits the growth of wealth, which is their natural result; and the spirit of enterprise, which would have burst the narrow bounds of Palestine and destroyed the seclusion of the chosen people by premature mixture with the nations of the world. The design seemingly was to repress the latent powers of human nature, and to secure a conservative, even a stationary, community, changeless as the truths of which it was the guardian. The completeness of their severance was not impaired by the Captivity and Dispersion of Israel, or by the Exile in Babylon, or by the creation of Jewish factories abroad, or by the destruction of the political independence of the country, or by the invasion and supremacy of the Greek language. The Jew, when our Lord came, was still, and was even more than ever, the Jew; and so, though it may have been despite of himself, the purpose of his great stewardship was accomplished.

Mr. Gladstone's next article, entitled "Recent Corroboration of Scripture," will appear in October.

The Woman's Suffrage Journal.—The following notice appears in the last number of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*:—

For twenty years and four months this journal has received the impress of one hand and one mind, so that its long row of volumes form one continuous work, and now when that careful hand is laid low and the energies of that far-seeing mind are carried beyond our mortal ken, it would seem the most fitting course to close these pages where Miss Becker left them, that so the Journal shall be wholly hers, nor suffer by change to any less experienced hand or any mind less comprehensive. This number consists of matter which was already in preparation when its editor passed from this life, together with a Memorial Number of recollections contributed by a few who had known Miss Becker long and well in her public work.

"BARBAROUS RUSSIA."

A PROTEST BY A RUSSIAN.

The Nouvelle Revue continues its steadfast campaign in favour of an alliance between France and Russia, and, under the title of "Barbarous Russia," publishes an eloquent defence of Russian forms of civilization from the pen of M. de Cyon. It will be remembered that he published in the second number of the *Nouvelle Revue* of April last a very remarkable article urging the desirability of an alliance between France and Russia, to which Austria also should give her adhesion. The arguments which he employed attracted considerable attention, and have been as vigorously combatted in certain circles as they have been repeated in others. M. de Cyon sees in the indignation of the German Press a strong proof of the justice of his logic. A counter argument which has been brought to bear against the proposed scheme of alliance is that it is impossible for a Republic like France to ally itself permanently with an autocratic Monarchy like Russia. The home and head of civilization cannot, it has been urged, share the views or participate in the policy of a half-developed people. Cultivated France cannot ally herself with barbarous Russia. M. de Cyon's present task is to show that Russia is not barbarous.

THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

The opposition to a Franco-Russian alliance comes, he says, from the Socialist element in European politics. Russia, truly, is anti-Socialist, but not anti-civilized. The alliance of France and Russia would put an end to the crushing predominance of Germany. In Germany Socialism has attained its highest degree of development. Russia, on the contrary, was lately declared to be the greatest obstacle to the successful Socialist. Hence, throughout Europe, an inclination to support a German and to oppose a Russian scheme of aggrandisement and jurisprudence. This is, M. de Cyon declares, the only serious foundation on which objection to a Franco-Russian alliance can be based. The cosmopolitan anarchist is the enemy of the Tsar. "Russian autocracy is the only temporal authority of Europe which has hitherto refused to have any dealings with the destroyers of social order, whether avowed or unavowed, whether conscious or unconscious. Therefore throughout the world she has become the *bête noire* of the social anarchist." As a Russian he accepts the position proudly, and is assured that if on the one hand the revolutionists of Europe hate Russia because they hate autocracy, on the other hand, the parties who ally themselves with them for the moment learn to hate autocracy simply because they hate Russia. "It is really the greatness of the country, the bewildering growth of its powers, the sap of youth in the Russian people which they dread." And because they know that all this greatness depends upon autocracy, autocracy is declared to be barbarous. From this point the article becomes a reasoned defence of the Russian autocratic system.

WHAT THE RUSSIANS HAVE DONE.

Russia barbarous! That people barbarous which in the thousand years of its national existence has founded an Empire stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the White Sea to the Black! Barbarous! a people which has covered the sixth part of the terrestrial globe with railways, which has created universities in Siberia, and bound Samarcand to Paris by a railroad! Barbarous! a people which has in the course of a few years transformed the immense steppes of Central Asia—uncultivated from time immemorial, and subject to the incursions of wild tribes—into fertile and

cultivated fields where security is as well assured as in the suburbs of Paris! That people barbarous! who having for centuries borne the painful Mongol yoke upon their bleeding shoulders, broke it at the cost of ceaseless struggle, and then preserved Europe from a grand invasion of barbarians! the most religious people in the world, a people who, as is truly said of them by the Russian poet, would have been Christians through their deep pity for the unfortunate, even if Christ had never appeared upon the earth. Siberian horrors do not seem quite in keeping with this deep sense of pity; but what would England say, M. de Cyon enquires, if Russia were to attempt to interfere with her internal affairs and arouse the indignation of Europe at the treatment of her Irish political prisoners condemned to hard labour and "forced to remain for entire weeks naked in their cells"? The Partition of Poland needs to be accounted for. But those who have wept for Polish wrongs can hardly have understood what thorn a free and independent Poland was in the side of Russia! It is impossible altogether to accept M. de Cyon's arguments on these points. There is more justice in his complaint that every regrettable incident which takes place in Russia is seized upon by a hostile press as a theme for argument against the whole Russian system of government. Doubtless, as he suggests, English people would be conscious of some irritation if the performances of Jack the Ripper were to be gravely accepted by a foreign press as typical of daily life in London.

THE CASE FOR AUTOCRACY.

For a genuine emanation of Russian thought the article is evidently worth reading. "Assuredly the Government of the Tzar is personal, but does any other Government exist?" This is the proposition of the thinker. To it the good Russian appends the rider: "And since in reality all power is personal, is it not better that it should be exercised by the representative of a dynasty a thousand years old, a monarch whose individual and hereditary instincts are identical with those of his people, than by a Minister who owes his political fortune to Parliamentary chance?" The Tzars of Russia have always looked upon themselves as the servants of their people. They have been autocrats, but not despots. The slightest diminution of their authority would shake the State of Russia to its foundations, and bring about its rapid disintegration, "for there can be no doubt upon this subject. The first Romanoff who in an unhappy hour shall consent to forego one iota of his autocratic power will commit treason to his race and to Russia, whose national existence will be involved." The article is from beginning to end a defence of authority wisely and rightly exercised, and contains an interesting description of the Russian system of government as it exists. The unity of the vast Russian Empire reposes, he says, upon the autocratic Tzar. In other words, there shall be in the whole of that vast empire but one free man, and any attempt to increase the number will be followed by dissolution. The population shall be everything else—happy, prosperous, well-directed—but free they shall not be. It is not good for them that they should. Universal suffrage, free Press, right of public meeting, and all the other rights by which the masses of Western Europe acquire power are simply so many currents in the flood of Socialism, and they must be resisted by authority. In the new deluge that threatens to submerge the civilised world two summits will remain upright—the Kremlin and the Vatican—provided only that both will remain faithful to their old device, "Keep authority intact."

ANOTHER MATTEI MIRACLE.

A CANCER CURED AFTER THREE OPERATIONS.

DR. KENNEDY, to whom Lady Paget referred in the last number of the *National Review* as a medical man familiar with Count Mattei's marvellous cures, appears this month, in the new number of the *National*, with a cure which throws all others completely into the shade. If it can stand investigation, then we are in for a Mattei boom indeed.

17,000 KILLED BY CANCER PER ANNUM.

Dr. Kennedy, replying to Dr. Herbert Snow, of the Cancer Hospital, points out that Dr. Snow admits that in 1864, out of each million of persons living, 385 deaths were due to this cause. 610 per million were claimed as its victims in 1888, so that not only has the number assailed risen from 8,117 in 1864 to 17,506 in 1888, but the death-rate per million has well-nigh doubled also. Yet he is absolutely silent as to any means of prevention or cure. It is all the knife, the knife all through, and that although the mortality under the knife has nearly doubled in a quarter of a century. But even Dr. Snow admits that—

Where remedies of unknown composition and of supposed medicinal virtues employed only in cases of disease (cancerous or otherwise), in which ordinary drugs or curative methods had proved utterly useless and inefficient (as he himself abundantly demonstrated in the XIX Century—385 deaths per million in 1864; 610 per million in 1888), no one could raise a single murmur of objection.

Thus fortified by Dr. Snow's ungracious admission, Dr. Kennedy says:—

My limited space forbids my introducing even a small selection of striking cases out of several hundreds of a similar character, but I will describe one—not as by any means furnishing an average specimen of the results which he obtains (would to God it were!), but as exhibiting the extraordinary potentialities of these medicines—effecting a cure in circumstances in which Count Mattei scarcely ventures to hope for.

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

Dr. Kennedy then describes the case of a poor woman whom he met last year when on a visit to a benevolent lady in Argyllshire, who is a firm believer in Count Mattei. He says this sorely-afflicted woman in middle life had had three operations for cancer in two years (both breasts removed) and at the time referred to recurrence had taken place in the form of ulceration. With great pain I gave no hesitating prognosis. I said at once a cure was out of the question, that the patient might live for two or three months, but that her further sufferings, might be mitigated. I sent the prescription to London, and a supply of medicines was forwarded. After my return I had favourable reports as to the abatement of pain, and the improvement of her general health, but hearing nothing after the end of the year I supposed the woman dead, when on the 6th proximo I received the following letter:—

I am sure you will be astonished to hear that Mrs. F., the woman you kindly went to see who had cancer, and had both breasts taken off, and to whom you sent medicines and electricities is now quite well. The wounds are all quite healed and she has had no pain for three months.

Dr. A., in Glasgow, examined her lately and proclaimed her body quite free from cancer. She came to see me last week, looking stouter and of a better colour. She is now looking out for something to do. It was indeed a great and pleasant

surprise. I saw her in Glasgow (where she was living with a kind brother and his wife) last November. She then thought she would not live many weeks. I saw her father before I left for Nice in January. He said she was very low so I really thought she was in her grave. You can imagine my surprise and delight.

A CHALLENGE.

Dr. Kennedy, who I believe has gone down to Scotland to fully investigate all the details, which are very clear and precise, says:

Now I challenge Dr. Snow (or any other surgeon in the world) to produce a similar result in a parallel case by the "surgical procedures" so tenaciously clung to, and not only defended but actually extolled in the face of its ever increasing failure.

Later inquiries since this paper was penned confirm the accuracy of the first report of this marvellous cure. The woman had been examined by a medical man, and passed as perfectly well. Here, then, seems to be a simple solid fact. If it be proved beyond all gainsaying to be a fact, what will the faculty say? They will be sorely put to it before they can, like Pharaoh's magicians, outdo the wonders wrought by this stranger from afar.

This is immediately followed by an article from the pen of an anti-Matteist doctor, he in his turn challenging the exponents of the Count's theories to make good their position.

THE HORRORS OF HYPNOTISM.

HOW TO LIMIT THEM BY LAW.

DR. EMILY KEMPIN, in the *Arena* for August, writes an article entitled "Hypnotism and its Relation to Jurisprudence," in which she maintains that the doctrine of free will is entirely destroyed by hypnotism, and proves that an individual can be compelled, when in a certain condition, to obey the will of another person as much as if he were passive clay in the hands of the potter. Experiments show that a suggestion can be smuggled into the normal activity of the soul in such a way that the hypnotised victim, when coming into his natural condition, believes that the thought has come to him spontaneously, and is in no way whatever due to the imposed will of the hypnotiser. Dr. Kempin, therefore, makes the following suggestions for limiting the evils which come in its train:—

The new science requires some new legislative measures. In the first place, none but physicians ought to be allowed to use hypnotism. The non-medical hypnotiser is a nuisance to the public in several directions. Even where hypnotism is applied as a remedy by the physician it ought to be used very carefully, and not repeated without need. Just as many poisons are dangerous if repeatedly applied, it is also the case with hypnotism; it is such a strain of the nerves that instances of disturbance of mind through these means are not seldom.

Hypnotism can also be used in the service of crime.

(a) The hypnotised can fall victim to crime. Abduction, robbery, theft, perjury are easy to accomplish on hypnotised persons.

(b) The hypnotised can be used as a ready tool in the service of crime.

The practice of hypnotism should not only be forbidden to all but licensed physicians, but these even should not be allowed to use it without having authorized witnesses present. The difficulty which seems to be in the way of fulfilling this requirement can easily be overcome by interference of the State authorities. The State ought to have control of the remedy of hypnotism, whether it be used as a remedy against sickness or against moral defects.

EVOLUTION AND HELL.

DR. HOLMES ON THE NEW GOSPEL SCIENCE.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, devotes the serious part of "Over the Teacups" to an earnest protest against the doctrine of eternal punishment. He says:—

So far as I have observed persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. They have an expert by them, armed with spiritual specifics, in which they both, patient and priestly ministrant, place implicit trust. Confession, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction—these all inspire a confidence which without this symbolism is too apt to be wanting in over-sensitive natures. They have been peopled in early years with ghastly spectres of avenging fiends, moving in a sleepless world of devouring flames and smothering exhalations; where nothing lives but the sinner, the fiends, and the reptiles who help to make life an unending torture. It is no wonder that these images sometimes return to the enfeebled intelligence. To exorcise them, the old Church of Christendom has her mystic formulae, of which no rationalistic prescription can take the place. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds, and it always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the harder creeds which have replaced it.

Quoting Mr. Morley, who said that "the idea of eternal punishment was the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character," Dr. Wendell Holmes continues as follows:—

All the reasoning in the world, all the proof-texts in old manuscripts, cannot reconcile this supposition of a world of sleepless and endless torment with the declaration that "God is love."

Where did this "frightful idea" come from? We are surprised, as we grow older, to find that the legendary hell of the Church is nothing more nor less than the Tartarus of the old heathen world. It has every mark of coming from the cruel heart of a barbarous despot.

The simple truth is that civilization has outgrown witchcraft, and is outgrowing the Christian Tartarus. Humanity is shocked and repelled by it. The heart of woman is in unconquerable rebellion against it. The more humane sects tear it from their "Bodies of Divinity" as if it were the flaming sheet of Nessus. A few doctrines with which it was bound up have dropped or are dropping away from it: the primal curse; consequential damages to give infinite extension to every transgression of the law of God; inverting the natural order of the degree of responsibility; stretching the smallest of offences to the proportions of the infinite; making the babe in arms the responsible being, and not the parent who gave it birth and holds it.

When we say that civilization crowds out the old superstitious legends, we recognize two chief causes. The first is the naked individual protest; the voice of the inspiration which giveth man understanding. This shows itself conspicuously in the modern poets. Burns in Scotland, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, in America, preached a new gospel to the successors of men like Thomas Boston and Jonathan Edwards. In due season, the growth of knowledge, chiefly under the form of that part of knowledge called science, so changes the view of the universe that many of its long-unchallenged legends become no more than nursery tales. The doctrine of evolution, so far as it is accepted, changes the whole relations of man to the creative power. It substitutes infinite hope in the place of infinite despair for the vast majority of mankind. Instead of a shipwreck, from which a few cabin passengers and others are to be saved in the long boat, it gives mankind a vessel built to endure the tempests, and at last to reach a port where at the worst the passengers can find rest, and where they may hope for a home better than any which they ever had in their old country.

OH FOR ONE CATHOLIC CHURCH!
A REMARKABLE CRY FROM AMERICA.

BISHOP POTTER and Prof. Shields contribute to the *Century* for August a report on the social problem of Church unity, which contains a very remarkable plea for the reunion of Christendom as a first step towards the solution of the social problems of the day. The report, which forms one of the series of "Present Day Papers," is very solid and serious. The writers arrive at the following conclusion as to the social need of Church unity:—

The exigency of the Churches demands that the invisible unity of the denominations must become visible, potent, and aggressive. They must have some outward agreement, some concentrated leadership, some concerted action; in a word, some organic unity.

In the first place, without organic unity the Church cannot fulfill its mission as the great moral teacher of society. How can the denominations teach them Christian brotherhood when they do not themselves treat one another as brethren? At a time when the wildest notions are abroad in respect to the social problems of the day it becomes imperative that the denominations as one Church should utter forth one accordant voice in the name of their common Head.

In the second place, without organic unity the Church cannot perform its whole duty as the conservator of society. Not the mere indoctrination of the toiling masses, were it possible, is first and most needed; not alone their evangelization, as now attempted; but their moralization, the practical application of Christian ethics among them as Christ himself practised them, in care for their bodies as well as their souls, in elemosynary, sanitary, and educational reforms. The denominations cannot act apart, but if possible must act together as one united Church.

In the third place, without organic unity the Church cannot accomplish its destiny as the regenerator of society. But in approaching this promised ideal a mere co-operation or confederation of denominations falls far short of the mark. Such a league may be a first step, but it cannot be the last. Like the Confederate States, which could not exist long either before or after the United States, such confederate churches could only suggest and require some more perfect union of denominations as one Catholic Church.

In the fourth place, such a true church unity is becoming intelligible and practicable in American society. The Christian denominations now differ less in things than in names. Such differences are fast disappearing from public view. The long-lost ideal of one Catholic Church is seizing the popular mind like a passion and melting away all prejudices before it. Already it is emerging from the utopian stage. It is no longer utopian to look for an ecclesiastical unity which shall embrace dogmatic differences and allow them due scope and action. Such a unity once prevailed. In the New Testament Church there were no Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Congregationalist denominations, but only congregational, presbyterian, and episcopal principles and institutions as duly combined in one organization. That Catholic and Apostolic Church might now return if our congregations would associate in free presbyteries, our presbyteries commit their episcopal functions to bishops, and our bishops become conjoined in the same historic succession, whatever views might be held as to the need or value of that succession. The most extreme degrees of churchmanship, as well as the most varied forms of denominationalism, would be retained and satisfied in such an ecclesiastical system. If this be utopian, then is Christianity itself utopian. Can that unity be impracticable in religious society which has already become actual in political society? Are we never to see the so-called Christian denominations combining as united churches in one American Catholic Church?

Finally, a true church unity is becoming urgent, if not imminent. That we are on the eve of great social changes is a growing feeling. The churches may yet be melted together in the furnace of affliction. The problems of American society, if solved at all, can only be solved by one united church of the United States.

ON THE ART OF INTERVIEWING. ITS PROFESSORS AND ITS VICTIMS.

IN Lippincott's Mr. Frank A. Burr writes an interesting article on the "Art of Interviewing," with special reference to its development in America. He defines the art of interviewing as that "of taking a mental photograph of the words of another, and developing it into a complete story or word-picture." Mr. J. B. McCullough, the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, was, Mr. Burr thinks, the inventor of interviewing, and it was the development of his genius for this kind of work that made him famous, and led to the universal establishment of the interview as an indispensable instrument for writing the contemporary history of our time. Very few men trained in editorial work are of value as interviewers.

A man to be a successful interviewer must have a thorough knowledge of the world, touch elbows with every class of society, be a careful student of human nature, have a quick and reliable memory, good judgment, good faith, and an intelligence broad enough to thoroughly grasp any subject he is discussing with his victim. To use a note-book is to destroy the freedom of expression of the person attacked.

Mr. Burr's paper abounds with anecdotes of eminent Americans whom he has interviewed, from Mr. Jefferson Davis to General Grant. It is very curious to see how reluctant American statesmen were to admit that the interview had become indispensable, and how useful they found it when it was forced upon them.

MR. BLAINE.

Until recently Mr. Blaine has been one of the most difficult men in the country to interview, and even now will only talk for publication with his most intimate friends in the profession, and then almost always insists upon revising the interview. When he was assailed about his South American policy, one of the most important incidents of his remarkable career, he at once sought the form of an interview, and two long ones from him were printed in nearly every newspaper in the land. He wanted to reach the general public, as well as the statesmen of the country, and he acknowledged that the only way to do it successfully was in a conversational form. Since that time he has always sought the interview when attacked upon any important matter which he desires to answer. No greater tribute could be paid to the efficiency of this class of newspaper work.

GENERAL GRANT.

"General Grant," says Mr. Burr, "was the best man to interview I ever met. He would only talk to a person whom he knew well, and then he could tell you exactly what you wanted to know in fewer words than any man I ever made an inquiry of. He was very pleasant to newspaper men in whom he had confidence; but when one came about whom he did not know or trust, you couldn't get a word out of him with a crowbar."

Mr. Roscoe Conkling was one of the few men who stood out against interviewers to the end. He once told Mr. Burr that he would rather have a mad dog set at him than have a newspaper man sent after him for a talk. Colonel Ingersoll will write his own interview up for you while you wait.

GENERAL BUTLER AND MR. CLEVELAND.

General Ben Butler is a capital subject for the interviewer. He likes that form of addressing the public. He always talks with spirit and originality. Any man to whom he will speak at all can always get a good story from him that is full of meat; but he usually wants to revise it before it is printed. He is very particular.

Ex-President Cleveland is usually a good man to seek information from. He is quite easy of access, and does not waste any words in what he has to say. Business men, as a rule, are rather undesirable customers for the journalist.

They are careful about what they say, and have few entertaining subjects to talk about. To a greater or lesser extent this is true of lawyers. In fact, a great majority of the men now dealing in public affairs greet the interviewer cordially, and send him away with what he wants to know. I have found ministers exceedingly easy victims for the trained newspaper man. The big editors of the country are difficult to handle, with the exception of Mr. Dana, Mr. Halstead, and Mr. Watterson. Even if you do get at them they are not good subjects. Being trained to writing, they do not talk with that spirit which gives an interview its chief charm. Mr. Longfellow, of all the literary men I ever met, was the readiest to talk for publication, and he could talk well. In spending some hours with him, only a year before his death, he said that the newspapers were now the masters of communication with the people, and that the conversational way of writing for them was most readable.

HOW TO CONDUCT FAMILY PRAYERS.

BY DR. JESSOPP.

IN the *Newbery House Magazine* Dr. Jessopp writes an article on family prayers, in which he says many things that deserve to be read by a wider public than the clerical and Anglican subscribers to the *Newbery House Magazine*. Dr. Jessopp says that forty or fifty years ago, when the fervour and flame of the great Evangelical revival had not spent itself, extempore prayers were often offered in the households of devout clergy; but the practice has so entirely died out that Dr. Jessopp says "it must be at least thirty years since I have been present at family worship where the prayers were made extempore, except in Scotland, or at the houses of Nonconformist friends." But while extempore prayer has died out, manual and domestic worship are very unsatisfactory. Thornton's "Family Prayers," once almost universal among the Evangelicals, has now disappeared. Bishop Blomfield's "Prayers" are also passing into disuse. Dr. Jessopp says:—

On the whole, I am of opinion that, as a general rule, Family Worship should be conducted by the head of the family, the rest joining aloud in offering up the Lord's Prayer, and perhaps in the general Confession, or the general Thanksgiving. On the whole, too, I think it best that the portion of Holy Scripture read should be taken from one of the lessons for the day; that, where it can be arranged, there should be a hymn, or a portion of a hymn, sung; that the Morning Prayers should be offered by the household as the first act of the assembled family, even though some inconvenience must needs attend such an arrangement, and in a large household it is hardly possible that all the servants should be present.

It will be expected perhaps that I should close by recommending some Manual of Family Prayer to my readers. I am sorry to say I can undertake to do nothing of the sort. For many years—for more years than I care to tell—I have been in the habit of writing prayers for myself and others, and for my own family worship. I have written them by hundreds, and I continue to write them now from time to time. It is a practice which I think any man is the better for carrying on through his life, and chiefly for this reason, that only by continuing it will he discover how very, very hard it is to write a prayer with which he will be satisfied a year after he has attempted it, even though he has poured his whole mind and soul into it, and written it as it were with his heart's blood. The prayers for my household I find myself writing now are somehow different from such as I composed so carefully in my younger days; they are not so high-pitched as the earlier ones; they are less emotional, I might almost say they are less *fervent*; they are much more sober, more restrained, and I think their language is more the language of this work-day world, such as they who kneel with me at the throne of grace seem able to use.

CHEAP RAILWAY FARES PAY.

HOW THE ZONE TARIFF WORKS IN HUNGARY.

FROM time to time occasional paragraphs and telegrams have appeared in the papers concerning the change effected in the railway system in Hungary, by charging by zone instead of by mileage. The first clear account I have seen of this system, which is attracting a great deal of attention both in Europe and America, appears in the *Annals of the American Academy* for July. The article is composed of two parts, the first being an abstract of a paper read by Prof. James, the editor of the quarterly in question, before the American Academy; and the second, a translation by Miss Jane Wetherell of the official document issued by the Hungarian Government explaining the new system. The result is so surprising, and the revolution has been so far-reaching, that it is wonderful that the figures have not been more widely published.

WHY THE REVOLUTION WAS MADE.

A year or two ago the Hungarian railways were not doing well, the number of passengers carried over them was stationary, and, whereas in England every man, woman, and child makes on an average fifteen railway journeys in the year, in Hungary they only made one. The Government determined, therefore, that something must be done, and they decided to do it in a fashion entirely at variance with all the established traditions of railway management. Broadly speaking, they reduced the fares from 40 to 80 per cent., with this result—that the number of passengers rose in the first eight months from 2,890,000 to 7,790,000, that the receipts from the passenger traffic rose 18 per cent., and the cost of carrying the passengers did not rise at all. These results, broadly stated, are remarkable, but the system by which they were effected is still more notable.

WHAT THE ZONE SYSTEM MEANS.

The Hungarian Government divided the whole of the country into zones, having Buda-Pesth as their centre. The first zone is 15 miles broad, the second and all that follow up to the twelfth are only nine miles broad. The twelfth and thirteenth are 15 miles broad, the fourteenth zone includes all the rest of the country. The fare for travelling across each of these zones or any part of them, although they vary in length, is fixed at one standard rate, namely, 10d. first class, 8d. second, and 5d. third. To ascertain the fare to any place from the capital you multiply these prices by the number of the zone in which your destination lies. If it is in the twelfth zone you pay twelve times the one zone fare. If, however, you travel from one station to the next a special local fare comes into operation. Passengers from one station to the next one pay 6d. first class, 3d. second, and 2d. third. If they get out at the second station they pay 8d. first class, 4d. second, and 2d. third. At all other stations after the second the zone tariff comes into operation. The express fares are a little higher, being 1s., 10d., and 6d. respectively per zone.

CHEAP LONG DISTANCE FARES.

The first and most remarkable feature of this new arrangement is the enormous reduction of fare on long-distance journeys. The station in Hungary which is farthest from the capital is Kronstadt, which lies 457 miles from Buda-Pesth. The fourteenth zone begins at the 140th mile; if you go to a place 141 miles from Buda-Pesth you pay 6s. 8d., but if you prolong your journey for 316 miles farther you do not pay a penny

more. That is to say, the fares are exactly the same for 141 miles as for 457 miles! The justification for this is that Hungary is very sparsely peopled, and therefore it was necessary to stimulate travelling by carrying passengers very cheaply for long-distance journeys. That end has certainly been attained. To go the extreme distance from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt costs a little more than a sixth of a penny a mile third class. Six miles for a penny must be said to be the cheapest travelling that has yet been established in Europe.

HALF FARES FOR WORKING MEN.

Cheap as this is, it is liable to be reduced by one half in the case of agricultural labourers travelling in parties of ten, or workmen of other kinds travelling in groups of thirty. That is to say, if ten agricultural labourers wish to proceed from Buda-Pesth to Kronstadt, or vice-versa, a distance of 457 miles, they can do so for 3s. 4d. each! And yet this reduction which, in the opinion of every traffic manager in England, would spell ruin, has sent up the receipts of passenger traffic by 18 per cent., and has not increased the expense of carrying it. At the same time that the Government established this highly original system of railway fares they made many other changes, so as to give the public the full advantage of the new system.

TICKETS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Railway tickets are on sale, like postage stamps, at every post office, and you can get them at every hotel and at every street corner. Further, season tickets are issued at a reduction. Ticket-books, containing thirty or sixty tickets, are sold at a further reduction, and there is no need to have them stamped at the ticket office before the departure of the train. The only step which has been taken towards increasing charges has been in abolishing the permission to carry free luggage. Every package from one to fifty kilogrammes in weight takes 5d. to carry the distance of thirty miles, 10d. from 30 miles to 60, 1s. 8d. beyond 60 miles. Above a hundred kilogrammes the fares are 1s. 8d., 3s. 4d., and 6s. 8d. respectively.

AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWED ELSEWHERE.

An elaborate system of insurance has been introduced by which you can insure your luggage both against damage and delay. In Hungary, if a man takes a first-class ticket and has to travel third class because there is no room in the first, he can have the difference refunded. If he is taken ill, and cannot complete his journey, he can have the fractional difference returned him. An extra sum of one shilling is charged if any one neglects to take his ticket before entering the train. Instead of having 700 different tickets in stock at every large railway station, they have now only 92. Altogether, the Hungarians seem to be very much delighted with the zone system. French, Belgian, and German railway men are going to study the system on the spot, and Professor James thinks that the conditions of Hungary and the United States are so much alike that the American railway managers would do well to consider whether they should not adopt the zone system on their lines.

My brother, the Rev. F. H. Stead, M.A., who was until recently Congregational Minister at Leicester, is about to edit a new, revised, and more popular *Nonconformist*. This weekly newspaper, formerly associated with the name of Edward Miall, will, it is hoped, have a new lease of life and vigour at a penny.

SUBMARINE BOATS IN WAR.

A NOVEL IDEA FOR THE DEFENCE OF SEA PORTS.

The *Revista General de Marina* contains an account of the trials which took place at Cadiz in May and June last of the submarine boat designed by Lieutenant Peral of the Spanish Navy. From this account it appears that the *Peral* proved her ability to navigate at a depth of 35 feet under water for a period of one hour at a time, and that on several occasions she remained under weigh above the surface for some hours at a stretch. Although from the account given the trials seem to have been far from exhaustive, they have afforded great satisfaction in Spain, and, at the special request of the President of the Committee, under whose superintendence they took place, the Cross of the Order of Naval Merit was conferred on the inventor before the trials were even concluded. *La Marine Française* has an interesting article on the use to which submarine boats may be expected to be put in the defence of coast towns and commercial ports. At present such places, if defended at all, will have to rely on coast batteries, supplemented by a more or less elaborate system of torpedo defence. Unless, however, the out-works of the defence can be placed at some considerable distance in advance of the place to be defended, it will be possible for hostile ships to shell the town or shipping, whilst themselves keeping out of range of the shore batteries. As the object of the defence under such circumstances would be to keep the ships from taking up a position beyond the zone defended by the fire of the batteries, the employment of submarine mines would be impracticable on account of the large number that would be required, their expense, and the time required to lay them down. Even the Brennan torpedo would be useless for such a purpose, as it could not be made to run the extreme range: nor could much dependence be placed on torpedo boats if the attack were made by daylight. Under present conditions, therefore, any efficient method of successfully defending the majority of coast towns, except by ships, is almost out of the question: they will have to trust to the chapter of accidents. It seems desirable, then, that every encouragement should be given to the designers of submarine boats instead of, as is now being done, making every effort to choke them off. To expect all at once a perfect submarine boat to be invented, capable of starting off alone from Toulon to Spezia, is an absurdity: not so much because the thing itself is impossible, but because the time has not yet arrived. The most simple form of submarine boat which is capable of remaining merely stationary under water, is quite sufficient to begin with, even if it has to be towed out to take up its position in the morning and back again at night. Such boats, armed with a couple of torpedo tubes, would fulfil all the requirements for the defence of coast towns and commercial ports. According to their development, they would either run out themselves or be towed out to positions four or five miles in advance of the town to be defended. Each boat would have an offensive zone of action of at least 400 yards. It would not be necessary for them to remain continuously submerged, as with their turrets only out of water they would be quite invisible to an enemy beyond the radius of a mile. In their simplest form drifting would be prevented either by anchoring or by providing the boats with screw-propellers driven by manual power, which would be quite sufficient to ensure a speed of two knots an hour. Ten such boats, which need not cost more than £2,000 apiece, would be ample protection for even such important places as Havre or Marseilles.

ENGLAND AND CARTHAGE.

A PARALLEL. BY PROF. FREEMAN.

MR. FREEMAN has been over to Tunis on account of its relation to the history of Sicily, and one result of his visit is found in the suggestive and characteristic article on Carthage in the *Contemporary Review*.

The ruins of ancient Carthage suggest to him an instructive parallel between the City of Hannibal and Hamilcar and his native land. In England, he says, he seems to see the nearest parallel to Carthage in the modern world. England indeed, as well as Spain, has played, and still plays, a direct part within the old dominion of Carthage. Gibraltar, Malta, Minorca so often taken and lost in the last century; Sicily, so remarkable a scene of English influence in the early days of the present century, all bring us within the actual range of Carthagian power. England, indeed, with her settlements and possessions, her colonies dependent and independent, all over the world of Ocean, is truly a living representative on a vaster scale of the Phoenician city with her possessions and settlements scattered over the Western Mediterranean. The Empire of India, held by an European island, calls up the thought of the dominion in Spain once held by an African city. And in some points the dominion of England seems to come nearer to that of Carthage than the dominion of Spain ever did, while in other points the course of English settlement rather carries us back to the older Phoenician days before Carthage was. The higher side of English colonization has more in common with the earlier days of Phoenician settlement than it has with the Carthagian dominion. The old Phoenician settlements grew up in Spain, in Africa, in Sicily, just as English settlements grew up in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In both cases men went forth to find new homes for an old folk and to make the life of the old folk grow up in the new home. But the settlements and conquests of Carthage had all a view to trade or dominion. She conquered, she planted, but with a view only to her own power. It was rather her object to bring the other Phoenician cities, her sisters, some certainly her elder sisters, into as great a measure of subjection or dependence on herself as she could compass. In her struggle with Rome her Phoenician sisters turned against her. Both England and Spain have at different times dealt, if not with sister States, yet with daughter States, too much after the manner of Carthage. The result all the world knows. One hope at least there is, that this peculiar form of national folly is not likely ever to be repeated. We cannot foretell what is to be. How long a barbaric empire may be kept, to whom it may pass if it fails to be kept, are matters at which it is dangerous even to guess. We have had, like Carthage, our War of the Mercenaries, with the difference that we have not had it at our own gates. As for the nearer question of our own flesh and blood in distant lands, the tie between the mother-land and its still dependent settlements may abide or it may be peacefully snapped. There is, at least, no fear of a new Bunker Hill, a new Saratoga, or a new Yorktown, between men of English blood and speech.

I rejoice to welcome another journal devoted to the same work as that in which I am engaged. The *Magazine and Book Journal* is the title of a new penny weekly which Mr. C. F. Rideal, Mr. W. Davenport Adams, and Mr. G. B. Burgin have begun to publish. They have in many respects paid me the compliment of imitation. They seem more likely to succeed, however, as a penny *Athenaeum* than as a weekly *Review of Reviews*.

AN EMPIRE OF ILL-FAME.

"LANIN'S" LATEST.

SINCE the "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," no such printed page has been issued from the press in England as that to which the pseudonym "E. B. Lanin" is appended in the new number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The shameful and criminal practices described in 1885 infected only a small—a very small—section of the community, but according to this writer the whole of the Russian nation—high and low, rich and poor—is saturated with the worst vices of the Cities of the Plain.

It is not an article from which extracts are possible. If the statements made by this anonymous writer be true, then the Russian people can hardly be said to deserve a better Government than that which they have got, and would certainly be utterly incapable of providing a better one if the Tsar disappeared, and the *tehinovniks* left them free to follow their own devices. In their families they are free, and if they use their freedom to degrade themselves below the level of the filthiest of swine, there is no reason to believe they would make better use of liberty in the political sphere.

But it is impossible to take seriously the exaggerations of one who has produced a picture compared with which M. Zola's worst efforts seem comparatively goody-goody. No one can for a moment pretend that the immorality of Russia—like the immorality of some of our own public schools, and of certain debauched sections of East and West-end society—is not abominable. But this *Fortnightly* caricature spoils its effect by its monstrously incredible exaggeration. Russia may be bad, and is bad enough, but it is still a portion of this planet and Russians are still human beings. The place of which "E. B. Lanin" describes could only exist in hell, and be habitable by lost souls. If by any possibility we could imagine that he spoke the truth, the very last moral which could be deduced from it would be that which he seeks to draw. The Emperor and Empress, judging from his pages, are almost the only people in Russia who do not wallow in unmentionable filth; are in fact almost the only natives of the country which they rule—the exceptions are, he says, but as the small dust in the balance—who do not deserve to be sent to the hulks or the lunatic asylum. Yet the whole gist and drift of the "Lanin" articles is that the authority and power of the one good man in Russia should be destroyed—and why? Apparently in order to hand over the whole government of the country to creatures whom he describes as being given over, body and soul—men, women, and little children—to debaucheries at which baboons would blush. Talk about regenerating such a herd by politics and school-houses—you might as well propose to change the nature of a hog by decorating his sty with blue china!

THE REVUE OF REVUES.

THE *Revue de Revues*, which is published at 1, Rue du Bac, continues to afford the French reading public with the same kind of condensed Magazine and Review that it is our aim to supply to the English-speaking world.

The September number, in addition to the usual synopsis of the principal articles in the French and foreign reviews contains an article on the best 100 books, based upon the English and German lists, which were called into existence by Sir John Lubbock's attempt to catalogue the best 100 books of the world four years ago. Several eminent French men of letters have promised to criticise the lists that appear in the new number of the *Revue de Revues*.

SERVANTS VERSUS MISTRESSES.

BY THE HON. MAUDE STANLEY.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* the Hon. Maude Stanley expresses very strongly her conviction that servants are now as good, as trustworthy, and as capable as in former days. But the mistresses, she declares, are not as good now as they were fifty years ago. They are not as good housewives, and cannot do what their grandmothers did. Even the great lady will not have good servants if she knows nothing of them herself. Some ladies visit the East End, look after the poor in their own neighbourhood, or go long distances to amuse girls from factories and workshops, but do not even know the names of their own housemaids and kitchenmaids. What is the reason that the mistress who has but one or two servants so often complains? May it be that she has not considered that an hour a day would be well spent in looking after her home, and in teaching and training her young and inexperienced servants? How, it may be asked, are servants and mistresses to get well suited? It seems to her that the characters of each should be gone into; enquiries should be made on both sides. Is it not a contract? and are there not two parties to a contract? Is it not as important to the one as to the other that the representations made on each side should be correct? Small industrial homes are admirable ways of training young servants; but better still is the training of girls in large or small houses where there are good upper servants, or an excellent mistress who will take an interest in such work, and in this way the best of all results can be obtained. We might learn some good lessons from American mistresses. We find that the American lady, whatever wealth she may possess, will yet look into all household arrangements with care. Miss Stanley concludes thus:—I cannot finish these few words about servants without saying something of their pleasures. Are these sufficiently thought of? Are they enough considered? On their part, how self-forgetting they are, often having more thought for the ailments of their mistress than for their own sufferings. What sleepless nights will the nurse have with a fretful baby; how often will unexpected work oblige a servant to give up her evening out with her friends; and how little does she see of the outside world in her two Sunday afternoons in the month, often the only time she is allowed to be out by daylight. Alas! mistresses have much to answer for.



THE above is a reduced facsimile of a title which will soon, I hope, be familiar on every bookstall in the United Kingdom. It is the title of Michael Davitt's new weekly paper, which he hopes—not without some grounds for the faith that is in him—to make the Labour Organ of these Islands. It will be of the size of the *Christian World*.

HOW MEN BECOME AUTOMATA.

THE REAL PROGRESS OF LIFE.

M. LUYS contributes to the first number of the *Nouvelle Revue* a very interesting paper upon the conditions of mental activity, and more especially of the automatic action of the brain.

If the cerebral cellules, for instance, become, through repeated shocks, from intellectual over-strain or poignant emotion, excited beyond their physiological capacity, delirium declares itself. It is the automatic activity of these myriads of nervous elements let loose which takes extraordinary combinations, and determines the violent manifestations, the disordered movements, and the incessant vociferations of raving lunacy. If, on the contrary, the morbid process is localized in one department of the brain, and the state of the cells affected becomes persistent, we get fixed ideas. Fantastic conceptions, anxiety, involuntary scruples, various emotional conditions which impose themselves upon the patient, take possession of him, and, spreading little by little, like a stain of oil, prepare the way for idiocy, which is nothing else than the setting in action, by means of organic disintegration, of a more or less considerable number of cells which have prematurely died.

When, on the contrary, instead of too much physiological tension there is too little, various well-known states of depression are the result. From the observations of this character which he has made M. Luys deduces the hope that it may be possible to constitute a real physiology of madness which shall rest on rational and pathological basis.

Having indicated as fully as the limits of an article of the kind permits the directions in which automatic brain action may be followed and studied, and drawn the distinction between the automatic or unconscious and the psychic or conscious action of the brain, the conclusion to which M. Luys brings his readers is "to observe the considerable disproportion which exists between the domain reserved for purely automatic activity and that of psychical action, properly so called. The one increases and gains ground incessantly upon the other as life goes on. With the child who begins to use his limbs, and to produce articulate sounds, everything at first is conscious. Everything that he does is the object of his sustained attention. His conscious personality is everywhere present and active; but soon, when that first setting up of action has been accomplished, the conscious and directing will becomes less—the voluntary operations of the beginning grow automatic—and, it is to be remarked, are so much the more perfect as they escape the more from the directing force." The same process is to be observed later in the various corporal exercises and in the spheres of sentiment and intellect. The acts of learning to write or to play the piano are instances in point. Thus a multitude of operations which demand conscious effort at first become eventually mechanical. They do not reach perfection until they have done so, but when the man has become all mechanical his race is run. He is already half dead. Up to the moment of senility the psychic force remains in action, side by side with automatic force. "The mental state of the senile man is nothing but an agglomeration of acquired habits, of definitely shaped ideas, words, sentiments, and gestures. Rejecting all ideas outside those of his habitual circle he is henceforth the slave of his acquired automatic activity which has invaded him in every part. It has little by little absorbed all his old spontaneity, all his inclination towards recent things, and it has become the immutable regulator of his notions which repeat themselves in the same phases

of his sentiments which remain incrusted in the same objects, and finally even of his gestures, which reproduce themselves with inevitable uniformity. The senile man represents, therefore, a brain in which through the natural force of things purely automatic, activity has become dominant." This passage has naturally prepared the reader for the sentence with which the article concludes, "Senility is possible at all ages."

A PLEA FOR AN ENGLISH POMPEII.

BY MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

ONE of the most original articles in the month's magazines is that which Mr. Frederic Harrison contributes to the *Nineteenth Century*. In view of the immense advantage to posterity of such an archaeological treasure house as Pompeii, he urges that we should use all our archaeological experience and all the resources of science, and deliberately prepare a Pompeii of our own for the students of the twenty-ninth century. Mr. Harrison thinks that, in a few centuries, the human race will have exhausted gold, silver, coal, ivory, fur, whalebone, and perhaps oak and mahogany. The elephant will soon be as rare as the mammoth, and with the elephant will disappear the seal, the whale, and all the larger marine mammals. London, in the twenty-ninth century, he thinks, may be as desolate as the Egyptian Thebes, so, for the benefit of the New Zealand globe trotter of 2,890, who is to moor his electric balloon on the last broken arch of London Bridge, and take his luncheon on ambrosia and manna, he would have us construct a subterranean city under Skiddaw or Stonehenge, in which each century would deposit its Whitaker Almanacs, Bradshaw's Railway Guides, and other treasures of like nature. These vaults should be 30 or 40 feet square; cased 20 feet thick with the strongest known cement, and would contain a careful collection of products, works, inscriptions, pictures, books, instruments, and the like of each century. Each vault should be opened officially by public authority and legislative sanction in the last year of each century. He would store up photographs, phonographs, encyclopedias, Hansards, with models of Forth Bridges, locomotives, ironclads, etc., together with electrical photographic reprints of ordnance maps. He suggests that leading painters should dedicate their best works to our remote posterity of a thousand years hence, and bury these canvases in the new Pompeii. Among other things which Mr. Harrison suggests should be deposited in this artificial Pompeii is the whole of the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone, but this would require a separate vault all to itself. The suggestion is ingenious, but Mr. Harrison probably over-estimated the anxiety of men of this generation to have their names known to those who will live in 2,890, that he thinks that the glory of being inscribed as donors to the subterranean treasure house would lead to eager competition for the privilege of adding to its contents.

Toys for the Workhouse Schools.—Our Chiswick Helper sends us the following:—

Brentford Board of Guardians' Meeting, 16th July, 1890.—Mr. Regester moved that a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to the Rev. G. H. Manbey and the congregation of St. Albans, Acton Green, for a very splendid present of toys for the children of the schools. (Hear, hear.) He understood that the present was the result of a "toy" service instead of the ordinary flower service, and their thanks were due to the Rev. G. H. Manbey for his thoughtfulness. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Luxton seconded, and the vote was carried unanimously. The Rev. G. H. Manbey acknowledged this, and said he thought it a good idea to teach the young children of his congregation unselfishness. (Applause.)

A PLEA FOR THE FAIRY TALE.

BY GEORG EBERS.

LATELY, it appears, attempts have been made to drive the fairy tale out of the nursery. Fathers and mothers, with grateful memories of what the fairy tale was to them in their own childhood, are now assured that legends and the like are but the creations of unbridled imaginations, and that they arouse in the minds of children false ideas of real life, besides awaking longings for the unattainable, which can only end in bitter disappointment. The wicked stepmother of the fairy tale, so another excuse runs, has prejudiced many children against a stepmother, and has rendered difficult the task of many a woman who married with the firmest resolve to care for her husband's children as for her own. Henceforth parents are counselled to introduce their children betimes to the facts of real life, and to fill their minds with useful knowledge.

But as yet, says Georg Ebers, in *Ueber Land und Meer*, very few parents indeed, however willing they may be, are competent to combine amusement with instruction. We live in an age which has painted on its sign-post "Knowledge is power," and parents very naturally look more anxiously to the education of their children, so that there is danger of the education of the heart and of the Gemüt (soul, disposition), especially of the girls, being sacrificed to the power of fact. In no nation, however, is it more beautifully developed than in the German, whose language has created the words *gemäßtlich* and *gemäßt voll* (kindly disposed, full of good feeling, emotional), and it would be a great crime were we to harm it or to kill it by a surfeit of knowledge founded on facts alone.

A pedagogue who would banish fairy tales would, if he were consistent, also condemn religion or anything else that could exercise any influence on the hearts and dispositions of children; for even religion is not of this world, having little to do with fact, and faith, its foundation, ceasing where knowledge begins. The legend, too, the pious sister of the fairy tale, and the angels, the children's friends who guard their beds by night, all belong as little to the kingdom of fact as the good fairy or the helpful dwarfs. All men are agreed that life is hard, yet instead of trying to make it happier, there are those who would make it still harder for the young by taking from them the wings with which they can betake themselves to regions where happiness pure and unalloyed reigns supreme.

The mother who tells pretty tales of beautiful sunny lands, with cool fountains, and shady groves full of the song of birds, beautiful flowers and tempting fruits, has the power of lifting her children above the things of earth, and while filling them with delight, of influencing their hearts and dispositions in a hundred different ways; for every good fairy tale has an ethical purport; it solves problems of life, and excites sympathy with the good and disgust of the bad. But even if in fairyland things should not be made larger or smaller, better or worse, the fairy tale helps the young soul with its hopes and its desires to expand, till at last it finds its way into the realm of the ideal. It teaches the child to believe in friendly though invisible forces

which assist the will; moreover, it leads to a hope for a happiness unknown to real life, but which nevertheless exists, because it is experienced under the spell of the fairy tale.

And what man could ever forget the first time his mother folded his hands and prayed with him his first prayer? Who cannot recall in old age the beating heart, the eyes moist with tears, or the merry laugh with which he used to receive the oft-repeated tales in his nursery days? "Yes, should I become the oldest of the old, I will never forget how my mother in the early morning hours would take me into her bed and play Red Riding Hood with me. I was the child, she the wolf. When I said, 'Grandmother, what big teeth you have!' she would assume a threatening voice and answer, 'That I may the better be able to bite you!' and then make believe she was going to devour me, only to kiss me over and over again."

Forgetting that virtue is its own reward, the man of fact objects that in real life the bad often prevails over the good. The right fairy tale, however, always ascribes the moral victory to virtue, and it seeks to inspire a faith in that law which encourages men to resist temptation and to continue their way in the upward, if stony, path of virtue. When taught in the form of a command, a law is apt to remain dead words; but when a human being brings it home in the form of a tale, it is found to take root quite readily in the young receptive heart.

But it is not to inculcate morals alone that the fairy tale should be cherished. Life conducts every man over brilliant heights and through dark depths; and whence does the heart in its old age seek comfort? Why, in the reminiscences of childhood. Friendly memories call up the once favourite pictures of fairyland, and there is nothing consoling, elevating, instructive, or delightful, which the child's fairy tale cannot give. To drive it out of the nursery is not only to break down the ladder which unites childhood to a happier world, it is to sadden men's lives when they grow old. There is no fear that our children will grow up dreamers; the school takes care of that. Leave them the fairy tale then.

THE £300 SCHOLARSHIP FOR WOMEN.

As our circulation is increasing every month, and we have nearly fifty per cent. more subscribers than we had when we first announced the conditions of our Scholarship, I repeat the following conditions:—

1. The scholarship of £300 in three annual payments of £100 each will be awarded to the successful competitor in the examination to be held in January next.

2. The examination will be conducted when possible in the localities in which competitors reside. Intending competitors, therefore, are requested to send in their names as soon as possible. All entries should be in before December 1st at the latest; and the sooner they are in the better.

3. The examination will be held on the articles entitled "Progress of the World" and "Character Sketch" appearing in the *REVIEW* from July to December, both inclusive. The examination is open to all women of any age and any nationality, but no one will be eligible for the scholarship who has completed her 27th year before January 1st, 1891.

4. Every effort will be made to secure a careful examination of all the examination papers sent in; and certificates of merit of first, second, and third class will be given to those competitors whose papers show qualities deserving of praise.

5. The full conditions of the competition appeared in the *REVIEW OF REVIEWS* for June and July, to which intending competitors are referred.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The Contemporary for September is a good number of over average excellence.

A BOY'S SCHOOL LIFE.

The Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, Head Master of Harrow, writes on the Educational System in Public Schools. He sums up his suggestions as to what a boy's school life should be under a rational system of education as follows:—

A boy's school life, so far as it falls within the view of this paper, is broadly divisible into three parts. The first of these extends from the age of ten to thirteen or fourteen, the second from fourteen to sixteen, the third from sixteen to the end. In the first his education will be limited to the subjects of primary and universal value, and to these treated simply and effectively. He will learn Latin and French and elementary mathematics, English grammar, history, and geography, and such simple facts of Nature as can be taught in the open air. So far he will remain in the hands of his preparatory schoolmaster. Between thirteen and fourteen he will pass into the public school. If he begins his public school life earlier, he will be too young to bear its liberty; if later, he will be too old to imbibe its spirit. At sixteen he will make the great choice of his life. In making it, he will be guided by his tastes, faculties, needs, and opportunities. Whatever it be that he is led to study in the four great educational lines—classical, mathematical, modern, and scientific—he will devote at least half his time to it. It may well be hoped that an education so definite, yet so elastic, will correspond to the large variety of educational demands.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

Dr. R. W. Dale, reviewing the recent work of Dr. Martineau, maintains that—

The modern Protestant theory, which insists (1) that Christian Faith rests on the authority of the New Testament, and (2) that the authority of the New Testament rests on a literary and historical demonstration that the Gospels and Epistles were written by the men whose names they bear, and (3) that these writers were inspired—this theory, I say, was not the theory of Reformers or of Puritans, and it is wholly incredible.

Until I have found God in the sacred Scriptures, the question of their inspiration is not legitimately raised. The discovery of the fact must precede the formation of the theory. And apart from all theories this is certain—the books stand apart. They are consecrated by the affection, the reverence, the faith of many generations of devout and holy men, to whom they have revealed God, and to whom they have rendered possible a saintly life. I, too, while reading them, have heard the divine voice.

His conclusion of the whole matter is thus expressed:—

But if it could be proved that the Gospels were written by unknown persons belonging to the third or fourth generation of Christians, those who have found God in the story of Christ would still be sure that they preserve the true tradition of His life and teaching. For myself, I have no doubt that the ultimate conclusions of criticism will substantially confirm the traditional beliefs of the Church with regard to the writers of the books of the New Testament, and the dates at which they were written; but for those who know for themselves the power and blessedness of the Christian redemption, no results of criticism can imperil faith in Christ as Son of God and Saviour of men.

GREEK AND MEDIEVAL IDEAS OF LOVE.

Mr. J. Addington Symonds writes a very remarkable article, one which draws a parallel between Plato's belief that "philosophy in combination with affection for young men" is the surest method for attaining to the higher spiritual life, and that associated with the name of Dante, who,

Conducted by Beatrice into the circle of the Celestial Rose, proclaims the same creed as Plato when he asserts that the love of a single person, leading the soul upon the way of truth, becomes the means whereby man may ascend to the contemplation of the divine under one of its eternal aspects.

Thus says Mr. Symonds:—

We come to the remarkable fact that the last manifestation of mediæval love at Florence represents an almost exact parallel to the last manifestation of Greek love at Athens.

It is a delusion to imagine that the human spirit is led to discover divine truths by amorous enthusiasm for a fellow-creature, however refined that impulse may be.

Mr. Symonds handles a very difficult and delicate subject, that of masculine love among the Greeks, with courage, indeed, but with so much reserve that many who read it would never dream of the real nature of the shadow to which he darkly alludes.

THE SPADE IN THE HOLY LAND.

Prof. Sayce, in his paper on "Excavations in Judea," points out that Mr. Petrie's excavations have established two facts, first that the names of places are no proof of their identity with the places of the same name mentioned in the Bible. Secondly, that if we are to learn anything of pre-exilic Israel in the Holy Land it must be with the help of the spade:—

The excavator, then, who continues Mr. Petrie's work next season will be equipped with knowledge and resources which, only six months ago, were not even dreamed of. Discoveries of the highest interest await him; monuments of David and Solomon and their successors; it may be even the clay records of the Amorite priests and chieftains whom the children of Israel dispossessed. The bearing such discoveries may have upon the interpretation and criticism of the Old Testament Scriptures, the light they may throw upon the conquest of Canaan or the establishment of the Davidic monarchy, cannot even be conceived.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. John Rae's paper on "State Socialism and State Reform" is, like all his writings, very solid, very instructive, and, to the general reader, somewhat dull. His general conclusion is:—

If all the industries of the country were put under joint-stock management, the result would be (1) a general reduction in the amount produced, and (2) a consequent reduction in the general remuneration of the working-classes, and the general level of natural comfort; and the result would be still worse under universal Government management.

Mr. Lawson, who also writes in the *Fortnightly*, has a paper on what he calls "The Argentine Filibusters," in which he gives an account of the corruption, which is very startling:—

Turkish officials, who have hitherto been the champion artists in backsheesh, leave off where Argentine blackmailers begin. The price of a drainage scheme at Buenos Ayres would buy a whole cabinet of *pashas* at Galata.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN INDIA.

Under the title of "The Enlightenment of Pagett, M.P.," Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes the opportunity of speaking some home truths to those gentlemen who imagine that all the evils of India may be cured by the transplantation of Parliamentary institutions to lands in the latitude of Calcutta. He puts in the mouth of a lady doctor a very plain piece of truth, which, with some alteration, might be applied elsewhere than in India.

"What's the matter with this country is not in the least political, but an all round entanglement of physical, social, and moral evils and corruptions, all more or less due to the unnatural treatment of women. You can't gather figs from thistles, and so long as the system of infant marriage, the prohibition of the re-marriage of widows, the lifelong imprisonment of wives and mothers in a worse than penal confinement, and the withholding from them of any kind of education or treatment as rational beings continues, the country can't advance a step. Half of it is morally dead and worse than dead, and that's just the half from which we have a right to look for the best impulses. It's right here where the trouble is, and not in any political considerations whatsoever. The foundations of their life are rotten—utterly and bestially rotten. The men talk of their rights and privileges. I have seen the women that bear these very men, and again—may God forgive the men!"

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

I HAVE referred to "E. B. Lanin's" latest Russian article elsewhere.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The first place in the *Fortnightly* is given to a brief paper on the Newfoundland fisheries dispute, which is illustrated by a map, and is signed by Sir William White-way, the Premier, and his colleagues. There is nothing new in it, but it repeats the warning that we must let things drift, and declares:—

What we require is that the question of the Newfoundland fisheries and the rights of Newfoundlanders shall be set at rest once and for ever on the principle of the inviolability of British soil, and the independence of British subjects on that soil.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE RACE.

I am glad to see that Mr. A. R. Wallace is a diligent reader of the *Review of Reviews*. In his paper on "Human Selection" he reviews the various summaries of articles on the subject of the improvement of the race which appeared in recent numbers of the *Review*. Mr. Wallace agrees with me in thinking that Mr. Grant Allen's doctrine is "detestable." He quotes with approval Miss Chapman's statement of the case for monogamy, quoted from *Lippincott*. He rightly says that the proposal of the writer in the *Arena* on the improvement of the race by regulating marriages by trained experts is utterly impracticable. Then he goes on to explain in what manner he thinks the race will be improved. As a preliminary step he would settle the social question, and after he had settled the social question he thinks that over-population would be prevented by the reluctance of women to marry. As there are more boys born than girls, the excess of women over men is only attained by unnatural conditions: remove these, and every woman would have many suitors. Give women a livelihood and a career, so that they are no longer shut up to marry or starve, and they will be much more saucy in their choice of husbands. Therefore, says Mr. Wallace:—

Every woman would receive offers, and thus a powerful selective agency would rest with the female sex. The idle and the selfish would be almost universally rejected. The diseased or the weak in intellect would also usually remain

unmarried; while those who exhibited any tendency to insanity or to hereditary disease, or who possessed any congenital deformity, would in hardly any case find partners. Thus, when we have solved the lesser problem of a rational social organization adapted to secure the equal well-being of all, then we may safely leave the far greater and deeper problem of the improvement of the race to the cultivated minds and pure instincts of the Women of the Future.

A BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND.

Under the title of "A Catholic on Natural Religion," Mr. W. H. Mallock reviews Dr. Hettinger's exposition of Natural Religion, which has been translated and republished in this country by Dr. Sebastian Bowden. Dr. Hettinger, it seems, is a distinguished theologian of the Catholic Church.

His book has been pronounced at all events to contain nothing contrary to faith; and the kind of view upheld, and the kind of arguments set forth in it, may be taken to represent the general tone and position which Catholic apologists are, at the present juncture, adopting in the face of modern science and of reason unchecked by authority.

Imagine, then, how blankly disgusted every intelligent man must be on discovering that this famous champion of the Catholic faith quotes Cuvier as a final authority in support of his doctrine that the human race has only existed 6,000 years on this planet, and shows himself—"Utterly unaware of the extraordinary change which modern science has accomplished in the position of the human mind."

Mr. Mallock expresses his disgust at Dr. Hettinger's intellectual equipment much in the spirit of a modern soldier who found himself suddenly going forth to battle side by side with a comrade armed with a sling and cross-bow. Mr. Mallock then goes on to explain his particular specific for turning the corner of a position, which he states as follows:—

The universe is eternal; freedom is unthinkable; purpose is undiscoverable; the hypothesis of a designer is unnecessary. Such is the verdict of natural reason applied scientifically.

To defend natural religion he maintains that—

In the first place, it must be recognized, with absolute clearness, that neither the testimony of sense, nor the testimony of history, nor the laws of the intellect, give us any proof of the existence of a personal creator. In the second place, it must be recognized that the proposition that God is infinitely good, and that man's will is free, must be recognized as being as unthinkable as the proposition that two straight lines can enclose a space.

But the matter does not end here. There is a third truth to be recognized, which is this—that not only are a good God and a free human will unthinkable, but that everything else, if we try to think it out, ends in being unthinkable also.

Therefore the first question to be asked of a man is not do you believe in God? but do you believe in life in its spiritual value and eternal meaning? and the man of faith replies he does so believe because his nature is such that he abhors the belief which is the alternative. We have to start with something not proved, but with something assumed, and, to put the whole matter briefly, he thinks it may be said that while the hypothesis of God becomes more and more superfluous in the world of matter, it becomes more and more logically necessary in the world of spirit—a formula which to most people will seem to be a very thinly veiled atheism. For as men reason from things that are seen to things which are unseen, the fact that anything is clearly superfluous in the visible world is not likely to lead them to regard it as an indispensable necessity in the invisible.

A CENTURY OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Mrs. Pennell has a brief but interesting little paper upon Mary Wolstonecraft's "Rights of Women" from the point of view of a critic writing a hundred years after the author. Mary Wolstonecraft was one of the prophets of her time, and her "Vindication," so far from being obsolete, an amended and revised edition might be circulated with immense advantage in every country at the present time, either civilized or uncivilized. Mrs. Pennell seems to think that woman's economic position to-day could not fail but to satisfy Mary Wolstonecraft's ideal of womanly independence, from which it would appear that Mrs. Pennell has either imperfectly realised the economic position or the breadth and scope of Mary Wolstonecraft's ideal.

ARGENTINA FOR ENG AND.

There are two papers in the *Fortnightly* which suggest the possibility that before long the Argentine Republic may become the home of a great English-speaking Republic. Mr. Callender says—

There are few countries of the earth so suitable for the overflowing hordes of over-populated Europe as the plains of the Argentine, unmatched for fertility in any corner of the globe, and possessing an unrivalled climate, where it is a positive pleasure to sleep in the open air the whole year through, and where a man with a white skin may work without danger to his health every day of his life. It is no exaggeration to say that the Argentine is absolutely certain to be one of the great countries of the earth.

This being so, it is perhaps time that the English Colonists began seriously to think of converting Argentina into a new Australia. The English capitalist has already accomplished the financial annexation of the country. The Argentine Government owes us nearly twenty-five millions sterling, the provincial Governments nearly forty millions sterling, and the municipalities five millions more, making a total of seventy millions sterling. We now own sixteen distinct railway systems, which represent a further investment of sixty millions sterling.

Englishmen are large landowners in Argentina, also dock-owners, ship-owners, manufacturers, and traders of various kinds. Nearly the whole of the river navigation is in the hands of a Scotch company, with a capital of over a million sterling. The Queen of *estancias* belongs to an Irishman.

We have besides invested nearly forty millions sterling in secondary and promiscuous investments. The Argentine at present is bound to send abroad twelve millions sterling for interest in excess of the money it has available for the purpose. "To speak the plain blunt truth, it needs to be handled like Egypt. Dr. Celman was its Ismail Pasha." Who will be its Lord Wolseley?

How to Canvass.—A Hypnotic Hint.—Dr. Kempin, in the *Forum*, quotes from a "strictly private book giving instruction how to canvass," which she says are exact instructions how to hypnotise a person, a paragraph is worth reprinting if only as a hint to canvassers, salesmen, sales-women, and book agents who are pushing business:—

You must control your customer and be the leading spirit of the occasion. It is your business to arouse interest and desire; earnestness and enthusiasm, quiet but deep, should be brought to bear. Don't hurry, keep cool, and be concise and direct in your language. Whatever you do it must be done with an air of earnestness and assurance, in full confidence as it were that he will do what you request him. There must be no faltering or indecision on your part. During all the time you talk with him look into his eyes and never directly answer objections. Let him not think of anything but your article and what you say.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE number is a very good one, and full of interesting matter.

HOW TOMMY ATKINS IS SWINDLED.

Mr. ex-Sergeant Palmer—who seems to be a kind of twin of Archibald Forbes—writes a very interesting article on the grievances of the private soldier. It is a very scandalous revelation. What with stoppages, deductions, and compulsory payments, poor Tommy Atkins seems to be swindled all round. Mr. Palmer sets forth, with a particularity of detail that it is impossible to reproduce here, the various exactions to which the British soldier is subject, which, if they were all written out large and handed to a lad who was about to yield to the blandishments of the recruiting sergeant, would effectively dry up the field of voluntary enlistment. The grievances of Tommy Atkins will have to be placed on the first order of the day in the programme for Army Reform.

MUTUAL AID AMONG ANIMALS.

Prince Krapotkin may be a truculent Nihilist, and he certainly is a very uncompromising Atheist, but he does write now and then a most charming article. His paper describing the extent to which mutual aid, co-operative industry, and joint-stock associations flourish among animals, birds, and insects is quite fascinating. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" said the Wise Man of old, and Prince Krapotkin would have us go not only to the ant, but to the parrot, the crane, and the bee, for examples of what I should call good practical Christianity, from which we all might profit. This side of Nature, a side that is not red with beak and claw, but that is radiant with the warmth and glow of self-sacrificing brotherly kindness, has been too much neglected, and I am glad to see that Prince Krapotkin is to continue the subject next month. *The Ethics of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes: a Lesson in Humanity and Christianity*, for men and Christians, would not be a bad title for the book which the Prince should write.

IS CENTRAL AFRICA WORTH HAVING?

No, not as a gift, say Sir J. Pope Hennessy and Mr. E. Dicey. If you want anything, says the latter, go for the Soudan and the Transvaal, they are much better worth taking than the vast material wildernesses which have recently been partitioned—on paper. Sir J. Pope Hennessy evidently thinks that there is more need for the negroes to come to civilize us than there is for our going to civilize the negroes:—

When I visited Kambia, at the head of the Great Scarcies River, in 1873, the whole district was under negro administration only. It was admirably governed. I never saw a happier population. They were cheerful, contented, industrious, in their own way good agriculturists, and able to manufacture most of the simple household articles they required. What a contrast between the smiling faces to be seen in the crowded streets of that negro town and the careworn faces of Cheapside!

Would that we could all learn the secret of the dwellers on the Great Scarcies!

THE OBITER DICTA OF MR. OSCAR WILDE.

Mr. Oscar Wilde, in the concluding part of his long and brilliant paper on "The true function of criticism of Vigour," italicizes his most characteristic sayings. I quote a few as samples of the Wisdom of Wilde:—

All Art is immoral, for emotion for the sake of emotion is the aim of Art, and emotion for the sake of action is the aim of life and of that practical organization of life that we call society.

Let me say to you now that to do anything at all is the most difficult thing in the world, the most difficult and the most intellectual.

Yes. All the arts are immoral, for action of every kind belongs to the sphere of ethics. The aim of Art is simply to create a mood.

The sure way of knowing nothing about life is to try and make oneself useful.

An idea that is not dangerous is unworthy of being called an idea at all.

It is exactly because a man cannot do a thing that he is the proper judge of it.

THE RUIN OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Sir Robert Hamilton has great gifts, but he is not a brilliant writer. His paper is as solid as an official minute, and about as dreary. He insists rightly upon the fact that more harm is done by promotion by seniority than by the most glaring cases of promotion by favouritism. Seniority makes the fossils heads of departments. He warns us—

That the present suspension of all appointments by open competition to the higher division of the service is greatly increasing the difficulties to be contended with in the future, and should at once be removed. From the long-continued curtailment of the numbers in the higher grades of the service, and the consequent paucity in it of new blood, the bulk of the men at present serving in them are nearly of an age. They must all, therefore, retire about the same time, and a large influx then of inexperienced higher division men to take their places would be very detrimental to the service, and would discredit, and might imperil, the very existence of the higher division as a class recruited by open competition.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND THE BRITISH FARMER.

Mr. J. S. Jeans, the secretary of the Iron Wheel Institute, prophesies a still further reduction of railway rates in America, and consequently a more evil future for the British farmer. But Mr. Jeans does not seem to be aware of the latest calculations—that before very long the United States will of necessity cease to export grain stuffs, the increase of population at home, and the rapid filling up of all the arable land, leaving no available surplus for export. Mr. Jeans calculates that the United States require 346,000 more miles of rail to have as much metalled road as we have in the United Kingdom in proportion to the area.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Hon. T. A. Brassey calls attention to the absolute necessity for utilizing the waters of the Murray for the irrigation of Australian territory. With a complete system of irrigation under Government auspices he thinks Australia will support ten times the present population. Only ten times! The Hon. Emily Lawless gives a vivid picture of the doleful Irish war which ruined Richard II., and cost the life of the heir-apparent. Mr. W. M. Fullerton contributes a critical paper on Bion of Smyrna—the half passive poetic exponent of the more cultivated sentimental thought of the first half of the third century before Christ. "Behind the Scenes on English Politics" is a fresh instalment of the inexhaustible

notes of conversations preserved by Mr. W. Nassau, Senior. The period treated is that immediately after Lord John Russell's resignation in the midst of the Crimean War. Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Medieval Popular Preacher" describes the preaching of the Minorite Friar, Nicholas Bozon, who laboured in England between 1320 and 1350. He was a good old English prototype of Mr. Spurgeon.

NEW REVIEW.

MR. GROVE publishes, in the first place, a short gipsy love song by the Queen of Roumania, who this month is recruiting her health at Llandudno. Mr. Monro, late of Scotland Yard, tells the story of the police pensions, and explains why he thought that the police should have a maximum pension of twenty-five years instead of twenty-six, and that the allowance at twenty-five should be increased by three-fiftieths instead of by one-fiftieth, the increase years by Mr. Matthews and accepted by the House of Commons. Sir Charles Bruce, the Governor of British Guiana, describes the working of the system under which coolies from India are imported into our Colonies; he is strongly in favour of transplanting the surplus population of Asia to South America and to tropical Africa. There are two articles on the false marking of merchandise. A short paper by Mr. George Howell, M.P., on the Church Congress, on which he says nothing particular. Rukhmabai makes an appeal to the British Government to delay no longer in taking action to save the women of India from the degradation of the present unnatural system. She says:—

Without loss of time the Government might do a great deal in publicly showing disapproval of this custom of the Hindus by declining to hold any marriage as binding until the aies of, 'syeghteen in the boy and fourteen in the girl.

THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

In the *United Service Magazine* Admiral Hornby continues his papers on the "War Training of the Navy," devoting his paper chiefly to the plea for an addition of 24 clippers of 900 tons each to the navy for the purpose of training 4,400 more men, for he maintains they can only learn seamanship on sailing ships. Mr. Mark Hamilton describes the failure of Colonel Crease's smoke attack as displayed before the German Emperor on the 7th of August at Portsmouth. A Tasmanian writer, Mr. Nicholls, declares that the chief obstacle to Imperial Federation is the want of national and moral vigour at home. If England would but declare that she would never desert her colonies, never allow them to separate except there is absolute unanimity, the whole colonial aspect would be changed by the simple magic of entire earnestness, but Mr. Nicholls himself tells us that the colonies, while anxious to preserve the British connection, are not prepared to preserve it at any price. What they want is to see a Legislature constructed which shall represent the Empire; making laws for the empire, and be to the empire what the Congress of Washington is to the United States. Mr. Hanbury, M.P., describes the defects of the administration in the clothing of the army, and insists that one thing, at any rate, is clear and beyond doubt. Military clothing and accoutrements must all be well and strongly made. They are the last things for which either sweating or careless viewing can be permitted. The late Mr. George Hooper sets forth once more the mischief which the Suez Canal is to the power of England. It is, he maintains, the only effectual revenge for Waterloo which Napoleon III. was enabled to inflict. The discussion upon "National Insurance" is continued. Captain Eardley Wilmot and Major Clarke are in favour of Sir George Tryon's scheme, and Lord Charles Beresford, returns to the charge in a paper in which he declares that, in his opinion, privateering will become absolutely necessary in time of war. He says that at the next general election he intends again to offer himself to the notice of a constituency. His address "will be a programme for a definite policy of defence, which will be illuminated by a few astonishing facts."

SOME SHORT NOTICES OF THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Chautauquan*, Mr. John Habberton, of "Helen's Babies," writes a novelette, "On Pleasure Bent," and Miss Barbour describes the Passion Play in terms of enthusiastic eulogy. She says she has visited the best theatres in England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and America, and that some of the best acting she has ever witnessed compares unfavourably and appears crude beside the performance of these peasants. Yet this Play does not give one the impression of a theatrical performance, nor has it one feature to offend the taste of the most scrupulous spectator. The writer of "Recess, as It Is and as It Was," in *Blackwood's*, suggests that the Recess is about to eat up the Session; that the two cannot co-exist without killing off the politicians, and that if one has to go, we can better spare the Session than we can spare the extra-Parliamentary utterances of our Members. Mr. Wilfrid Pollock tells the story of the "Treasure Hunt," a party of Englishmen having gone to search for the one million sterling which was lost in a ship coming from Peru in the early part of 1821. The search party got to the Island of Trinidad, but after digging over every likely spot, they failed to find as much as a shilling, and so came home again.

This month's *English Illustrated* concludes its volume, and finishes William Morris's story. Next month it will begin with a new serial by Mr. Marion Crawford. There is an interesting article describing, by the aid of photographs, the "French Method of Identifying Criminals." In the *Month*, for September, Mr. P. J. O'Reilly describes the first part of the Ober-Ammergau Play at considerable length. Mr. O'Reilly, who is very enthusiastic, stayed at the Hotel Osterbischil. The *Month* notices Pere Monsabré's Conferences on Marriages, and Mr. Edward A. Rigby reviews "Weissmann's Theory of Heredity." In the *Newbery House Magazine* is published a long letter from the late Dr. Pusey on the "Court of Lord Penzance," in which the late chief of the High Church Party defined the point of view of the Ritualist as to the tribunal whose authority was invoked to reduce contumacious clerics to obedience. The *Newbery* also publishes a short letter from Mr. Gladstone, in which he praises the work entitled, "Paul Nugent, Materialist," the object of the writer being to expose "the fallacies of the hybrid and unreal system set up by 'Robert Elsmere.'" In *Scribner* there is a pleasant and brightly illustrated paper by Mr. Zogbaum, describing "Life in the United States' Navy," under the title "With Uncle Sam's Blue-Jackets Afloat." The paper on the "Country House in America" is copiously illustrated with specimens of American architecture, old and new. There is a very elaborate first paper on "Nature and Man in America," by N. S. Shaler. It is an attempt to describe how the character of the American people has been affected by the physiographic circumstances of their environment. The pictures accompanying the article on "Heligoland" are very good. The "Women in the French Salons" seem to exercise a strange fascination over the Americans. The *Century* this month gives us the fifth instalment of its illustrated series, and the *Atlantic Monthly* devotes several pages to the description of "Madame de Montespan." The best illustrated articles in the *Century* are those which give us views of "Features of the Proposed Yosemite Natural

Park," some of which are very beautiful indeed. The article on "Our New Naval Guns" bears testimony to the growth of armaments in the American Republic. Wells Cathedral is added to the list of English minsters which have been described by pen and pencil in the *Century*.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has two papers in this month's magazines: one in the *Contemporary*, described elsewhere; the other in *Macmillan's*, on "Greenhow Hill." Mr. Kipling is not quite as much at home in Yorkshire dialect as he is in the slang of Anglo-Indian society.

The "Story of the Argentine Revolution" in *Macmillan's Magazine* is slight. The chief literary article is by Mr. Tilley, on "Montaigne;" and the political article is Mr. Goldwin Smith's account of the American Tariff. The latter is a very powerful description of the political mischiefs which result to the United States in consequence of their protective tariff. There are two articles on Rome in the magazines: one, which is bright and descriptive, in *Cornhill*; the other in *Macmillan*, entitled "The Modern Spirit in Rome," by Charles Edwardes. *Atlanta* concludes its annual volume this month, and begins the new year with a serial by Mrs. Molesworth, "Imogen." Professor Church will translate and edit "Tales from the Old French Romances." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute a complete story to the October number. The Scholarship and Reading Union will be devoted to the study of Shakespeare, and in the art department a pictorial serial, entitled "In the Sunny South of France," will begin next month.

In *Time*, a New Parliamentary Hand predicts that members are beginning to find out at last that short speeches tell better, and are in every way more advantageous than long ones. In *Murray's Magazine* Captain Eardley contests Lord Wolseley's dictum that it is impossible to blockade the United Kingdom so as to starve us into submission. Dr. Crespi says, in the paper on "Practical Value of Cycling," that in Barbadoes the substitution of tricycles for horses enabled the police to save, in seven months, £53 in diminished horses' keep. He predicts that the time is coming when small electric reservoirs will be attached to cycles by which, without an effort on the rider's part, we shall be able to cover hundreds of miles of the roughest roads at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. *Longman's* devotes no fewer than three of its articles to Natural History, the most interesting of which is Mr. Kidd's "Battle of the Eggs."

In the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine*, a writer urges that schools of equitation should be established—one in Yorkshire, the other in Curragh, Kildare—where all remounts for the army might be thoroughly broken in by experts, trained by the humane Galvayne system. Mr. Galvayne has a school at Knightsbridge, where he is said to attain the most astonishing results.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps writes an article in the *Forum* on "The Décolleté in Modern Life," in which she paints the other side of the picture to the beatific vision of the American girl in Europe which was presented in the *North American Review* for June. Mrs. Phelps thinks that the sense of modesty is declining among American women. She attributes this to various causes, chief among them being the theatre, the waltz, and the scandalous evening dresses of ladies. On each of these heads she gives full descriptive details which read as if sketched from life. Unless she greatly exaggerates the picture it would certainly seem that the complaint which has been frequently heard in English society concerning the degradation and demoralization of the feminine ideal which some people declare has come in with the American woman, has more truth in it than most of us have been hitherto willing to admit.

THE FORUM.

THE Forum for August is a good average number. The articles on "Prophets of Unrest," by Prof. Goldwin Smith; "The Décolleté in Modern Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; and "The Possibilities of Agriculture," by Prince P. Krapotkin, are noticed elsewhere.

HAVE WE TWO BRAINS OR ONE?

Two, replies Dr. C. E. Brown-Séquard, in a physiological paper, the gist of which its author summarises as follows:—

Long ago, in Washington, Brooklyn, and New York, I delivered lectures—still unpublished—with the object of showing that each of the cerebral hemispheres is a complete brain, endowed with all the powers that we know belong to the whole cerebrum. I especially put forth, and will now try to establish the idea that each half of the brain is capable of originating all the voluntary movements of both sides of the body, and possesses the powers of perception of the various sensitive impressions that may proceed from the whole body; so that, in the same manner that we have two eyes, two ears, &c., we also have two great nerve centres, each of which is capable of performing in its full extent every physical cerebral function.

THE FUTURE HERO IN FICTION.

Mr. James Sully, the historian and critic of Pessimism, discusses the future of fiction in an article the reverse of pessimistic. The undertone of Pessimism which is the rule of the modern novel, is due, he thinks, to the deeper and more saddening recognition of the element of pain and disorder in life, which results naturally from the eager ruthless scrutiny of fact, which novelists have adopted from science. From this the way of escape is, first to be true to nature in preserving something of the youth's gladsome belief in the beauty of things, in human goodness, and in human happiness. Human life is not a monotony of bafflement and pain, as it is now often assumed to be. Mr. Sully says:—

The novelist must bestir himself and correct this error by bringing forward again to its rightful place in art—that is to say, the predominant place—what is lovely and of good report, the aspects of character and experience which gladden the imagination, and by gladdening it inspire hope and faith. The first and most pressing need in contemporary fiction is a more vivid realization of the endless-varied beauty of human character. How few among contemporary English and American novelists ever deign to charm us by a picture of a man or woman toward whom our hearts go out in a glow of admiring love? Character-drawing there is in abundance, showing that there is no lack of new material, and no failing off in manual cunning. But the characters rarely excite us a passionate and enthusiastic interest.

Mr. Sully thinks fiction will take on its old happy smile again when it rejoices in a happy faith in social amelioration:—

We do not want novelists to become didactic exponents of the most advanced ideas in sociology and economics; but by seizing the tendencies of contemporary thought, and forecasting the probable directions of human progress, they may possess themselves of new ideal elements, by the skilful use of which they will be able to brighten their picture of human life, and so to cheer instead of saddening our hearts.

CICERO AS A MODEL OF STYLE.

An article on "Formative Influences" is contributed by Professor Peabody, "one of the most prominent leaders of the Conservative wing of the Unitarian denomination." He was editor of the *North American Review* from 1852-1861. In speaking of his editing, he says:—

It filled every nook and crevice of my time. But it re-

newed my youth. I wrote one or more articles for every number, and prepared the greater part of the book notices. I thus had a large variety of subjects and of new books forced upon my attention; and the current of fresh thought and literature constantly pouring over my mind, bore no faint analogy to the mountain brook that keeps the mill-wheel in motion. My avocation helped me in my vocation.

Speaking of the books that influenced him, Professor Peabody says:—

I have never ceased to read Latin, and the best Latin. I have been more familiar with Cicero than with any other author, ancient or modern; and I believe that there is no other author who can do so much as he can toward the unconscious formation of a good English style. He blends the precision and condensed meaning that inhere in Latin words and phrases with a copiousness of diction peculiarly his own. One may acquire from familiarity with him the habit of compression without obscurity of thought, and an easy flow of the pen without wasteful overflow.

THE NATIONAL CONTROL OF ELECTIONS.

Senator W. E. Chandler pleads strongly in favour of legislation which will give the Federal Government control of the national elections. After discussing various proposals, he says:—

It is difficult to resist the demand that, admitting that national control should be assumed only where specially asked for, it shall, in such a case, entirely exclude State control, and in the particular district provide a registration and an election, a canvass and a certification, solely controlled by United States officials.

This, he thinks, is the true remedy. He considers that this is indispensable on the following grounds:—

I. During the last decade it has come to be plainly seen and known of all men that the southern Democrats are determined that their Congressional elections shall not be fair and free. The Fifteenth Amendment is flagrantly defied. Coloured citizens are not allowed to vote. White Republicans are not allowed to vote. If Republican votes get into the ballot boxes, they are not counted, or are counted for the Democratic candidates.

II. With the coloured vote almost completely suppressed, forty votes are permanently taken from the party to which they belong and transferred to the party which has no right to them. The North will not stand this practical re-establishment of Southern ascendancy.

III. A national Congressional election law is due to the coloured people, to assist them in the renewed efforts which they are about to make for the preservation of their right to vote, and all their other rights under the Constitution of their country, in which they are no longer slaves, but citizens.

IV. There is the need of protection in southern Congressional elections for the candidates and members of the National Farmers' Alliances.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Donald Morrison, Newfoundland Delegate to Canada, explains once more why there is only one opinion in Newfoundland that "the French must go," and Mr. R. J. Burdette, one of the professional humourists of the United States, demonstrates, by the aid of the statistics of the American Lecture Bureau, that the Americans so far from being a frivolous people, are consumed by an all-absorbing strenuous earnestness. Committees say, "If we have one funny man that is enough." One consecutive night is the limit of the funny man's course. One part of levity to forty-four parts of solid wisdom is as much as the American public can stand. Never was life more seriously in earnest than it is to-day.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE more important articles in the *North American Review*, which are noticed on another page, are General Sherman on "Our Army and Militia," and Madame Blavatsky on "The Progress of Theosophy."

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

Dr. Paul Gibier briefly describes Pasteur's treatment from the point of view of an enthusiastic disciple. A paper which immediately follows by Dr. Hammond, late Surgeon-General of the United States' Army, throws doubt upon many of Dr. Gibier's statistics. He describes cases of false hydrophobia, a disease which is due to the extraordinary faculty which some people have of producing the symptoms of any disease which is suggested to them. Every year cases of hydrophobia are reported which are entirely due to the imagination of the sufferer. He gives a remarkable instance of the power of suggestion as exercised on a patient who was not hypnotized but apparently in possession of all her faculties:—

Thus a lady who is a wonderfully sensitive subject to this influence came under my professional charge for some slight derangement of her nervous system. If I told her that a book was a watch, it became, so far as she was concerned, an actual watch. If I put a piece of ice in her hand and told her it was boiling water, she shrieked with pain and declared that I scalded her. Every one of her senses could be imposed upon in like manner; and I have frequently controlled the action of her heart, making its pulsations slower or more rapid in accordance with the spoken suggestion. There is no doubt that if I had put a little flour in her mouth, at the same time telling her that it was strychnine and describing the symptoms of death by strychnine, she would have died with all the phenomena of poisoning with that powerful substance; or that, if I had pointed an unloaded pistol at her head, and had cried "Bang!" she would have fallen dead to the floor. All this sounds very much like hypnotism, but this lady was not in that state.

Dr. Hammond's paper is very useful, and should be read by all those who are afraid that they have got hydrophobia: it can hardly fail to reassure them as to the baselessness of their fears.

PROFESSIONALISM IN SPORTS.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt raises a wail over the extent to which professionalism is eating into American sports. He says:—

In base-ball alone, the professional teams, from a number of causes, have preserved a fairly close connection with non-professional players, and have done good work in popularizing a most admirable and characteristic American game; but even here the outlook is now less favourable, and, aside from this one pastime, professionalism is the curse of many an athletic sport, and the chief obstacle to its healthy development. Professional rowing is under a dark cloud of suspicion because of the crooked practices which have disgraced it. Horse-racing is certainly not in an ideal condition. A prize-fight is simply brutal and degrading. The prize-fighter and his fellow professional athletes of the same ilk are, together with their patrons in every rank of life, the very worst foes with whom the cause of general athletic development has to contend.

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

The Hon. J. Russell Young, who was at one time United States' Minister in China, and more recently edited the London edition of the *New York Herald*, writes on "American Influence in China." He maintains that the way in which American politicians have handled the Chinese question has menaced the ascendancy which

America had previously gained in the councils of China. Mr. Young says that the only advocates for Chinese emigration are the English commercial shipping companies at Hong Kong. Not a single Chinese labourer has ever emigrated from a Chinese port to the United States, and Mr. Young believes that the Chinese Government would have ratified the treaty excluding Chinese labour if, for the sake of securing the Democratic vote of the Pacific Coast in the Presidential Election of 1888, it was found necessary to demand the ratification of the treaty in forty-eight hours. The Chinese Government objected to be bullied, and so the treaty was rejected, and the good relations between China and the United States imperilled. The story, as Mr. Young tells it, is a curious instance of how the United States is likely to have its policy deflected in obedience to electoral exigencies of party wirepullers.

THE CAPTURE OF CANADA.

Mr. Erastus Wiman maintains that in the natural order of things Canada must now be captured, not by war, but by the necessity which lies upon the people of the United States to expand their trade to continental dimensions. The United States wants new markets, she wants more timber, she needs more wheat area, more cheap food, and more coal on the Pacific slope. All these she can get from Canada. The McKinley Bill on the one hand, and the prohibitory tariff by the Canadian Government on the other, will, he hopes, make both people see the folly of this prohibition of natural trade. He advocates the Butterworth Bill, which provides for unrestricted reciprocity. The defeat of the Tory party in Canada and the return of the Liberals to power would, without the drawing of a sword, the shedding of a drop of blood, or the expenditure of a single dollar, double the trade area of the United States. The price of the free admission of Canadian goods into American markets is the free admission of United States goods into Canadian markets. Then we shall see the spectacle of one part of the British Empire discriminating against the products and manufactures of the parent country, while admitting those of a commercial rival free of charge. This, he thinks, is possible, although he thinks there is more loyalty in the remotest parts of Canada than there is in London. It will take more than half a century before any practical result in this direction can be accomplished. But if the American Zollverein is once established, Mr. Wiman has no doubt but the close contact with the United States will more and more draw the Canadians into what will in the end be a political embrace.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Grant Allen describes the prickly pear, which is so admirably adapted to survive in the struggle for life, that it has travelled from Mexico all over the civilized world wherever there is any district that resembles its native Mexico. Mr. Speaker Reed replies to X. M. C. on the subject of "The Rules of the House"; and an anonymous Democrat discusses the question at issue between the Speaker and his critics, from the point of view of one that hopes that the present controversy will be that all parties will combine to control the power of the Speaker.

Dean Bradley, of Westminster, describes for the benefit of American readers some of the historical associations, legends, and traditions of Westminster Abbey. The article is an extension of an address which Dean Bradley delivered to the American engineers when they visited London in the summer of last year.

THE ARENA.

The Arena has as a frontispiece a portrait of Dr. Ferdinand C. Valentine, who writes the novelette in the present number. Dr. Valentine is an ex-Surgeon-General of the Army of Honduras; he is a German by birth, and is one of the most voluminous writers of the day.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH.

Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, writes a very optimistic paper concerning "The Economic Future of the New South." He predicts that the Southern States are destined to come to the front. Its people are the most purely English and Scotch of any population in the English-speaking lands. He says the Negro difficulty has passed its worst, that the climatic conditions of the South are the best of any district occupied by our race. The marshy, low-lying district does not cover more than one-tenth of its area. It contains almost unlimited water power, immense timber reserves, and nearly the whole of its surface is fit for tillage. Its mineral wealth is almost inexhaustible; coal and iron lie more closely together, and in greater quantities, than in any other country except China, and when Africa and China come to be opened up, and the Nicaragua Canal is constructed, the Southern States will be the heart and centre of the manufacturing world.

AN AMERICAN ARNOLD WHITE.

A writer, calling himself "Peri Ander," protests against foreign immigration into the United States, much in the same terms as used by Mr. Arnold White when protesting against the immigration of foreign Jews into London. Statistics show, he says, that owing to the influx of immigrants the ratio of Christianity to the total of population is constantly and rapidly diminishing. The instincts of self-preservation demand that, if immigration cannot be sifted, it should be forbidden altogether, at least for a time.

ARE LITERARY WOMEN GOOD WIVES?

Marion Harland is a sensible woman, who, in her magazine articles, says many things that are true, but somehow or other they lack the something that would make them pleasant reading. In her article on "The Domestic Infelicity of Literary Women," she says she thinks there is some truth in the doctrine that households presided over by professional women are subject to peculiar disorders; first, because the woman naturally becomes more absorbed with whatever she has in hand than a man. If she takes to writing she is apt to forget her cookery in abandoning herself to the luxury of correcting her proofs. Then most husbands do not like to see their wives tower above and overshadow them, and a woman who feels herself superior to a man she has married is indisposed to render him the obedience which he claims as his right. Then, again, if a woman writes she must have time to do it in, which can only be taken out of the time devoted, in cases of non-literary women, to the duties of the home and society. Marion Harland's conclusion is that there are some, and she even says "not a few," men who are strong, brave, and good enough to marry a woman of genius, without the risk of heartbreak to one and lifebreak to both.

A GREAT ADVOCATE.

The prevailing note of the *Arena* is a slight straining after effect, such as that which leads the writer who some time ago almost deified Lord Beaconsfield, to describe Mr.

Rufus Choate as "an inspired advocate." The following passage, it is to be hoped, will not lead any of our barristers to attempt to practise this hypnotic art:—

The secret of his winning so many cases no doubt lay in this—that he argued everything as if his own life depended on the issue. You forgot at times the client. You felt: "If this wonderful, writhing, suffering man of genius does not win this case, he will go mad, take to drink, or commit suicide. The life of this glorious creature is at stake!" And it was after he had made his appeals to the understanding that he commenced his mesmerism, or what one of his admirers has called his "magical mystery."

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS.

This is a series of short papers contributed by various writers. The Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, writing on working girls, touches one very important phase of this great social problem when he says that the temptations of the working girl are largely produced by the products of loneliness. A Christianity which does not bear fruit in friendliness and sympathy is very like a barren figtree. The Rev. Hugh Pentecost predicts that our industrial system will not last fifty years longer. The system is economically unstable, the farmers are becoming mere tenants at will of the capitalists, and Mr. Pentecost fears that improvement will come through revolution. The Rev. Henry Blanchard tells a story of two extraordinary dreams, one in which a man who was killed at Gettysburg saw himself shot in the stomach the night before. He actually was killed in this manner, and a lady in Maine had come to the house of his brother in Portland some days before and stated that not only had she seen him die, but described minutely all the circumstances connected with placing his body in the coffin that it might be interred. He commends the story to the attention of the Psychical Research Society.

TIMEHRI.

THE June number of the *Timehri*, which is the journal of the Royal Agricultural and Commercial Society of British Guiana, has just reached me. Its articles are chiefly devoted to the sugar industry, gold-digging, and local topographical subjects: there are, however, three of more general interest, viz., Mr. Rodway's paper on "Charles Waterton and his Demerara Friend, Charles Edmundstone"; the Rev. D. J. Reynolds' account of "Jamaica Proverbial Philosophy," from which I give extracts elsewhere; and Mr. Porter's "Prophecy as to the Future Development of South America."

A GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.

Mr. Porter describes the project of the Colombia Company, which, with a capital of twenty millions sterling, starts from Cartagena in the north, and runs south to Peru and the Argentine Republic. It is the greatest rail-roading project ever undertaken, and will link together in one continuous chain all the countries of the New World from Ottawa to Buenos Ayres, and bring New York within twelve days of Valparaiso. If the writer be correct in stating that at Cerro de Posio there lie uncovered ranges of silver ores estimated to produce forty-two thousand tons of pure silver, which cannot be developed until the railway is made, the new Central South American main line ought

to do pretty considerable business when it gets well opened.

A CURIOUS VIOLONCELLO.

The account of the British Guiana gold-diggings mentions that the diggers spend Sunday in reading the *War Cry*, and have achieved remarkable success in constructing a violoncello out of the following materials:—

A piece of strong, pliable wood, about three feet long, is bent into a half-circle by means of a piece of stout whipcord. An ordinary fiddle bow is made of wood and thread, and both the thread and whipcord are thoroughly waxed with a little of the soft sealing wax off the top of a gin flask. An empty paraffin can is next obtained, to be used as a sounding board. The performer sits holding the bent wood, one end resting on his left shoulder, and one on the paraffin tin, bracing the whole and holding it in position with his left leg. The bow is held in the right hand, and by drawing it across the whipcord a good, well-toned sound is obtained, very similar to the note of a violoncello. The notes are obtained by holding the whipcord between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, fingering up and down the single string. With this primitive instrument really wonderful results can be obtained, and to hear the men playing it on Sundays, to accompany their hymns, quite reminds one of church. Its resonance is indeed remarkable.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

THE first number of a new quarterly reaches me from Philadelphia. It is published at a dollar a number, or three dollars a year, and five dollars with the supplement. It is edited by Mr. Edmund J. James, and the contents are very solid and instructive. The first article is by M. J. G. Bourinot, which appeared in the *Scottish Review* on this side of the Atlantic.

RETRIBUTION WITH A VENGEANCE.

The second article, by Mr. Patten, discusses the decay of state and local government in the United States. Mr. Patten is a very revolutionist, as may be inferred from the fact that he would abolish all the existing boundaries between the states. He maintains that the true principle on which to reform the Government is by substituting small homogeneous states inhabited by people of common sentiments and views, in place of the present vast conglomeration of discordant elements which are bound together within the arbitrary lines of the existing states.

Should the American people act upon this plan and create natural boundaries for each state, the vitality of state and local governments can be restored and the power of national parties in state and local affairs materially diminished, if not destroyed.

He would also give the great cities an autonomy equal, or nearly so, to that of the states.

A PLEA FOR MALTHUS.

Mr. J. B. Clark writes on the Law of Wages and Interest. Mr. Clark's view is that—

Slow growth of population and quick growth of capital afford the conditions of rapidly increasing welfare for the working class. Neomalthusianism is to play one important part in the economic study of the future; and a study of the conditions that favour the growth of capital is to play another. The primary element in the wage problem is still

that of the amount of productive wealth in existence as compared with the number of men who are to live by the labour that co-operates with it. Man needs to subdue the earth rapidly, and to replenish it more slowly.

We treat elsewhere the most remarkable article in the "Annals" which describes the new system of charging railway fares in Hungary.

THE STUDIES AT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. Rowe publishes a compilation which will be very interesting to university men, in which he sets forth the number of hours per week devoted to various subjects at the leading German universities. The following table contains more information upon the German universities than could probably be pressed into the same space in any publication in the English language:—

	Number of Instructors.			Hours per week in each subject.																		TOTAL.		
	Ordinary Professors.	Extraordinary ditto.	Docten.	International Law.			General Public Law.			Administrative Law.			History, Const., Econ.			General Political Econ.		Prac. Political Econ.		Finance.		Statistics.		
				TOTAL.	International Law.	General Public Law.	Public Law.	Administrative Law.	History, Const., Econ.	General Political Econ.	Prac. Political Econ.	Finance.	Statistics.	Special Questions.										
Berlin	22	5	8	21	7	13	20	9	24	4	4	4	7	10	102	14	14	24	5	1	1	18	18	18
Bonn	1	—	3	—	—	5	3	5	—	5	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Breslau	4	—	—	4	—	5	3	5	—	5	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Erlangen	3	1	—	4	—	5	6	5	2	6	4	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	2	27
Freiburg	2	2	3	—	2	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18
Giessen	2	—	—	2	—	—	5	—	—	—	—	—	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11½
Göttingen	5	—	—	5	—	5	3	—	4	4	4	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	22
Greifswald	2	—	2	2	1	3	3	4	6	4	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	13
Halle	4	2	2	8	—	6	4	2	5	5	—	6	2	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	35
Heidelberg	3	4	1	8	6	5	2	5	2	5	5	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	42
Jena	3	1	—	4	2	—	6	2	—	2	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	21
Kiel	3	1	—	4	2	—	6	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	14
Königsberg	2	1	—	3	—	—	5	4	4	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15
Leipzig	4	2	5	11	5	—	5	3	3	5	5	4	4	1	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	36
Märkburg	4	—	5	11	5	—	5	3	3	5	5	4	4	4	1	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	36
Munich	5	—	2	7	4	10	4	—	10	4	—	4	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	37
Münster	1	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	3
Rostock	2	—	2	—	—	1	—	—	—	4	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	8
Strassburg	3	—	3	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	5	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	11
Tübingen	6	—	6	3	3	4	2	1	5	—	—	4	3	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30
Würzburg	1	—	1	—	—	5	3	—	—	5	5	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9
Czernowitz	2	1	2	5	3	—	4	—	—	5	5	—	2	7	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26
Graz	2	1	2	5	—	6	4	—	4	4	4	3	—	—	8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29
Innsbruck	2	1	4	—	5	3	—	—	5	3	—	2	6	—	—	—	7½	—	—	—	—	—	—	24
Prague	4	2	1	7	3	3	5	8	3	10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	39½	
Vienna	5	2	8	15	5	8	—	—	10	—	—	4	6	15	58	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Basel	1	—	1	—	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	1	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	20
Bern	2	1	—	3	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	10
Zürich	2	—	2	—	—	5	—	—	3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9
Dorpat	3	—	2	5	3	3	—	4	—	6	—	4	—	4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	20
TOTAL	91	27	35	153	45	64	113	86	50	113	66	66	32	106	742									

THE PROVINCE OF SOCIOLOGY.

The only other article which calls for attention is Mr. F. H. Giddings' paper on the "Province of Sociology." Sociology, he says, is the explanation of social phenomena in terms of natural causation:—

Specifically, it is an interpretation in terms of psychical activity, organic adjustment, natural selection, and conservation of energy. As such, it may be less than a demonstrative science, if the experimental sciences be taken as the standard; but we cannot admit that it is only a descriptive science, as contended by those French sociologists who hold closely to the philosophy of Comte. It is strictly an explanatory science, fortifying induction by deduction, and referring effects to veritable causes.

OUR DAY.

In *Our Day* for August there are as usual many good solid articles. The first is a rather startling paper by the Nun of Kenmare, who maintains that there is much closer connection between Rome and Rum than even our most vehement Protestants would be inclined to assert. Cardinal Manning and Archbishop Walsh, who are two of the most thorough-going temperance reformers in Great Britain and Ireland, would shudder with horror at the state of things which Miss Cusack declares is almost universal in the United States. She says that New York is at present so absolutely under the control of Rome that it might well be called New Rome. Its government, however, is controlled by rum-sellers, who, so long as they are willing to subsidize the Archbishop and fight for the Pope, may run all the haunts of vice they please, and ruin all the souls they will. She declares that Father Matthew, instead of being helped by Rome, encountered secret opposition of the most cruel kind, and passed the latter part of his life in sad and neglected obscurity. Miss Cusack further thinks that Rome has invariably persecuted during life every one of the saints she has canonized after their death. No doubt this is true, not only of the Church of Rome but of all Churches. The fundamental truth of the Christian religion, which was laid down by the martyr Stephen in a discourse which procured him summary execution, was little more than a historical demonstration of the fact that the orthodox always persecute and sometimes murder the heretics to whom the Almighty invariably entrusts his latest message to mankind. President Rankin discusses the ethical training of the Afro-American youth. The Rev. L. S. Bean gives some rather ugly statistics in a brief paper on "Cause and Cure of Lax Divorce." The chief point of his paper is that where divorce has multiplied, instead of there being a diminution of immorality, illegitimacy has doubled, and crimes against chastity, morality, and decency have increased threefold. Ex-President Magoun discusses the recent Wisconsin decision banishing the Bible from the schools as a sectarian book, and the same subject is dealt with in a review of Dr. McAtee's pamphlet "Must the Bible Go?" The Boston Monday lectures, which are now in their fifteenth session, deal with fraudulent elections in the north and south, and sets forth in Dr. Cook's incisive fashion the extent to which the essential principles of democracy are violated in their innermost sanctuary. There is an undertone in Dr. Cook's lectures which reminds us that the issues which the war was supposed to have settled can by no means be ignored as possible sources of future trouble to the American Republic. In the "Questions to Specialists," Mr. Robert Rae, Secretary of the National Temperance League, describes the methods which have been the most successful in England in advancing the cause of temperance in the medical profession, and the Rev. W. H. Crafts, of New York, sets forth the precedents of the Federal Government favourable to the National Sunday Rest Law, and explains the efforts which are being made in Chicago, and elsewhere, to make Sunday rest a test question in politics.

CARDINAL NEWMAN IN THE MAGAZINES.

Mr. C. KEGAN PAUL, writing a brief article on Cardinal Newman in the *New Review*, asserts that he has continued, even in retirement, to exercise an influence on men. "He really died long since, his work has long been over," writes one. How little they know who thus speak! No intellectual conversion in England or America has taken place in these twenty years of his retirement wherein he has not borne a part, and when converts flew as doves to the windows, his has been the hand which drew them in.

In *Tinsley's Magazine*, Mr. C. J. Ward, M.A., writes on the Cardinal from the point of view of an Anglican who rejoices to believe that Cardinal Newman taught us the true Apostolic claims of the national religion, and taught us the lesson so thoroughly that even his own departure has not lessened the effect of his instruction.

There is an excellent portrait of Cardinal Newman in the *Lamp*, from a photograph by an amateur photographer, which I reproduce in the "Progress of the World."

The *Pateroster Review*, whose forthcoming appearance I announced last month, is edited, projected, and published entirely by pupils of Cardinal Newman. The first number, which will appear about the third week of September, will contain an article on Cardinal Newman, from the pen of Father Lockhart, who was with him at Littlemore, when he was in the crisis of his fate. The *Pateroster Review* will not, however, be in any sense a sectarian publication, and among the writers who have promised to contribute are many of all shades of religious belief. The first number will contain, in addition to Father Lockhart's article, a paper by the Marquis of Ripon, on "How we are Transforming India." To the second number M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire has promised to begin the African series by an important article, entitled "Why I took Tunis." The office is 11, Clement's Inn, Strand, W.C.

Merry England devotes the whole of the September number to the "Sayings of Cardinal Newman." The editor says:—

An admirer of Cardinal Newman has here brought together, for the benefit of readers who have not files of the Catholic newspapers for the last forty years, the reports therein given, from time to time, of occurrences of interest in the life of the Cardinal, and of addresses delivered by him in connection with them. These are merely newspaper gleanings; but, even so, they will be welcome to many in a form handier than that of some twenty unwieldy volumes. Nor is any apology needed at such a time for reprinting what is part and parcel of the history of the Church of England during forty years.

It is also illustrated by a portrait of the Cardinal.

Mr. Kineton Parkes, in *Igdrasil*, writing some brief reminiscences of Cardinal Newman, describes his lying-in-state. He says:—

The body was placed on a bier, with the head towards the high altar. It was clothed in the purple, lace-edged vestments of his rank. On the hands were gloves, and the feet were covered by red shoes. At his feet was placed his cardinal's hat, with its long tassels, and lower down his biretta, and on his head the mitre, below which a few grey hairs were visible. The face alone remained uncovered, and was beautiful indeed. The mouth and eyes were closed as in peaceful sleep, and in the face of the dead there seemed no death. All the lines from the face had gone, and the flesh seemed as of warm ivory, for no ghastly pallor of death was there. As I looked upon it I felt that prayers for the repose of such a soul were superfluous, for repose was assured.

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINES.

Monthly Musical Record.

Beethoven's Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin.
By Fr. Niecks.
The Pianoforte Teacher. By E. Pauer.
The Organ Works of J. S. Bach.
Music. "Romance." By J. F. Barnett.

Nonconformist Musical Journal.

Music for the Masses.
Music in the Scottish Churches.
Music at the Countess of Huntingdon's
Church, North Street, Brighton.
Chit-chat on Hymn Tunes. By F. G. Edwards.
Why, How, and What do we Sing?
The Chicago Organ.

Musical Opinion.

The Guitar: Its Position as a Musical Instrument. By F. M. Harrison.
Notes on the Lesser-known Oratorios.—
"Joshua."
The Principles of Music. By Dr. Henry Hiles.
English Hymn Tunes, from 16th Century to Present Time.
Through the Music Annex at the Royal Military Exhibition.
Music in Scotland.
Notes from Naples. By Antonio Mirica.

Magazine of Music.

Mrs. Clara Novello Davies. Biography and
Portrait.
Max Hombourg in London. With Portrait.
Our Musical Tour. Concluded.
Bülow's Reading of Beethoven.
In a Cathedral Close.
Musicians in Council.
Mr. Henry Leslie.

Musical Herald.

Roland Rogers, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Biography and
Portrait.
Musical Benefit Societies.
Drawing-room Singing Classes.
How to Practise the Violin.
Leeds Parish Church Choir.
Church Choir Training.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

The Military School of Music, Kneller Hall.
(Illus.) J. Cuthbert Hadden.

Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Stories of Two Famous Singers.

Centennial. June.

Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. James Green.

Gartenlaube. Part VIII.

The Weber Monument at Eutin. (Illus.)

Little Folks.

Who was Ole Bull?

Newbery House Magazine. September.

Ecclesiastical Music in the Middle Ages. W. J. Birkbeck.

Schorer's Familienblatt. Part XII.

Emil Goetze, Tenor; with portrait. A. L. simple. Robert Franz, Composer of Songs; with portrait. E. Golling.

Ueber Land und Meer. Part I.

The Weber Monument at Eutin. (Illus.) R. Hellwig.

Woman's World.

Madame Albani at Home. (Illus.) F. Dolman.

The Musical Record believes in the "to be continued" form of article. This month the three leading papers are all portions of a series. Fr. Niecks concludes his admirable critical analysis of "Beethoven's Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin"; and Herr Pauer still continues to give advice to the pianoforte teacher as to the selection of classical and modern pieces with regard to difficulty, and suggestions as to their performance. These papers should be read and carefully studied by all who are engaged in teaching music to the young. Herr Pauer is not only an able musician, he is a capital writer, and those who follow him may be sure they are following a good model.

Mr. Minshall, in the *Nonconformist Musical Journal*, pleads with the churches to do something in the way of regularly providing a musical entertainment for the masses. The larger churches, such as Dr. Parker's and Dr. Allon's at Islington, are already doing good work in this direction; but Mr. Minshall contends that in every Nonconformist congregation there is enough musical material to provide at least a monthly concert for the poor of its district. "There are a few narrow-minded people who believe that it is no part of our church work to provide recreation in any form. But while people need a little entertainment to brighten their lives, and so long as the devil provides that which is injurious, it seems to us to be a truly Christian work to supply a counter attraction that is not merely innocent, but refining in its tendency."

The article on English Hymn Tunes in this month's *Musical Opinion* deals with the compositions of Sir John Stainer, Mr. Barnby, and Dr. Dykes. The latter, whose name has been recently recalled to many by his popular setting of Newman's "Lead, kindly light," wrote, it seems, more than three hundred tunes, many of which are still in manuscript. Two excellent hymn tunes are here set down in print for the first time, and we gather that there is some likelihood (a certainty, should funds be forthcoming) of a memorial volume being published which would contain all of the composer's work that has not yet seen the light. Dykes's advice to young musicians was—"Write from the heart and your music will live." Mr. F. M. Harrison enters a strong plea for the guitar. It is a mistake to imagine that this instrument is only adapted to vocal accompaniment. As a solo instrument, in the hands of an artist, it is "superb," and proves itself capable of many charming effects. In combination with other instruments it can also be well employed.

The *Magazine of Music* is this month rich in biography. There is a particularly interesting sketch of Mr. Henry Leslie, so long associated with the famous choir bearing his name. The series of articles on Bülow's reading of Beethoven should prove valuable to pianists who desire to play the sonatas and other great works of the master in the best possible manner. As a man, Bülow is loved so little that Goldsmith has been parodied for him in this fashion: "Man wants but little Herr Bülow, nor wants that little long;" but as a musician his ideals are high, and one more learned in the classics does not exist anywhere to-day.

A great deal of interest seems to have been excited by the statement in a recent number of the *Musical Herald* that the Birmingham Festival Choral Society was a beneficial as well as a musical organization. The *Herald's* biography this month is taken up with Dr. Rogers, of Bangor Cathedral, who may be called the father of Welsh organists. At Bangor, it appears, the tithes yield very little for music, and the writer hopes the day will come when the singers, who bring the people to the Cathedral services, will know something of the Apostolic experience, "They had all things in common." While they are paid in tens for continuous work, the canons are paid in hundreds of pounds for intermittent service.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* passes more and more to the rank of an Historical Review. This is not, however, to say that its articles are not full of interest, especially to those readers who are inclined to love France for France's sake. This month gives us "The Egyptian Expedition of 1798," "Paris in 1614," "Studies in the Seventeenth Century," "The Triumph of Joan of Arc," "Prussia after Tilsit." Even friendship must be removed to the eighteenth century, and we get Madame de Choiseul's friend De l'Isle for the subject of a biographical sketch. Nor does landscape escape the retrospective tendency, and a study of Mont St. Michel and its history is added to the series of the Historic Landscapes of France.

NAPOLEON'S EXPEDITION TO EGYPT.

The Memoirs of Napoleon's Expedition to Egypt, by Colonel Vigo Roussillon, will especially interest English readers, for the testimony which they bear to what we are accustomed to count among the good reserve qualities of our race. Colonel Roussillon accompanied the expedition, and the story, as it is reproduced in the *Revue*, is literally transcribed from the graphic pages of his diary. It is a terrible indictment against the personal humanity of Napoleon, who abandoned his wounded with the utmost cynicism. The English commanders, on the contrary, did all they could do for them. At the taking of St. Jean d'Acre 200 men of Lannes' division were saved from massacre solely by the energetic interference of the English naval commander, who claimed them as his prisoners. When the French wounded knew that they were to be abandoned at Jaffa, all who could in any way exert themselves endeavoured desperately to follow the retreating army. Among them was an officer who had lost his leg, and who was accompanied by his wife. Leaning upon her arm he endeavoured, with the help of a stick, to make his way along the seashore. At the end of the third day his strength broke down, and he entreated his wife to abandon him. She naturally refused, and for several days they kept themselves alive by feeding on crabs which she was able to catch. They had arrived almost at the limits of endurance, and were renouncing hope, when an English gunboat passed. The speck upon the shore was noticed, a boat's crew came ashore, and the unfortunate pair were taken on board, where they were nursed with the utmost tenderness, and conveyed safely to Damietta. The story, when it became known in the French Army, was generally accepted as proof of the truth of the report that Sir Sydney Smith had offered to transport the French sick and wounded by sea to a place of safety, and that Napoleon had refused the offer. It was commonly believed in the French Army that Napoleon had ordered the head of the medical staff, M. Desgenettes, to poison with opium all those sick and wounded who "would not have been able, even had they recovered, to render any further service to the General-in-Chief." M. Desgenettes refused, declaring that his business was to cure, and not to kill. Napoleon left them to the tender mercy of the Turk. The memoir is one for the members of the Peace Society to take extracts from. The light it throws upon the sheer horrors of war is perhaps salutary as well as terrible.

MOLIERE AS A NATURALIST.

Lovers of literature, and especially of good French literature, will welcome M. Brunetière's continuation of "Studies in the Seventeenth Century." This is how he approaches Molière:—"Naturalist or Realist, what the comedy of Molière preaches in every way by its defects as much as by its qualities, is the imitation of Nature, and the great lesson—at once moral and aesthetic—which it teaches, is that we must submit and, if we can, conform ourselves to Nature." What "comedy," "preach," "teach"? A certain class of critic raises his head at once, and declares that the function of comedy is to entertain. "I don't want preaching and teaching when I go to see a comedy; I want to be made to laugh." But the real lovers of Molière will none the less recognize with M. Brunetière that of all the methods of exciting laughter there was one which Molière preferred. It was "to amuse us at the expense of conventionalities and prejudices bowled over by the irresistible power of Nature." Hence his satire is directed not so much against the natural vices as against the shams and pretensions. His victims are the blue-stockings, the pedants and the princes, the ridiculous marquises, the bourgeois, who want to be gentlemen, the housewives who pose as philosophers, the Tartuffes, the Jourdains and the Philamantes, the Arsinoes, the Acastes, and the Madelons. "All those in fact who insist upon dressing up Nature, who to distinguish themselves begin by leaving her ranks, and who, flattering themselves that they are stronger and cleverer than she, have had the pretension to govern and reduce her." And inversely, with what sympathy he treats those who follow Nature! On their side we always find truth, good sense, honesty, and virtue; and on the other side ridicule, pretension, folly, and hypocrisy. M. Brunetière asks triumphantly if the lesson is not clear enough? So clear that one cannot help wishing that we might send some of the modern naturalistic school back to the benches of the sympathetic old master. Molière gives us real Nature, not a hideous distortion under the microscope.

A FRENCH VIEW OF LIVERPOOL.

An article which is headed "Liverpool," but is really on the social question as it presents itself at Liverpool, is written by M. Julian Decrais, with the expressed intention of demonstrating to the readers of the *Revue* "how class difficulties are avoided if not entirely done away with in a great English town, and especially of bringing forward the advantages of private initiative in an age in which it has become the fashion to call at every moment upon the State for intervention which is generally useless." The value and importance of private initiative as an element of English national life has evidently impressed M. Decrais very much. The first half of his article consists entirely of descriptions of the principal institutions and associations with which he has become acquainted in Liverpool. Sailors' Homes, Temperance Unions, Licensed Victuallers' Associations, come in amongst more important institutions for their share of attention, and after giving some idea of the immense wealth, energy, and influence which is represented by "Societies" in England, M. Decrais goes on

to describe, in the second half of his article, the course of the dockers' strike. If it is good to see ourselves as others see us, M. Decrais reminds us that the process may sometimes be even pleasant. He insists a good deal on the order and the sense of justice which prevailed, and finds the "mute protestation of English labour singularly instructive. When one witnesses on the spot in England the thousands of incidents which constitute the national life of a free people it is impossible not to be struck by the calm, by the high tone, by the serenity which characterize them. On both sides it is as it were a scientific debate, a complicated problem of which the solution is sought with a patience and perseverance worthy of all praise." "Violence," said one of the dock labourers, "would cause us to lose the fruit of many years of effort, and we cannot afford it." It is interesting to find a French critic entering into the real spirit of English life, and passing, as foreigners so rarely do, beyond London to the great provincial towns. If this sort of intercourse could be mutual, France and England would have much to gain from one another; and it is not beyond the limits of legitimate hope that daily-increasing means of communication may make it mutual.

SOCIAL REFORM IN PRUSSIA.

The initiation of social reform in Prussia after Tilsit forms the subject of one of the interesting historical articles of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is in reading history by the help of these side-lights that it becomes possible to estimate what progress has really been made even within the last century in the direction of equalizing to some extent the material lot of the industrious and respectable. But the thought which will probably present itself just at this moment in connection with the state of things existing in Central Europe in 1807 is the vexed question of the Jews in Russia. Is it possible, one is inclined to ask, that Russian feeling is just a century behind Germany? Anyhow, between the treatment which common opinion seems to consider good enough for a Jew now in Russia and the treatment which common opinion accorded to the native peasants in Germany eighty years ago there seems little to choose.

THE NAVAL TACTICS OF THE FUTURE.

An unsigned article, upon "Naval Tactics," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is among the principal articles of the month. The first question for consideration will be the composition of the fleet. He fixes it at twelve ironclads, six cruisers of from 3,000 to 5,000 tons, six gunboats of from 400 to 1,200 tons, and twelve sea-going torpedo boats of from 100 to 150 tons. The heavy vessels must save their fuel, and put as much work as possible on the light craft. To keep touch with the enemy from the moment that hostilities commence, the duty must be entrusted to a light division which shall have for its nucleus either a fast-going ironclad well provided with coal, or a big armoured cruiser able to hold its own in case of attack. This cruiser will send one of its lighter vessels in turn three or four times a day to the nearest semaphore or neutral port in order to keep the admiral in command well informed of the enemy's movements. Not a little of the glory of the naval warfare of the future will apparently belong to these light divisions. The group, instead of the single vessel, must become the naval unit in manoeuvres, but responsibility must be given to the commanders of groups, and they must learn to work with, as well as for, the entire force.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE

FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO LAKE TCHAD.

The *Nouvelle Revue*, always up to date, has, of course, an article on the Trans-Saharan railway scheme. The writer warmly espouses the views expressed the other day by Mr. Stanley. France must construct a railway, and construct it soon. The moment for action has arrived. The economic future of France is, more or less, entirely involved, and her political importance is no less concerned. Financially, scientifically, diplomatically, the way has been cleared. The great objection to the scheme lies in its name. The Soudan causes everyone to think of Tonquin, of Dahomey, of distant and fruitless expeditions. But there is no true parallel. The base of the project must be Algeria—the goal, Lake Tchad. The topographical conditions are shown to indicate this unmistakably. Lake Tchad is the "enviable port" of French African enterprise. "In order to enter it it is enough to reach the plateau of Ahir in the centre of the zone of influence which Her Britannic Majesty is good enough to recognize as ours. Masters of this point, we hold the African continent strategically from the Equator to the Mediterranean. We cover the Niger and Timbuctoo. Our Senegal will not have to wait long before we join hands with it." The tide of Eastern and Western Islamism, which at present flows undisturbed across North Africa, will also, it is urged, be broken by the establishment of French influence in a Northern and Southern line, and the new force of the Senoussiya be thus prevented from communicating itself to the Mahometans of Morocco. The commercial advantages of the railway are of course made the most of. But possible alternatives for the direction of the line seem numerous enough to be likely to keep the construction yet a long time from the range of practical enterprise.

ARMY AND NAVY.

At this time of the year we are bound to hear a good deal about manoeuvres—naval and military—and it is not without a touch of that philosophy with which the misfortunes of neighbours are said to be universally borne, that we find the following extract in the Commandant Z—'s diary of the French evolutions:—"At Brest discovery is made which is significant of the carelessness of the administration of the navy. The first coaling of the squadron has exhausted the provision of coal in the harbour. The magazines only contain a three days' supply." The Commandant goes on to point the moral with the simplicity which usually characterizes his criticisms of the powers that be. The harbour of Brest is the only solid base of operations for the Northern Squadron. It ought evidently to be provided with coal for six months, and it had only enough for a fortnight. Are the authorities waiting, it is ironically suggested, for a declaration of war, in order that the railways may be thoroughly encumbered before they begin to supply their harbours with coal? Precisely such accidents as these are among the chapter of chances which our own scheme of naval manoeuvres has so carefully excluded this year from consideration. Nevertheless, it is doubtless a better principle to act in theory as though all possible adversaries were incapable of committing mistakes. An article by Q—Q— on "Autumn Manoeuvres," a review of five military books, and an article on "Mediaeval Cavalry," claim an unusually large proportion of the space of the *Revue* for martial subjects this month.

THE SPANISH, DUTCH, AND WELSH REVIEWS.

THE SPANISH REVIEWS.

THE *Revista Ibero-Americana* for August gives us the conclusion of "The Spanish Woman," by Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán, and all readers will regret to part with her: as Mrs. Cuninghame Graham says in the same number of the *Revista*: "Emilia Pardo Bazán is the greatest of Spanish writers, perhaps the greatest of living European writers; certainly, in England no woman can be named who comes nigh her." Doña Emilia concludes her study of "The Spanish Woman" by giving us a picture of a department of Spanish life in which the aristocracy, the middle class, and the people live in common. "I refer to the nuns. Although there are special convents for noble novices, to some of which admission is only granted to those who can boast of four quarterings, yet it is true that in many convents the rich and noble lady, who has taken the veil by a religious impulse, or because of disappointed love, will be found praying in the convent chapel side by side with the lowly domestic who has had to depend on charity to enable her to bring the dowry necessary for a 'Bride of Christ.' The nuns of Spain are suffering a transformation. The classical nun of old, who passed her time in contemplation or in singing more or less through the nose, making sweetmeats, pin-cushions, and dressing wax dolls, is giving place to the modern sister, who is given to such practical good works as helping the poor and educating girls." "In Spain it is the common people more than any other that preserves the national character—and the purest moral and physical of these types are found especially among the women." The examples which Doña Emilia gives of the women of Barcelona, the mill-hands of Cataluña, the *chulas* of Madrid, the *cigarreras* of Seville, and the women of the Guipuzcoas, are as brilliant as they are true—as may be seen by what she dares to say of the gay, good-tempered human but naughty *chula*. "Throughout the length and breadth of Spain women help the men in agricultural labour, for the equality of the sexes, though denied by the written code, is established by the poverty of the peasant and the farmer." "In Galicia, women may be seen in delicate health, or with children at their breasts, digging, sowing grain, or cutting grass." "The poor home of the needy peasant woman where food and firing are wanting, and where rain and storm beat in, is nearly always empty. Its mistress has been emancipated by an eternal, merciless, and deaf liberator, called Necessity." We sincerely trust that Doña Emilia will write again soon. It is announced among the literary notices of the *Revista* that Doña Emilia's last story, recently published, is called "A Christian Woman." There is a long readable article by Mrs. Cuninghame Graham on "Spain," which deals generously with such

favourite themes as "Prisoners," "Police," "Beggars," "Lodging Houses," "Domestic Life," "Spanish Character," "Modern Literature," &c. A well-known anecdote at starting tells us what to expect from Mrs. Graham. "Adam, tired of Paradise, asked permission to visit the earth again, even if only for a few hours. He was told that he would find everything changed. 'No matter,' said Adam, 'I want to go.' He found England a workshop. Even the face of Nature was changed. Neither France, Italy, nor Germany evoked a single recollection. All was changed. 'To the south, then, like the swallows; let us to Spain.' On reaching the fertile plains of Valencia and Murcia, Adam exclaimed in ecstasy, 'This is the true land that I know. Beneath this olive tree I can sit—find repose—and begin again to name the animals, male and female, after their kind.' A foreigner ventured to tell this story at an evening party in Madrid, when a distinguished Spaniard, who was there, formulated the opinion of all present by saying, 'Yes, sir, Adam was right, Spain is Paradise.'" Translations from the French of Zola's "Balzac," a story by Alfonse Daudet, and an essay by Victor Cherbuliez make up a very good number of the *Revista Ibero-Americana*.

The *Revista Contemporanea* is more cheerful this month than the last, although its gayest article is a hundred years old, but it is by the sprightly Countess D'Aulnoy. Her description of the Castle of Buitrago, and of the portraits of Princess de Eboli, and Queen Isabel, daughter of Francis II. of France, is most delightful reading; no less is her account of the Archbishop of Buitrago, and the presents he sends her of a monkey and an *olla podrida*. On her way to Madrid she did not find a single house worth looking at, and the one she occupied was so dark that they had to light up in the middle of the day, but there was no candle for her ladyship, nor could one be found even in the church! The Countess was received in Madrid by a kinswoman of hers whom she found in bed, dressed in a lovely chemise, having diamond buttons; the bedstead was equally fine, being made of copper, richly gilt. Dinner was a surprise to her—the men sat at table but the women ate their dinners from a rich cloth spread on the floor. The Countess, when she found her legs aching, her elbows sore, and her temper much ruffled, rose up and refused to dine in that fashion, and was invited to sit with the *hidalgos*, which she did. "The greatest insult you can give a Spaniard is to call him a drunkard." "Here, in Madrid, it matters not how rich you are, if you are not noble." She mixed much in high society, and her descriptions of the men and women whom she met are spirited in the extreme. "In all rich houses the female

members go to prayers at fixed hours, and in general prayer-books are seldom or never used. On one occasion the French Count de Charny was in church holding a prayer-book in his hand, when an old lady, with great indignation, snatched the prayer-book from him, threw it on the ground, and told him to 'leave these things and take to his rosary !' "It is very curious to see how all the great dames are wedded to their rosary; while walking in the street, or playing cards, or making love, they go on counting their beads. But here custom is much more powerful than reason." The article, "Eight Historical Portraits," is disappointing. It is, however, interesting to know that the impostor Fray Luis de Aliaga, who tried to defame the character and work of Cervantes, died in Madrid without honour and abhorred of mankind. We are also told that the Duke de Lerma dropped down dead on being told that the King had made him a cardinal. "The Woman and the Gibbet" is a letter addressed to *Mi buena y complaciente amiga*, Doña Emilia Bazán, on the recent execution of a murdereress. Doña Emilia had expressed her horror of garroting a woman, and "Palmerin de Oliva" calls her a novelist, and tells her in the vulgar tongue to shut up. *Dejad los denuestos que lanzareis a la tierra, y levantad nuestro espíritu hasta el cielo.* "Leave off from these insults which you dart at the country, and raise your spirit heavenwise."

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

DR. BYVANCK, in an article on "Intellectual Epicureanism," discusses Pater's "Appreciations" and "Marius, the Epicurean," and notes, as this author's peculiar characteristic, his fondness for transition periods of thought, both in the nation and the individual. Prof. R. Fruin, after careful consideration of a work by the Abbé Requin, on the existence of a printing-press at Avignon in 1444 (whereas the oldest production of Gutenberg's press at Mainz is dated 1454), pronounces the assertion to be highly improbable and based on insufficient evidence. He thinks it possible, however, that many unsuccessful experiments, with a view to the multiplication of books and the saving of labour in writing, were being carried on simultaneously in various places, and quite independently of each other, about that time. The "Literary Chronicle" is devoted to the work of a German poet, Detlev, Freiherr von Liliencron (who has published two volumes of vigorous work), and contains some interesting remarks on German poetry in general.

Dr. Van Geer, in an article on "National Art," in *Vragen des Tijds*, delivers his soul concerning the "Dutch Opera" at Amsterdam—an institution which, as he affirms, has little or nothing Dutch about it. "The works put on the stage belong to the German, French, or Italian school, apparently without preference for any particular nationality. The text was translated into a language which, it is true, has the same words as the Dutch, but certainly does not agree with the rules of the latter in the construction of its sentences. I am not inclined to give examples of this limitless violation of the laws of language—the *libretto* of every opera can furnish them in abundance. Neither was there anything 'national' to be seen in the representation—

German and Flemish speakers, by their pronunciation and diction, mercilessly completed the ruin of the little Dutch remaining in the text. There was no lack, however, of advertisements, and other means for the furtherance of art. Both the works produced and the manner of their production were extolled to the skies in the daily papers; if now and then serious voices were raised in opposition, they were speedily silenced. In order to form an independent judgment, I went, last winter, to the Park Theatre, when one of the best pieces in the *répertoire* was being executed by the best performers. But it was impossible to sit out the performance. The abominable dialect in which the spoken part was delivered, was in itself an insuperable obstacle to any artistic enjoyment. Added to this, the orchestra was incomplete, and the place of the deficient instruments was supplied by a piano which was not in tune with the remaining ones. The singers had in some wonderful way learnt to keep some sort of time between the two, and fought their way through all these difficulties with a certain amount of dexterity. Moreover, the direction left everything to be desired in the matter of a refined conception of art, so that it was only the cruder parts of the work that were treated with anything like justice. Were circumstances peculiarly unfavourable on the occasion of my visit? I can scarcely assume that, as the daily papers praised this performance in the same extravagant way as all the rest."

He maintains that musical and dramatic institutions cannot at the same time be self-supporting and maintain a high level of art. State or private subsidies will therefore be necessary—as well as the most strenuous efforts to awaken and train the artistic sense of the nation.

SOME WELSH MAGAZINES.

THE most noticeable feature in *Cymru Fydd* is a collection of unusually happy translations into Welsh of some of Heine's exquisite German songs. The translator, Professor J. Morris Jones, of Bangor University College, directs attention to the fact that much of Heine's poetry bears in its character a Celtic colouring, and that several of his lines are almost perfect illustrations of the stringent alliterative rules of Welsh poetry. Thirteen selections are given from *Buch der Lieder*, and four from the *Neue Gedichte*. Mr. Owen M. Edwards supplements the collection with an English translation of one of the selections, thus:—

WIE DES MONDES ABBILD ZITTERT.

As the moon's pale image trembles,
When on wild sea waves it lies,
While itself in quiet splendour
Sails through cloudless skies;
So dost thou, beloved, wander
Through that pure calm world of thine,
While thine image trembles ever
On this heart of mine.

Y Geninen, the leading Welsh quarterly, has taken a new departure in the issue of occasional special numbers. The latest of these is called *The Eisteddfodic Leek*, and contains a number of prize compositions at various Eisteddfodau,—a characteristic national institution in Wales, consisting of competitions in literature, music, and art. It is unfortunate that this first issue of the kind should be almost exclusively devoted to poetry, the only prose composition in the number being a prize essay by Lady Llanover on "The Retention of the Welsh Language and National Dress."

THE BELGIAN REVIEWS.

Revue de Belgique.

Private Letters. A Study in Copyright. By Edouard Romberg.

A Lesson in Geology. By Xavier de Reul.

Réveil: A Novel. By Fritz Lutens.

The Breathing of Plants. By Leo Errera.

The Sinai. (A Traveller's *souvenirs*). By G. de Lombory.

Revue Générale.

The Ruling of Labour and the International Conference at Berlin. By A. t'Kint de Roodenbeke.

The Relief of Emin Pasha. By Ph. Gilbert.

An Extraordinary Story. By Conrad de Buisseret.

La Savoie. By Charles Buet.

The Romance of a Poor Girl. By Etienne Marcel.

La Société Nouvelle.

The Hunger Riots under the French Revolution—Babouivism. By Georges Meury.

Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly. By Jules Destrée.

The Men Shot at Mechlin. By Georges Eckhoud.

The Mysteries of Exchange. By F. Borde.

Letters from Parisian Nihilists, etc. By F. Nautelet.

Faith, Force, and Reason. By F. Brouez.

The Social Movement. By C. de Paepe.

In the *Revue de Belgique*, Mr. Edouard Romberg, the *protagonist* and first secretary-general of the International Copyright Congress held in Brussels in 1858, discourses on "private letters" copyright (lettres missives). After giving a short description of the various opinions expressed by the authorities who have studied the question, Mr. Romberg puts down briefly the practice of the various European Legislatures and the principal decisions of their courts. From this it would appear that but few countries have solved the legal difficulties of "private letters" copyright. After this really clever *thesis*, the *Revue de Belgique* gives a childish lesson on geology, by Xavier de Reul; mere food for babes, with not one new idea, good at most for a primer in a Board school. Under the title, "The Breathing of Plants," the *Revue de Belgique* gives a fragment from one of Mr. Errera's new books on experimental physiology. Again food for babes. Not a scholar at a working man's college but knows as much about the breathing of plants as is set down here as something "new and strange."

The *Revue Générale* must surely be satisfied with the Baron A. t'Kint de Roodenbeke's paper, entitled "The Ruling of Labour, and the International Conference of Berlin." The worthy Baron is only doing over again what hundreds have done before him, and is doing it worse. Not a new idea, no new solution, nothing but words and vain repetitions. The same observations apply to an article on "The Relief of Emin Pasha," by Ph. Gilbert, which is a clumsy assemblage of excerpts from Stanley's work, either acknowledged as such or not. "Histoire extraordinaire" (an extraordinary story), by the Count Conrad de Buisseret, deserves a word of praise. His Lord Bampton has the merit of being typical without leaning to caricature. A paper we should like to quote from, were it not too closely dovetailed to bear taking to fragments, is "La Savoie," by Charles Buet. "La Savoie" is little known, as compared with Switzerland, which it often more than rivals for beauty.

La Société Nouvelle would be interesting were it only to contain the continuation of Mr. Georges Eckhoud's novel, "The Men Shot at Mechlin." I wonder whether such clever historical romances are not the best historical food to give to the people after all. In "Mysteries of Exchanges" Mr. F. Borde shows he is not acquainted with those mysteries at all. He must have been an outsider "all the days of his life." The mysteries of the Royal Exchange in London, for instance, are not to be gathered in culling spicy extracts in books relating to banking and stock-broking. It is a pity Mr. Jules Destrée could not have allowed Jules Barbey d'Aurevilly to rest in peace for a while. What need had he to illustrate again the motto: "Save me from my friends"? His paper is ostentatiously written to avenge d'Aurevilly from the following attack of an unknown journalist: "Why this glorious halo and triumph at the funeral of this dead man? After all, his talent has been much overrated! Did he not die POOR? And why? Because he would never lift himself up to the height of his century (age) . . ." Now Mr. Destrée, far from giving the impression that these uncouth sentences wronged the object of his praise, goes out of his way to prove that Victor Hugo was, after all, not calumniating the man who despised his poetry, when he wrote in a moment of anger the oft-quoted verse:

"Barbey d'Aurevilly, formidable imbecile!"

In "Babouivism" Mr. George Meury continues his historical studies on the "Hunger Riots" of the French Revolution. This month's contribution of his presents a paramount interest as it deals with the *Directoire*, when there was, side by side with the greatest *material refinement*, the greatest *material want* one could dream of.

Mr. César de Paepe, the Socialistic doctor of Brussels, gives us again in his "Bulletin du Mouvement Social" a complete summary of how the socialistic world wags. This he does so well, and the information here codified must be so useful for further reference, that I do not understand how it happens that this feature of the *Société Nouvelle* is not copied by other periodicals. The countries under review this month are England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and the United States. Of these, England, of course, has most space devoted to it, as it is the "Social exemplar of mankind."

THE GERMAN MAGAZINES.

Deutsche Revue. August. 2 Marks.

Count Albrecht von Roon. XV.
Ludwig Dessoir, Tragedian, and his Friends. III.
Caste in India. F. Rosen.
New Paths in Jurisprudence. Joseph Kohler.
Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala. II.
Culture, Education, and Training. E. Sierke.
Thibet and the Thibetans. II. A. J. Ceyp.
The Capabilities of the Horse. R. von Lendenfeld.

Deutsche Rundschau. August. 2 Marks.

The Christian Knight. Erich Schmidt.
Franz Dingelstedt: Literary Remains, with Marginal Notes. The Theatre Manager. II.—Weimar, 1857-1867. Julius Rodenberg.
Principles of Research in Natural Science. Prof. J. Rosenthal.
Heinrich von Sybel's History of the German Empire. Vols. III., IV., and V. August Kluckhohn.
The Huguenot Refugees and the Brothers Gaultier. Founded on Materials in Manuscript. G. E. von Natzmer.
Political Correspondence: The Anglo-German Agreement. Belgium and the Congo State. The Catalogue of an Autograph Collector. (M. Alfred Bovet.)

Die Gartenlaube. Part 8. 50 Pf.

Heligoland. With Map and Illustrations. Ferdinand Raimund. Austrian Dramatist. With Portrait. Ferd. Gross.
Friedrich Freiherr von der Trenck and his Imprisonments. (Illustrated.) R. von Gottschall.
The Invention of Printing: the 450th Anniversary. With Portrait of Guteberg. (Illustrated.) E. Grosse.
The Woodsnipe. (Illustrated.) A. and K. Müller.
Caravans and Desert Travelling. Dr. Brehm.
The Weber Monument at Eutin. (Illustrated.) The Shooting Festival at Berlin. (Illustrated.) Paul Lindenberg.

Die Gesellschaft. August. 1 Mark.

Portrait of Adolf Schafheitlin.
Schlentheriana: A Reply to an Article on the "Théâtre Libre," by the Berlin Publicist, Dr. Paul Schlenther. M. G. Conrad.
Poetry Album: Poems by Adolf Schafheitlin, G. Doepler, and W. Platz.
The Realistic Movement in Germany. Conrad Alberti.
History of the Realist Prosecutions.

Nord und Süd. August. 2 Marks.

Paul Bourget. With Portrait. F. Gross.
The Liberation of the Prussian Peasantry. F. Rühl.
Wilhelm Lübeck: Autobiographical Campaigns of Literary Criticism. J. Mähly.

Preussische Jahrbücher. August. 1 Mark
50 Pf.

What We Owe Our Colonies
Wundt's System of Philosophy. (Concluded.) E. von Hartmann.
Goethe's Diaries. Otto Harnack.
A Latter-day Young Hegelian. C. Rössler.
Duke Albrecht of Prussia. Dr. H. Prutz.
Political Correspondence: The Present Situation in Germany and Europe generally, and the American Silver Bill.

Deutsche Revue.—In his second article on Thibet, Herr Ceyp brings together a number of interesting notes on the manners and customs of the people. The Thibetans are very fond of noisy music in their temples. The orchestra consists of trumpets, six feet in length, very large kettledrums, a round orbicular instrument of beaten bell-metal called a gong, and other instruments of like dimensions. This orchestra accompanies a choir of two or three hundred boys and men. Besides the chief religious festival, which occurs at the New Year, the writer describes the curious customs on the occasions of birth, marriage, and death; the manners of the people at meals; their amusements; their calendar, which, however, is chiefly a record of lucky and unlucky days, &c.

Deutsche Rundschau.—“The Christian Knight: An Ideal of the Sixteenth Century” is the title of a most appropriate and interesting address delivered in the New Church at Berlin in honour of the Luther Monument in that city. The address opens, however, with references to Maximilian I. (the last of the knights), and Albrecht Dürer, the great German engraver. One of Dürer's works has for its subject “The Knight, Death, and the Devil”—the Knight who remains a knight in spite of death and the devil, otherwise the Christian Knight. From St. Paul, as conceived by Dürer, the writer passes on to Erasmus, who may be said to have been wholly inspired by the Pauline allegory (Ephesians vi. 10-20); indeed, it was on this spiritual arsenal that the Christian knight of the 16th century depended for his armour and his weapons. But the occasion of the address naturally leads to a contemplation of Luther's Christian knighthood; and this is supplemented by comments on some of the old Luther plays and parables, by which the age sought to perpetuate its hero and his deeds. In the same periodical Herr Kluckhohn continues his review, or rather outline, of Sybel's history:—Vol. III. of the great work tells the story of the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein by the combined forces of Prussia and Austria, and closes with the Peace of Vienna (1864); Vol. IV. treats of the dissensions between the victors with regard to the disposal and occupation of the two provinces, the Gastein Convention of 1865, and the Dissolution of the Bund in 1866; and Vol. V. continues with the War of 1866, which arose as much out of rivalry between Prussia and Austria as out of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulties, and brings the narrative down to the Treaty of Prague, August 20th, of the same year. To many the brief notice of the descriptive catalogue to M. Alfred Bovet's collection of autographs, sold and dispersed to the four winds in 1884-5, will be interesting. This little volume contains so many literary and other curiosities, with facsimiles of originals, that to peruse its pages is to witness a sort of march past of a train of the most imposing personages in history, politics, science, art and literature, from the fifteenth century onwards. M. Bovet's general rule was to classify the writers according to their nationality, but he has also thought fit to form some separate groups, such as “Swiss Celebrities,” “Illustrious Huguenots,” and notably “Femmes Célèbres,” “for,” says he in his introduction, “are not beauty, grace, and wit the inheritance of the women of all lands and of all time?” This list begins with the Duchess of Longueville and Vittoria Colonna, and ends with Frau Cosima Wagner.

Die Gartenlaube.—As might be expected, the German magazines this month hasten to describe in word and picture their newly-acquired possession in the North Sea; and no periodical will be found to inspect Heligoland more kindly than does the *Gartenlaube*. On the 1st of June last, the hundredth anniversary of his birthday, the foundation-stone of a monument to Ferdinand Raimund was laid at Vienna, hence the articles in this and other magazines recalling the career of the Austrian dramatist.

Die Gesellschaft.—The chief thing in this magazine is an account of the prosecutions of the German Zolaists, which took place at the end of June, with the result that Wilhelm Walloth, author of “The Demon of Envy,” Conrad Alberti, also known as Conrad Sittenfeld, and author of “The Young and the Old,” and their publisher, Wilhelm Friedrich, were fined by the High Court of Leipzig in sums varying from 150 to 300 marks, while

Schorer's Familienblatt (Salon-Ausgabe).

75 Pf.

Part 12, with Extra, "In Luft und Sonne."

Emil Goetze, Tenor. With Portrait. A. Lesimple.

St. Elmo's Fire. Julius Stinde. Robert Franz, Composer of Songs. With Portrait. E. Golling.

An Unpublished Verse by Goethe. K. T. Gaedertz.

Princess Pauline Metternich. With Portrait. Baron E. d'Albon.

Ober-Ammergau and the Passion Play. (Illustrated) O. Reisner.

Dr. Max Burckhard, Director of the Hofburg Theatre, Vienna. With Portrait. E. Keiter.

Part 13.

Renaissance Plastic Art in the Berlin Museum. (Illustrated) W. von Seidlitz.

"Robert Elsmere."

The Last Hours of Queen Louisa. (Illustrated)

Swindlers. III. A. O. Klaussmann.

Gen. Laudon. With Portrait.

History of the German Character, II. Dr. F. Hirsch.

The Shooting Festival at Berlin. (Illustrated) J. Freund.

Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe and Princess Victoria of Prussia. With Portraits.

Johannes Miquel, Prussian Minister of Finance. With Portrait.

Ueber Land und Meer. Part I. of new volume. 1 Mark.

The German Shooting Festival. (Illustrated) G. Dahms.

A Word for the Fairy Tale. Georg Ebers.

Dr. Richard Eduard Koch, New President of the Prussian State Bank. With Portrait.

Pictures of Eutin, including Weber's Birthplace and the Weber Monument. (Illustrated) R. Hellwag.

Heligoland. (Illustrated) K. Wilke.

The New Ironclad, *Siegfried*. (Illustrated) F. Stoltzberg.

Bremen Exhibition. (Illustrated)

Prince Adolf von Schaumburg-Lippe and Princess Victoria of Prussia. With Portraits.

The New German Court Dress. (Illustrated) P. Heydel.

The Achensee Railway, Tyrol. (Illustrated) W. Brachvogel.

The Hours of Labour. H. Fränkel.

The Germans in East Africa. With Map and Diary of Major Wissmann's Expedition, May 8, 1889, to Bana Heri's Surrender, April 6, 1890.

Unsere Zeit. August. 1 Mark.

The Antique in the Present. Richard Maschke.

The Roman Passion Play in the Middle Ages and in the Period of the Renaissance. F. Gregorovius.

George Kennan and the Nihilists. By a Russian of East Siberia.

The New Political Programme of the Saxons of Transylvania. Prof. J. H. Schwicker.

The Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference.

Velhagen und Klasing's Neue Monatshefte.

August. 1 Mark 25 Pf.

Ludwig Knaus, Artist. With Portrait. (Illustrated) L. Pietch.

Setters, Pointers, and other Sporting Dogs. (Illustrated) H. Weidmann.

Colour and Colour Photography.

Jules Dupré, Artist. With Portrait. (Illustrated) Dr. O. Doering.

Rügen and Mönchgut. (Illustrated) R. Bode.

Robert Hamerling, Poet, the Hermit of Stiftsgthal. With Three Portraits. (Illustrated) Carl von Vincenti.

The Munich Art Exhibition of 1890. H. E. von Berlepsch.

The Academy Art Exhibition in Berlin. Paul Schönfeld.

Bremen Exhibition. (Illustrated) H. Bohrdt.

their novels were ordered to be destroyed. A similar fate was accorded to "Adam Mensch," the author of which, Hermann Conradi, died before the case was heard.

Nord und Süd.—Herr Rühl's paper on the Russian Peasantry is a review of G. F. Knapp's history. The article on Paul Bourget is noticed on another page.

Preussische Jahrbücher.—Under the title of "What We Owe Our Colonies," a writer in this periodical defends the Baltic provinces against certain calumnies spread by a recent work. The newly-published Goethe Diaries are noticed by Otto Harnack. Paul Nerrlich, the editor of "Jean Paul's Life and Works," is the Young Hegelian of the next article, for C. Rössler has elected to deal with the editor rather than with the hero in his review.

Schorer's Familienblatt.—With Part XIII. is issued an extra, entitled "In Luft und Sonne," and consisting of an attractive collection of pictures and autographs. Among the specimens of German handwriting those of Prof. Max Müller, of Oxford; Julius Rodenberg, editor of the *Deutsche Rundschau*; Heinrich von Sybel, the historian; Rudolph von Gneist, and Tourgenieff, with portrait, are perhaps the most noteworthy for English readers. In Part XIII. Dr. Hirsch writes of the German National Song, its origin and growth, its influence on poetry, its treatment of nature, &c., &c.

Ueber Land und Meer.—Guilds may be said to have had their origin in the needs and circumstances of the age which created them. However that may be, there arose in Germany in the Middle Ages, about the time that citizens began to form themselves into armed bodies for the defence of their towns, certain shooting guilds or brotherhoods, and every summer they had their festival and prize-shooting competition. In the course of time this social idea developed into a great national institution, and in the processions which the different guilds used to organise it became the custom for each to invite, besides the reigning prince and his family, the members of other like guilds to take part in the festival. Though for a period these guilds somewhat declined, they never by any means disappeared, as did many other brotherhoods of even later date. At the great festival at Gotha, in July, 1861, it was decided to unite all the German shooting guilds into one great corporation, and Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was made president. The first meeting of the new united guild took place at Frankfort-on-the-Main in the following summer, and the meetings have been continued every three years, only at a different town each time. Last July the tenth was held at Berlin, and in *Ueber Land und Meer* the best account of it will be found. The illustrations, too, are so numerous that many of the pictures of processional cars, &c., also serve to illustrate, not unsuitably, Georg Ebers's "Plea for the Fairy Tale." On July 1, the new monument to Weber at Eutin, his birthplace, was unveiled; and the monument, the little town, and the hero himself are the subjects of readable articles in several reviews.

Unsere Zeit.—Herr Gregorovius observes that crowds of peaceful pilgrims of all nations may be seen in the spring and summer time wending their way to Bavaria, with the threefold object of seeing the fairy and fabulous castles of Louis II., the Wagner trilogy of operas at Bayreuth, and the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau—all three "Mysteries" having much in common, because all pervaded by the same mediaeval mysticism. But the writer prefers to take us back to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and we are furnished with a timely and interesting account of one of the predecessors of the famous Passion Play of to-day, viz., the Mediaeval Easter Play of Rome. The Russian of East Siberia, who reviews Kennan's Siberian Revelations, while joining the author in his righteous indignation at the Russian prison administration contained in Vol. I., enters a loud protest against Vol. II., in which the author has waxed even more wroth at what he considers the hard and unjust fate of the Nihilists in exile at Kara, in which view of their punishment Kennan is not borne out by his critic.

Velhagen.—With the August part the eighth half-yearly volume of this magazine is brought to a close, and no fewer than five of the articles in the number have art for their subjects. Portraits of Prof. von Helmholtz and Prof. Theodor Mommsen in their studies are included in the thirty-seven illustrations which accompany the article on Ludwig Knaus, an artist who was feted quite recently by way of celebrating his sixtieth birthday and the fortieth anniversary of the first appearance of one of his pictures at a Berlin exhibition.

THE RUSSIAN AND ITALIAN REVIEWS.

RUSSIAN.

Russian Antiquity. August.

Memoirs of General Shirkayvitch. Part IV. Correspondence of N. V. Gogol, by V. Shenrok. Diary of the Academician, A. V. Nikitenko, year 1857.

The Empress Marie Feodorovna in her Letters, 1797-1802, by Baron Bühler.

Russian Review. This month.

Botkin, Turgheniev, and Count L. Tolstoi : Reminiscences of A. A. Feyt.

The Maid of Orleans: A Historical Study by P. Bezobrazoff. (Containing nothing new, but gives a fair summary of the latest investigations of Blaze de Bury, S. Luce, and H. Semmig.)

Joseph : A Tale by Gyp. Translated from the French.

Count L. Tolstoi's Teaching About Life, by Prince D. Tserteleff.

Japan : A Historical Study by Vladimir Solovieff.

ITALIAN.

Nuova Antologia. August 1st.

Leo X. and his Policy towards his Relations. F. Nitti.

The New Regulations at Rome. L. Ferraris.

The Territorial Militia. A. Arbil.

Stanley's Pigmies and the Anomalies of Human Stature. E. Mancini.

August 16th.

Ugo Foscolo's Laura. G. Chiarini.

The New American Utopia. G. Boglietti.

A Fortunate Statesman (conclusion).

R. Bogrhi.

Literary Review : English Books.

E. Neucioni.

Rassegna Nazionale. August 1st.

Gravelotte and Sedan according to an American General. A. V. Vecchi.

Maria Caroline Nelson and Lady Hamilton. G. Boglietti.

A Centenary of the French Revolution. F. Bardi.

Chevreul and the Chemistry of his Day. S. de Faveri.

Francesco Filippi-Pepe. N. Castagna.

August 16th.

Italy and the Triple Alliance since the Resignation of Prince Bismarck.

The Holy Land. Carlo del Pezzo.

The Telephone in the Chamber of Deputies. A. Pascolato.

Firdusi and the Book of Kings. Italo Pizzi.

THE *Russian Review* of August contains a short poem by the Grand Duke Constantine on "Spring." Among the letters which occur in the reminiscences of the poet Fayt, Turgheniev describes the new English school of poetry as an "unsympathetic but interesting joke," a judgment which he qualifies by adding: "It has, however, one very great lyrical talent—Swinburne" (*sic*). Tolstoi's letters, written in 1870, give us a pleasing portrait of the great novelist giving up all his ordinary work and setting himself to the study of Greek, reading Xenophon with pleasure, Plato with delight, and Homer with enthusiasm. "I have already perused Xenophon, and I can now read him *à livre ouvert*. I still need a lexicon and a certain amount of study for Homer. I await with impatience an opportunity to show this trick to someone. But how happy I am that God sent me this foolish fancy! In the first place, I enjoy a pure pleasure; secondly, I have acquired the conviction that of all the truly beautiful creations of the word of man I was hitherto acquainted with none, like most people who know but do not understand. . . . As far as I can now judge, Homer is only spoiled by our translations, copied on German models. A vulgar but inevitable comparison suggests itself—that of boiled and distilled water and cold, limpid water from a spring, with rays of sunshine playing in it, and even little particles which make it seem but fresher and purer still. All these translators (Voss, Shookovski, &c.) sing in a honey-treacly, insinuating voice that comes only from the throat. But the real devil sings and shouts from his chest, and it never once enters his head that anyone will listen to him. You may chant victory; without the knowledge of the Greek tongue no education is possible. But what species of knowledge? How is it to be acquired? For what is it needed? To all these questions I have solutions as clear as the noonday sun."

In Vladimir Solovieff's paper on Japan, the credit and debit sides of Buddhism in Japan are set out with judicial fairness and epigrammatic conciseness, results to which the writer's profound historical and theological studies materially contributed.

THE languor of an Italian summer seems to have fallen over her magazine writers last month, and as a result the reviews excite but a languid interest in the foreign reader. Stanley and "Darkest Africa" come in for plenty of laudatory notices both from the *Rassegna* and the *Nuova Antologia*. The only other article of interest in the number is one on the nepotism of Leo X. In the mid-August number of the *Antologia*, Signor Chiarini, most prolific of Italian magazine-writers, discusses the identity of the "Laura" to whom the poet Ugo Foscoli dedicated a number of his poems, a much vexed question, over which the Italian literary world periodically agitates itself. Signor Chiarini pronounces unhesitatingly in favour of the claims of Signora Isabella Teotochi.

The *Rassegna Nazionale* for August 1st summarizes with much approbation the main facts contained in Cordy Jeaffreson's book on the Queen of Naples and Nelson, and takes the author much more *au grand sérieux* as a historian than is done in his native country. Better worth reading is a popularly written account of the chemical discoveries made by the late M. Chevreul, in which Signor de Faveri points out, as a curious coincidence, that the centenarian founder of modern chymistry was born in the very year in which Cagliostro, the last of the alchemists, was imprisoned in the Bastille.

The first place in the mid-August number of the *Rassegna* is given to an anonymous contributor who discusses at length the European situation as affected by Bismarck's resignation. He admits that war does not seem so imminent as a few months back, but is of opinion that the only hope of permanent peace lies in the conversion of the Triple into a Quadruple Alliance, by the inclusion not of Russia but of France. Should this prove impracticable, he advises Italy not to renew her European engagements on the expiration of the terms of the Triple Alliance in 1892, but to confine herself prudently to "a really pacific alliance with England, and friendly relations with all other nations."

SOME FOREIGN MILITARY PERIODICALS.

AMERICAN.

Journal of the United States Cavalry Association.

- The Story of a March.
- The Riding School and its importance in the Training of Cavalry.
- American Practice and Foreign Theory.
- Prince Hohenlohe's Letters on Cavalry.
- Recent Discussions upon Horse-shoeing.
- The Lance.
- Revolvers and Revolver Practice.

FRENCH.

Journal des Sciences Militaires.

- The Tactic of Supplies. (Continued.) By General Lewal.
- Establishment of Posts on the Route of the Western Soudan. By General Philebert.
- Fortified Places and the Technical Services.
- The Campaign of 1814: The Cavalry of the Allied Armies. (Continued.) By Captain Weil.
- The War of Masses—Strategical Preparation for Decisive Actions, II., 1870.
- A Revolution in the Tactics of Cavalry.
- Cavalry Remounts in France and Abroad.

Revue Militaire de l'Etranger.

- The Organization of the Command of the Russian Armies in the Field.
- The Persian Army.

Le Spectateur Militaire.

- The Due de Chartres and the Throne of Poland, XVIII. Century.
- Balloon Signalling with the Eiffel Tower on the night of the 28th June.
- The Most Elementary of Tactics (continued): The Simple Defensive and the Offensive Defensive.
- The Annuaries of the French Army, 1819-1890.
- Historical Publications. *Sommes-nous prêts?* (Continued.)

Revue Maritime et Coloniale.

- The German Naval Budget, 1890-1.
- The War Navies of Antiquity and of the Middle Ages, II. By Rear-Admiral Serre.
- The Marine Invalids' Funds.
- Historical Studies on the War Navy of France. By Captain Chabaud Arnault.
- Biography of Rear-Admiral Leblanc.
- Report of the Committee on the Writers of the best Essays in 1889.

Revue de Cavalerie.

- The Reduction of *Cadres* in the Cavalry.
- Pajol. By General Thoumas. (Continued.)
- The German Cavalry. (Continued.)
- Cavalry Stables in France and Abroad.
- Fencing with Sabres.

AMERICAN.

The *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association* has a short article by Lieutenant Clarke, of the 10th Cavalry, on "Revolvers and Revolver Practice," which merits attention from the suggestions made as to the best sort of weapon suited for use by cavalry and infantry; the writer recommends the single action for infantry and the double action for cavalry, and insists upon the absolute necessity for the men being properly trained, not only in shooting but in the general management of the weapon. In a short article on the present condition of the lance question this journal points out that the lance can by no means be considered as a discarded weapon lately resumed; for, with but few exceptions, it has been the *arme blanche* of a fair proportion of the cavalry of most of the European armies since the beginning of the century. It was abolished in France after the Franco-German War, and restored again in 1889. It was also partially suppressed in Russia after the Turkish War in 1877, and disappeared from the armament of the Austrian cavalry in 1884. At the present moment *

Germany	93	cavalry regiments	78	of which are armed with lances.
England	31	"	5	"
Belgium	8	"	4	"
Italy	22	"	10	"
Spain	24	"	8	"
France	85	"	12	"
Russia	75	"	17	"
Austria	41	"	none	"

FRENCH.

The *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* is strong in historical matter. Admiral Serre, an authority on the subject, re-commences his interesting Essays on the War Navies of the past, with a description of the Ancient Greek and Roman war galleys and triremes. As the numerous Greek and Latin quotations are invariably accompanied by a French rendering, no difficulty is experienced in following the subject by the average reader. In the "Historical Studies on the War Navy of France" we are treated with an account of the exploits of Jean Bart, De Nesmond, De Pointis, Du Casse and others, all famous sea rovers, who inflicted much damage on the Dutch and English mercantile fleets when the French war navy was no longer able to show itself after the disastrous defeat sustained at La Hogue. Although the privateers fitted out from Dunkirk, St. Malo, and other French ports are credited with having captured or destroyed no less than 4,000 English merchantmen, and in many instances fought bravely and honourably, their example proved very demoralizing to the regular service, and it is questionable whether the "Naval Industrial War" had any appreciable effect on the general conduct of the war.

In the *Journal des Sciences Militaires* General Lewal continues his important series of articles on the "Tactic of Supplies," by dealing with the supply of ammunition in the field, both for small arms and guns. He strongly condemns the present system of setting apart special wagons to form the first echelon, and recommends that all wagons should be interchangeable and be pushed forward from echelon to echelon, thereby avoiding disturbing the contents of the wagons, and materially reducing the block on the lines of communication, as the wagons of the first echelon, when empty, could return across country or utilise the side roads. He further suggests a plan for ensuring that supplies of food shall be brought up to the troops immediately on the cessation of the action. By pushing forward the

La Marine Française.

The Defence of our Coasts with Existing Means.
The Naval Mobilization in 1890—The Manoeuvres at Brest and Cherbourg.
The French Naval Budget for 1891.
The Rôle of Submarine Boats in the Defence of the Coast and Ports.

GERMAN.**Internationale Revue über die gesammten Armeen und Flotten.**

Germany: On the Development of Modern Sea Tactics.
The Franco-German Frontier. (Concluded.)
Austria: Quick-firing Guns. The Skoda and Armstrong Guns. Illustrated.
Italy: Italy's Footing in Africa. Correspondence by Pellegrino.
England: The Fighting Power of the English Colonies.
Russia: Balloon Tactics Consequent on the Introduction of Smokeless Powder.
Mexico: Reminiscences of the Mexican Expedition, 1862-5.

Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine.

Cavalry Ideals.
The Easter Manoeuvres of the English Volunteers.
The Fortresses of Italy.
The present condition of Military Jurisprudence and Legislation.
Forts and Melenite.
The value to Military Science of the Mannesmann System of Casting Steel Cylinders.

AUSTRIAN.**Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens.**

Recent Researches in Oceanography.
The English Naval Manoeuvres, 1889. W. H. White.
Krupp's Experiments with Smokeless Powder.
Nonius and Mercator in Naval History.
Experiments with Lifeboat Models. J. Corbett.
The English Naval Estimates.
Lieutenant Fiske's U. S. N. Position Indicator. (Illustrated.)
Molinari's, Electrical Revolution Indicator. (Illustrated.)

SPANISH.**Revista General de Marina.**

Observations on Some Reforms in the personnel of the Fleet. By Rear-Admiral Illescas.
Oceanography, Submarine Mineralogy, and Geology. (Illustrated.)
Monstrous Ironclads.
Report of the International Marine Conference at Washington.
Duplex motor and dynamos of the *Don Juan de Austria*. (Illustrated.)
Trials of the Submarine Boat *Peral*.
Torpedo Boats in 1890.
The Equipment of Modern War-vessels.
The German Navy.
Voyage Round the World of the Numancia.
The Norwegian Polar Expedition.

echelons in succession there would be no loss of touch, and supplies both of ammunition and food would always be ready to accompany forward movements. General Philebert shows how, in his opinion, it is possible to establish military posts across the Sahara with a view to the construction of the Trans-Saharan railway. Cavalry officers will be interested in the articles on "French Remounts," and "A Revolution in the Tactics of Cavalry," the latter of which advocates that cavalry, in order to keep up with the changed conditions of warfare, should be turned *en bloc* into mounted infantry.

The principal article in the *Spectateur Militaire* is one forming a continuation of the interesting series entitled, "The Most Elementary of Tactics," which in this case deals with the most approved manner of conducting a retreat. The following particulars which are given of the percentage of wounds inflicted by various weapons in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-1 are highly instructive, and will bear reproduction:—

	In 1866.		In 1870-1.	
	Austrians Wounded.	Prussians Wounded.	French Wounded.	Germans Wounded.
Artillery ...	3 p. c.	16 p. c.	Artillery ...	25 p. c.
Cold Steel ...	4 p. c.	5 p. c.	Cold Steel ...	5 p. c.
Unknown ...	3 p. c.	Nil.	Small Arms ...	70 p. c.
Small Arms ...	90 p. c.	79 p. c.	Mitrailleurs ...	Nil.

The marked improvement in the German artillery in 1870-1, as compared with 1866, is self-evident.

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN.

The *Mittheilungen aus dem Gebiete des Seewesens* opens with an account of the researches made by the various surveying ships and expeditions sent out since 1883, which gives the most recent soundings, &c., in various parts of the sea. Professor Schiffner contributes a valuable paper for deducing exact measurements of altitude and length from photographs of the coast, taken from a ship under weigh; and capital descriptions are given of Molinari's Electrical Revolution Indicator, and of Lieutenant Fiske's Position Indicator.

The *Jahrbücher für die deutsche Armee und Marine* gives a description of the Mannesmann system of making hollow tubes and cylinders, which in time will probably do away with the present wasteful and unsatisfactory method of boring out gun tubes. In summing up its account of the Volunteer Manoeuvres at Easter the *Jahrbücher* asserts that the English Volunteers are a well armed and physically fine body of men, who carry out their work with cheerfulness, intelligence and alacrity, but the plans of the manœuvres themselves are faulty and not sufficiently realistic. The almost total absence of cavalry and artillery on these occasions is much condemned, and from the absence of any proper provision for encampments and commissariat arrangements it might be supposed that the Volunteers are expected to rely on local resources. The equipment is also found fault with, the clothing being too tight and the colours too striking, especially in view of the introduction of smokeless powder. In spite of defects, however, the significance of the Volunteers must not be under-estimated when reckoning with the defensive forces which the country could place in the field in case of invasion.

SPANISH.

Torpedo Boats.—*The Revista General de Marina* reproduces from *La Nature* a table of the number of torpedo boats possessed by the various Powers. From this table it appears that, exclusive of torpedo cruisers and gunboats, there were 911 torpedo boats afloat on the 1st of January, 1890. Taking account only of the principal naval Powers these were divided as follows:—

	Sea-going T. B.	1st Cl. T. B.	2nd Cl. T. B.	3rd Cl. T. B.	Total.
France	9	14	83	39	145
England	60	23	—	51	134
Italy	65	38	21	8	132
Russia	16	—	36	71	123
Germany	12	83	—	—	95

In point of numbers, therefore, France heads the list; although, as will be seen, if sea-going and 1st class torpedo boats be reckoned as the measure of efficiency, Italy is far ahead of all the Powers. The same authority gives France as having 19 torpedo cruisers and gun-boats, against 20 possessed by England.

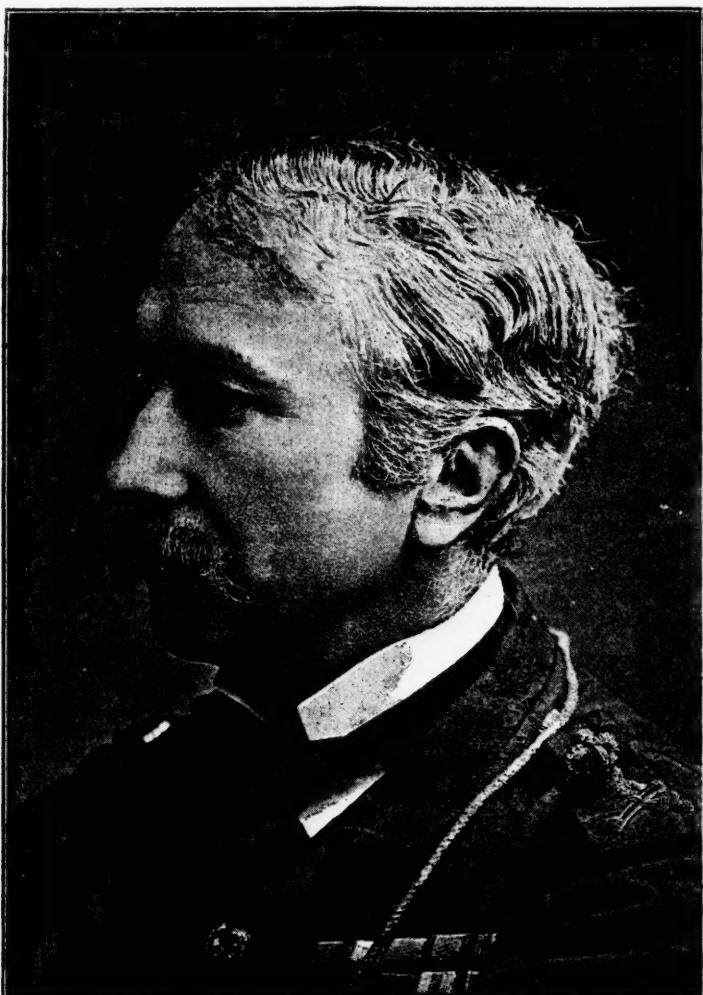
CHARACTER SKETCH: SEPTEMBER.

LORD WOLSELEY.

ON the 30th of September Lord Wolseley will cease to be Adjutant-General of the British Army, and on the 1st of October will take over the duties of Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland. Sir Redvers Buller will succeed Lord Wolseley at the War Office. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar will make room for Lord Wolseley at Dublin. The change is one of more than merely departmental interest, for it indicates the conviction that prevails in high places that the peace of the world is secure. Had there been any war clouds on the horizon our ablest soldier would not have been relegated to the respectable obscurity of the Irish Commandership. No rule of five years' tenure of office would have been allowed to remove from the War Office the officer who for the last twenty years has been the brain of the service. Lord Wolseley's departure for Ireland may therefore be taken as an advertisement to all the world that the rulers of the British Empire believe they have now entered upon a period of halcyon calm, during which Sir Redvers Buller, the most obstinate soldier in Europe, can be left to fight it out with the Duke and Mr. Stanhope, while the man who would be sent to the front if war broke out is enjoying a well-earned repose among his books in his native country. The War Office is like the old-fashioned weathercock—when storm threatens the man comes out, but when all is sunshine the position is taken by the old

woman. Lord Wolseley will at last have leisure to look round him and reflect upon the episodes and incidents of one of the most stirring and fortunate careers that ever fell to the lot of a British soldier. Hitherto, among all the gifts which the gods have showered upon him, leisure has been lacking. This long-missing boon is now to be his, for the first time in a life which is now approaching its sixtieth year.

The mere enumeration of the fields of service, military and civil, in which Lord Wolseley has distinguished himself, brings forcibly before the mind the extraordinary extent and immense variety of the British Empire. Compared with the dominions of Her Majesty the possession of all other potentates are but country parishes, which, if, like Russia and China, they are not limited in area, are nevertheless monotonously uniform and confined to one or two continents. There is only one sovereign whose domains can for a moment be compared to those of the Queen, and his sovereignty is not temporal but spiritual. The prisoner of the Vatican administers a realm even wider than that which owns the sway of Queen Victoria. The



LORD WOLSELEY.

bridge that crosses the Tiber near the Castle of San Angelo leads to a world-centre of administrative energy whose circumference is in the ends of all the earth. But after the Vatican there is no such centre of Empire as Westminster. Rome is still, as of yore, the capital of the Empire of Centralization, Westminster is the capital of

the Empire of Decentralization. The spiritual dominion is a despotism disguised under forms of a church, whereas our temporal Empire is a federation of Republics linked together by the golden circlet of monarchy. But outside the Church of Rome no such eventful and varied career is possible to any non-British subject as that which has fallen to the lot of Lord Wolseley. In this he is a type of the army to which he belongs. The British soldier is one of the shuttles of Empire in the loom of time. He is constantly speeding to and fro, backwards and forwards, weaving into one homogeneous, cosmopolitan whole the nations and peoples and tongues of this planet. The colonist goes forth to make a home, and plants firm root in the new Britains that he founds beyond the sea. The sailor dwells upon the ocean, and his visits to the outermost fringe of the continents whose products he carries to and fro are but as the momentary alighting of a seagull upon a rock, from which, after a brief rest, it will again take its flight. But between the too-stationary colonist and the too-migratory sailor, comes the soldier, who never stays long enough to take root anywhere, but whose journeys hither and thither are not so rapid as to preclude the formation of those human ties of sympathy and good-fellowship which, like the rootlets of the grass on the sand dunes of Holland, are stronger than cement in the consolidation of Empire. Nor is that their only service. The whole world of our dominion is studded with the graves of our warriors, by whose death we live.

A FAMOUS RECORD.

Look for a moment at the cycle described by Lord Wolseley between the March, 1852, when he left his Irish home, a raw ensign, and October, 1890, when he returns to Ireland as Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces. The mere list of his appointments is more eloquent than any rhetoric :—

- 1852. Second Burmese War—Ensign.
- 1854. Siege of Sebastopol—Lieut., Captain.
- 1857. Ordered to China. Wrecked near Singapore.
- 1857. India. Suppression of Mutiny—Lieut.-Col., V.C.
- 1860. Chinese War. Mission to Nankin.
- 1861. Canada. First Assistant, then Deputy, Quartermaster-General.
- 1870. Red River Expedition—K.C.M.G.
- 1871. Assistant-Adjutant-General at War Office.
- 1873-4. Ashantee War—Major-General, K.C.B.
- 1874. Inspector-General Auxiliary Forces.
- 1875. Governor of Natal.
- 1878. Governor of Cyprus.
- 1879. Zulu War—Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner, South Africa.
- 1882. Egyptian Campaign. Tel-el-Kebir. Peerage.
- 1884. The War in the Soudan.
- 1885. Adjutant-General at War Office.
- 1890. Commander-in-Chief of Forces in Ireland.

What a record ! With the exception of Australia, Lord Wolseley has served in every continent, and faced almost every description of human and natural obstacle. Nor is this career by any means concluded. Who can say how soon he may not have to complete this universality of his service by a mission to advise the military authorities of Federated Australasia ? Yet in all this Lord Wolseley is but a type of the British soldier. He is at the top ; Tommy Atkins is at the bottom. But they share the same lot, in having the whole wide world as their parade ground, and all mankind as their next-door neighbours.

LUCK AND ILL-LUCK.

To write a biography of Lord Wolseley would be to write the history of the British Empire for the last forty years. As a commander he has been singularly fortunate. His record is unstained by a single reverse in the field. Wherever he went fortune smiled on his flag, and promotion followed as a matter of course. One great misfortune alone darkens the brilliance of his record—a misfortune for which he was not responsible, and which he did all that lay in mortal power to avert. He was too late to save Gordon. But the blame in not starting in time was not his, but that of those who, month after month, turned a deaf ear to the urgent representations which reached them from the War Office and from the country as to the necessity for action. With that exception, everything which he touched prospered. It is careers like his which lead men to believe in a lucky star.

Curiously enough, his luck in the field was coupled by a persistent ill-luck in other matters. Some men go through the hottest battles without a scratch. Lord Wolseley was wounded—sometimes very seriously—in almost every action in which he fought. Still more curious and persistent has been the misfortune which dogged him in the minor matter of the loss of his kit. In this matter some fatality seemed to attend him. When he first went out to the East, by the shipwreck of the *Transit* in the Malay Straits he lost everything he possessed in the world except the clothes on his back. Mr. Low, his biographer, says this was the first time, but not the last, he lost his things.

When the rebels defeated General Windham and burned Cawnpore, Wolseley and his brother officers lost the second kit they had provided themselves with in Calcutta ; among his losses at Cawnpore were his Legion of Honour and Crimean medals, which were afterwards found on the body of a dead "Pandy." Again during his absence from England on his Ashantee Campaign, Wolseley had the misfortune to lose all his furniture and goods which he had warehoused in the Pantheonicon, in a great fire which in a few hours reduced to ashes that vast building.

After the loot of Lucknow an officer gave him a valuable cashmere shawl ; it was stolen. The men of his company presented him with two large silver bowls. They afterwards shared the same fate. A similar malign influence seems to dog his footsteps when he makes a voyage. His first journey to China was one long series of disasters, culminating in the foundering of the transport in the Straits of Malacca. When he went to Ashantee the steamer behaved so infamously, that the war correspondents on board declared that the voyage out was enough to account for all the mortality of the West Coast : and when he was hurried out to Canada, during the Trent affair, his ship took thirty days in crossing the Atlantic. This is the more notable because Lord Wolseley, unlike that great sea captain Nelson, does not suffer from sea sickness. Like General Joubert, he is a very good general on horseback, but he hates the sea and life on board ship, which makes it all the more trying when storms pursue him as if he were a new Jonah.

AGAINST THE JOTUNS.

Lord Wolseley's career as a soldier is the more interesting because his warfare has been waged more against the brute forces of nature than against his fellow-men. Excepting when a mere stripling he has never been engaged against a civilized foe. He has done plenty of slaughter, no doubt, in his time, but that was incidental. The triumph was gained before the slaughter began—in some cases it was so complete there was no need of slaughter at all.

When he goes forth to war it is like Thor of the Thunder Hammer sallying forth from Asgard to do battle with the mud giants, those vast, huge, amorphous incarnations of the forces of nature. In the Crimea the chief enemy was not the Russian, it was Cold ; in India, Heat ; in China, Mud ; in Ashantee it was Pestilence ; in the Red River it was the Forest ; and in the Sudan, the Desert. With all of these he closed in death grapple, and came off victorious. He defied the Cold, ignored the Heat, baffled the Pestilence, pierced the Forest, and crossed the Desert. But perhaps none of these enemies was so formidable, so invulnerable and so invincible, as the Stupidity entrenched in high places, against which, as Schiller reminds us, even the gods contend in vain. Even here, however, Lord Wolseley has made his mark : he has laboured, and Sir Redvers Buller will enter into his labours.

HAIRBREADTH 'SCAPES.

In such warfare there is still ample room and scope enough for the display of individual heroism. Christopher North lamented that battles had ceased to be interesting when they ceased to be the tussle of contending mobs, like those of the Greeks and Trojans in the Iliad, and became mere movements of an immense machine. The battles in which Lord Wolseley has been engaged were more of the antique sort. Othello did not tell Desdemona more marvels—barring the trifling detail of the Anthropophagi—than those which have actually occurred in Lord Wolseley's own experience. Of hairbreadth escapes he has had enough to furnish even a hero of one of Ouida's novels. In his first serious action in Burmah nothing but the accident of falling into a covered pit as he was leading a storming party against the Burmese position saved him from destruction. In the second attempt, he and his brother-officer, who were the first to enter the enemy's works, were both shot down together. Both were struck in the left thigh, each by a large iron-jingall ball. His companion bled to death in a few minutes. Wolseley, although for months he hovered between life and death, recovered, thanks to a magnificent constitution, which has stood him in good stead at every turn in his career. But it was in the Crimea, that charnel-house of death, that he was most severely mauled. Mr. Lowe says of his escape from the perils of the siege :—

During its progress Captain Wolseley was wounded severely on the 30th of August, and slightly on the 10th of April, and the 7th of June. On the 15th of February his coat was pierced by a ball ; on the 10th of April a round shot struck the embrasure at which he was working and his trousers were cut ; and on the 7th of June a ball passed through his forage cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his head. It may be said without exaggeration that he bore a charmed life, for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each he was the only remaining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds.

ADVENTURES AT SEBASTOPOL.

Men were killed all round him. On one occasion when he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, "suddenly a roundshot took off one man's head and drove his jawbone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Here is one little episode of his experiences in the quarries before Sebastopol :—

Between the assaults made by the Russians to retake the works he busied himself with building up, on the reverse side of the quarries, a little parapet composed of anything he could lay his hands on, *among the chief ingredients being the bodies of the fallen friends and foes indiscriminately*, the latter

thus affording in death the welcome protection they would have denied while living. So overpowered was he with the exertions of the last twenty-four hours, and the strain upon his faculties, that in the morning when the fighting ended he fell down outside the quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself having the appearance of one numbered with the dead. So thought an officer of his regiment, who, passing by, found his friend lying on a heap of slain covered with blood. Although he had not reported himself wounded, Wolseley had been hit in the thigh by a bullet from a canister shot, which tore his trousers and caused considerable loss of blood.

"HE'S A DEAD UN!"

This, however, was a less serious affair than his wound in the advanced sap on the 30th August. The Russians made a sortie, and for a moment, after capturing the advanced sap, had been driven out again, and Wolseley, with two sappers, was busy superintending the repair of the mischief they had done, when suddenly a round shot dashed into the middle of the group :—

The round shot had struck the gabion, which was full of stones, and striking its contents with terrific violence, instantaneously killed the poor fellows by his side, the head of one being taken off, while the other was disembowelled.

Wolseley was dashed to the ground, where he lay senseless for a time. After a time he rallied and was able to totter to the doctor's hut, where he was laid down unconscious. "He's a dead un," said the doctor. This roused Wolseley, who, turning in his blood, said :—

"I am worth a good many dead men yet." Wolseley's head and body presented a shocking appearance. His features were not distinguishable as those of a human being, while blood flowed from innumerable wounds caused by the stones with which he had been struck. Sharp fragments were embedded all over his face, and his left cheek had been almost completely cut away. The doctor fancied, after probing the wound, that his jaw-bone was shattered, but Wolseley made him pull out the substance in his mouth, when a large stone came away. The surgeon then lifted up and stitched the cheek. Both his eyes were completely closed, and the injury done to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so that both his limbs had now been injured. The wound in the left thigh received in Burmah rendered him slightly lame. . . . He passed some weeks in a cave, as the sight of both his eyes was too much injured to subject them to the light. While he was pent up in this gloomy cavern, meditating on the sad prospect of being totally blind for the remainder of his life, news arrived of the fall of Sebastopol.

CRIMEAN REMINISCENCES.

If you talk to Lord Wolseley now of his old Crimean days he remembers not the amount of bloodshed as much as the horror of cold and the brave endurance with which they were borne by our troops. He said the other day :—

The one thought I have about the Crimean War, which dwells in my memory, is that of great admiration for the British soldier. These men, without any prospect or hope to inspire them ; suffering horrible hardships, badly fed, and shivering with cold, went forth day by day into the trenches, while they were often so weak that they could hardly drag one foot after the other. They did their duty, and died in doing it, with a simple, brave, unpretending courage, that indeed was admirable. I do not think so much of the sufferings of the officers ; they had money, and could buy food of some kind, but the rank and file suffered terribly. I had joined the Engineers, so I was better off than the Infantry. We had double allowance of rum, and it was a great thing in those days to get either food or drink. After you had been in the trenches all day—when you came out you often got

but one biscuit and a little lump of red salt junk, which was as hard as a board until it was boiled. The greatest hardship was not the lack of food, but the utter failure of firewood. After you had come from the trenches, and drawn your rations, you had to toil a mile or two to the plains of Inkermann, not in order to cut down brushwood for your fire, but to dig up the roots of the bush already cut down, which were so wet as to be almost unburnable. You had to carry them back to make a fire to boil your fragment of meat. But the men behaved splendidly.

Talking of the campaign as a whole, he said:—

After the long war with Napoleon, which had lasted for nearly twenty years, and when Napoleon himself was safely fastened up in St. Helena, the poverty of the nation, the exhaustion caused by the protracted wars, led to a profound indisposition to face war, to make serious provision for it, or even to admit it as a possibility. The reign of peace was supposed to have set in, and in 1818 our Army sank to the lowest point which it had ever reached. War as an art was not studied, and hence, when the Crimean War broke out, so ignorant were our generals and our colonels, it is a marvel to me that any of us survived. Our officers had no training. They never read a book upon military matters, and at the mess, when allusion was made to tactics, or military problems, the offender was summarily told to "shut up." Hence, at the Crimea, our officers were totally ignorant, and the Government at home had still less knowledge of what war meant. Curiously enough, the only officer whom the younger men looked up to as a soldier who knew his business, was General Airey, who was selected by the

Times for a scapegoat, as he happened to be the Quarter-Master-General. He was sent home, and was, it may be said, tried at Chelsea, by order of a Government that sought to screen itself from the anger of an excited public, who wished to hang somebody. It seemed as if it was likely to be a case of Byng over again. The real persons who ought to have been hung, as was clearly indicated in the pamphlet, "Whom to Hang," which made a good deal of noise in those days, were the officials at the Treasury, who objected to any expense in preparing stores and ammunitions of war, believing that war, though threatened, would never actually break out. The Commissariat at Malta was forbidden to lay in stores, and it

was to the crass ignorance of our Treasury officials that we chiefly owed the disasters that followed.

"THE GENERAL WHO NEVER STOPS."

One pre-eminent characteristic of Lord Wolseley's career has been the rapidity of his promotion. When campaigning on the West Coast of Africa, the Ashantees named him "the General who Never Stops," on account of the irresistible energy with which he pushed on from the coast to their capital, ignoring all the dilatory messages by which they endeavoured to arrest his advance.

This characteristic was shown as much in his advance through the successive grades of the Army, as in making his way through the African bush. Once, at the very threshold of his career, his promotion seemed for a moment in doubt. He had been promised a captaincy, and then, at the last moment, he was not gazetted. In protesting against this slight, he threatened to retire from the Army; the threat, however, was sufficient, and he received his commission as promised. He also had one disappointment on leaving the Crimea, when he did not obtain the promotion of which he had reasonable expectations; otherwise he ascended by such leaps and bounds that he was made Lieutenant-Colonel on his twenty-sixth birthday. Not only was his promotion rapid, but he always fell on his feet in securing fields of service. When Sir Hope Grant was campaigning in China, it is said that he always replied when anyone reported cases of exceptional difficulty,

*strengthen the fort. What we want most is, that the whole truth should be told to the nation. We live in an age of cant this & that. Economy, & it is difficult to make men trust the Government. They should be telling them the simple truth about our army & navy. Faithfully yours
Wolseley*

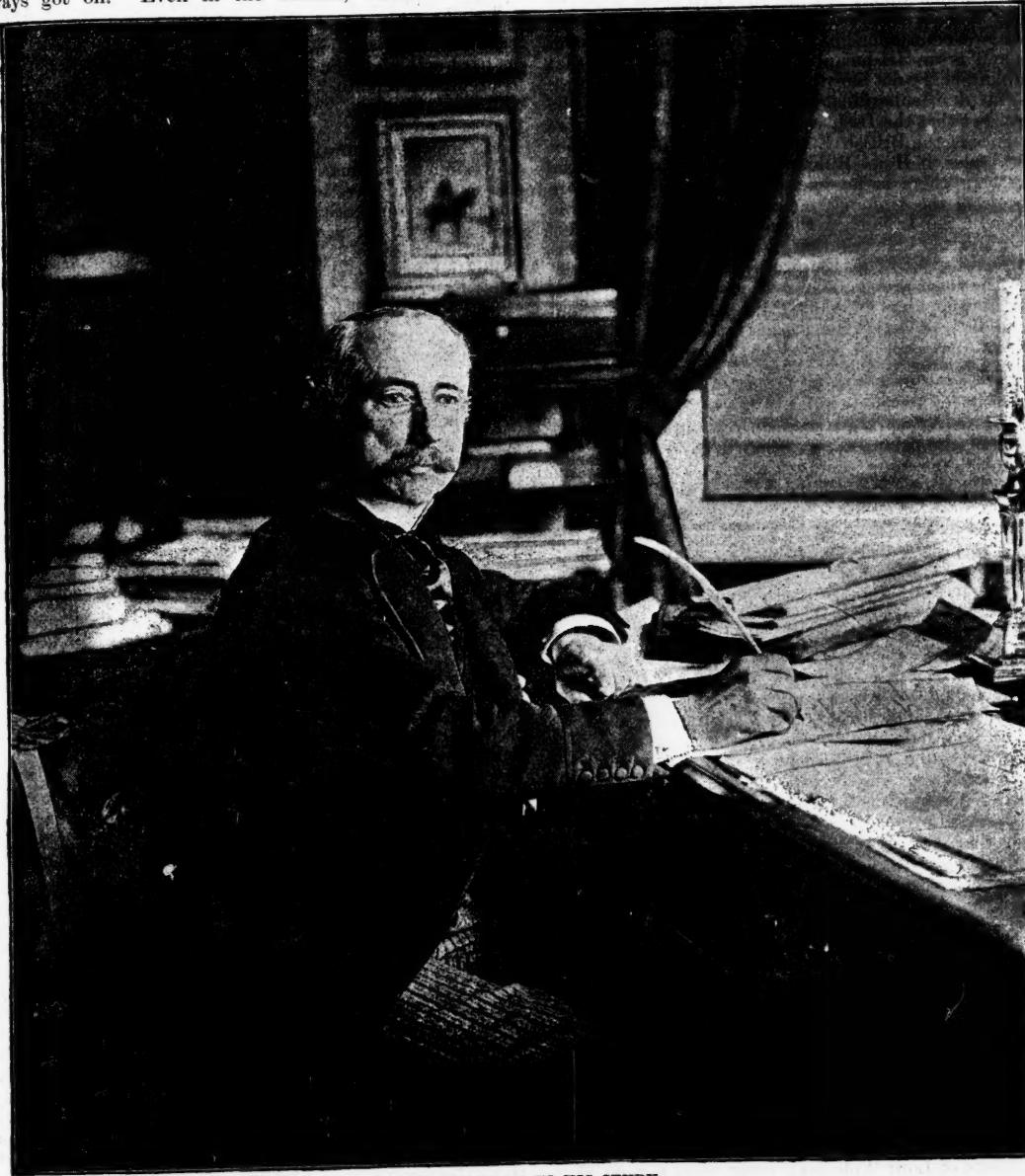
AUTOGRAPH OF LORD WOLSELEY.

"Take Wolseley, he will do the work for you!" And probably that handiness and readiness to put things through, which characterised him from the first, always secured his selection by superior officers when they were forming their staff. Although not much of a linguist Wolseley was a good draughtsman; his favourite recreation was painting in oils and water colours, and he had a keen eye for topographical detail. He was besides a pleasant companion, full of inexhaustible energy and good spirits—just the kind of man whom you would like to have to execute your orders when you are absent, or to have by your side when you are in any tight place in a hotly-

contested field. Lord Wolseley is Irish through and through, and in nothing is he more Irish than in the pleasantness and good humour with which he gets on with all sorts and conditions of men. We need not therefore go far afield in order to discover how it was he has always got on. Even in the Crimea, when a mere

IRISH TO THE HEART'S CORE.

I have referred to Lord Wolseley's Irish descent. He is one of the long roll of distinguished Irishmen by whose aid we have built up and defended our Empire. It is noteworthy that at the present moment the Commander-in-Chief in India and "our only General" at



LORD WOLSELEY IN HIS STUDY.

stripling, he obtained a much higher temporary rank in the Engineers than that which he held in his own infantry regiment. In after life he found himself first on the staff of commander after commander in successive campaigns, and afterwards he was always told off to execute delicate missions in which tact was as much required as soldiership, and diplomacy as courage.

home are both Irishmen. Sir Frederick Roberts and Lord Wolseley, it is true, belong to that section of Ireland which does not march under the banner of Mr. Parnell. Lord Wolseley, however, is not to be for a moment ranked among the fighting Orangemen of the black North, who remember to this day the fact that his ancestor commanded the Enniskillens under William

of Orange, of immortal memory, at the Battle of the Boyne. He is a Protestant and even a Freemason—he had a dispensation to join the order at the age of 20—but few men are more free from religious and irreligious bigotry than Lord Wolseley. Nor is his liberality the result of indifference, for Lord Wolseley entirely shares the belief which Count Moltke once expressed when he asked, “What is a nation without faith?”

The new Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces in Ireland is an Irishman so proud of his country, that he thinks she is not only qualified to manage her own affairs in due subordination to the interests of the Empire, but that the Irish are indispensable for the due governance of the British Empire. Lord Wolseley is not a Home Ruler, if Home Rule means the disruption of the Empire, but there is no one who would dissent more utterly from the Unionist conception of the infantile character of the Irish than the able soldier who, in his heart of hearts, believes that it is the destiny of his countrymen to be to the Empire what the head is to the body. The Irish are the keen-witted brain, seated upon the broad shoulders of the stolid Englishman, whom they enable to achieve the great things with which his name is associated in the history of the world.

THE IRISH RULERS OF THE WORLD.

It is very interesting to hear Lord Wolseley speak about his countrymen. No man with whom I ever talked had more of the pride of race than Lord Wolseley, and yet, with characteristic candour, no man was more frank in describing what he considered to be its weak points. To him one of the chief objections to the Parnellite agitation was that it seemed to stand in the way of the Heaven-sent mission of the Irish to govern the whole British Empire.

Not so very long ago, he said, almost every Colonial Governor was an Irishman. Of the Viceroys of India, Lord Mayo, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Lansdowne were all Irishmen; so was Sir Hercules Robinson. The Duke of Wellington was an Irishman, and so, to go further back, was Burke, for whom he has a great admiration.

It is the very superiority of the Irish which makes it so difficult for Englishmen to govern them. A race that spends the winter in inventing stories to stuff their visitors with in the summer was not one with which the slower-witted Englishman could cope; most Englishmen sent to Ireland were certain to be bamboozled. But with all their fine qualities they seem to him to resemble Orientals. They are easy-going, good-humoured, anxious to please, and very hospitable, but they are singularly devoid in the scientific accuracy and mechanical precision which characterise the English. In the Army they were invaluable, but in the Navy they practically don't exist.

HOME RULE AND EMPIRE.

At Dublin, Lord Wolseley will be out of politics, but it is impossible to believe that a man of his infinite resources and immense energy of character can fail to make his personality felt in the comparatively circumscribed region in which he is to be interned. Like all Irishmen, he thinks his countrymen the most easily-governed people in the world, if only you know how. Everybody else probably thinks he knows how, but it may be reckoned among the elements of Lord Wolseley's great good fortune that he has never yet been called upon to put his theories into practice. Politically, I should think he might be defined as a patriotic Irishman who has only been prejudiced against Home Rule by the reckless manner in which an extension of Local Government was mixed up with the disruption of the Imperial Parliament. The political

views of a soldier are only pious opinions, and there is no harm in saying that Lord Wolseley would substantially agree with Lord Carnarvon, who was perfectly willing to establish local representative bodies in Ireland, in which they could blow off steam and generally manage their own local affairs, so long as the control of the Police, the Judges, and the Army was firmly retained in the hands of the Imperial authorities. Lord Wolseley is a great advocate for Imperial Federation, and no one who has fought as hard as he has done to keep the Empire together can contemplate a policy of drift towards disruption without the utmost horror. At the same time, his experience in the self-governing colonies of the Canadian Dominion and his opportunities for observation under many Governments in many lands, have convinced him that the more you leave localities to settle their own affairs, the better for both the localities and their affairs. His ideas of an Empire seem to me to be pretty much like those of Mr. Rhodes, viz., a series of practically independent Republics, whose foreign policy and whose Army and Navy are all controlled by a supreme central representative assembly meeting under the shadow of the Imperial throne.

HEREDITY IN POLITICS.

Lord Wolseley, like his ancestors before him, is on the Liberal side in politics, and at one time he was a tolerably fervent Gladstonian. Of late years the rift in the lute which was caused by the inability of the younger man to understand the almost superhuman subtlety with which Mr. Gladstone is able to reconcile the irreconcilable and explain the inexplicable, led to divergence of views, and Lord Wolseley can no longer be regarded as a Gladstonian. But it would be just as absurd to describe him as a Conservative. His sympathies, as befit a Wolseley, are intensely popular. The Wolseleys have always been Liberal, and even revolutionary, in their politics. Sir Charles Wolseley was one of Cromwell's thirteen lords, and was much trusted by the Lord Protector. Another Wolseley, after whom the Orange Lodge is called, commanded under William III. at the Battle of the Boyne. Sir Charles (Lord Wolseley's kinsman) was about the only country gentleman who supported the Chartists, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at Birmingham for his share in the Chartist agitation.

As an Irish family, the Wolseleys are comparatively recent, but they have small estates in Carlow and Wexford. In 1798, one of their houses was sacked and burnt by the Irish rebels. Lord Wolseley went some time ago to visit the vault in which the Irish members of his family were entombed, and found, when he asked to see his great-great-grandfather's coffin, that it had been carried off, together with two others in the vault, and made into bullets by the rebels. The result was that his great-great-grandfather's skull was lying loose in the vault, together with some other bones. His grandfather married an English lady, whose letters to her friends gave a lively picture of the troubles of the rebellion of 1798.

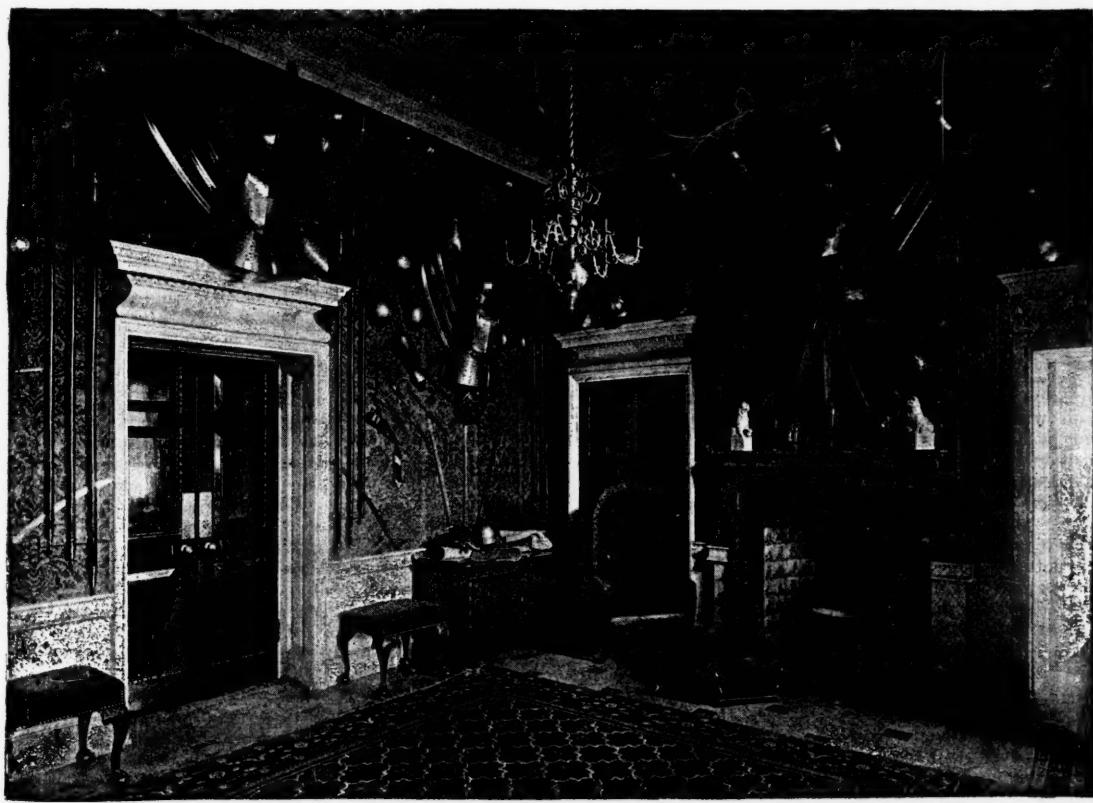
In one of them she describes graphically, with a considerable spice of humour, how one of her daughters had escaped from the rebels. She was taken up behind a trooper, who carried her for six miles in hurried flight from the insurgents. But after they had ridden these six miles the trooper lighted upon a pretty girl, for whom, being new and pleasanter company, he incontinently dropped Lord Wolseley's aunt, replacing her by the pretty girl, whom he carried off in safety, leaving Lord Wolseley's plain aunt to make her way as best she could across country.

HIS READING AS A BOY.

Lord Wolseley's father, grandfather, and ancestors for a long time back had all been soldiers, and he took to soldiering naturally as the profession to which he was called by birth. Almost as soon as he began to read he devoured books of history and military works. When a boy he saved up his pocket money to buy military books. One of the first which he ever bought, which made a deep impression on his mind, was a volume containing reflections upon military matters by Napoleon. One sentence in that book impressed itself indelibly on his mind, viz.: "Frontiers of States are of three kinds—a river, a mountain, or a desert. Of these three the desert is by far the most impenetrable." "I little thought at that

as many languages as it pleases, almost without an effort, whereas if it has never been taught to think in two languages, it will always be a matter of difficulty to speak in any language but its own.

Lord Wolseley deplored this defect in his own education, which left him unable to think in any language except English. You may make yourself understood in a language if you think in English and speak in another tongue, but you can never speak thoroughly well in a foreign language unless you have learnt to think in it. Everything depends on that. The Poles and Russians, among the educated classes, have a great reputation as linguists, but the ordinary Russian subaltern of the Line seldom speaks any language but his own, and shows no



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

time," said Wolseley, "that it would ever be my lot to campaign in a desert. No one who has not been in the desert can appreciate fully the force of Napoleon's maxim."

Speaking of his early education he said:—

I also read with great avidity "Plutarch's Lives"—an excellent work. I was taught modern languages in the ordinary schoolboy fashion; so many lines of Voltaire, so many lines of Homer, so many lines of Virgil, getting a smattering of languages without learning to think in any. My wife is an exceedingly good linguist, and speaks several languages admirably, and I have a theory as to how the gift is acquired. If before a child is twelve it is taught to talk and think in two languages, it can afterwards learn

special aptitude for acquiring another. It is all a matter of training.

He said, when speaking of his early education:—

I devoured English history, which was full of wars and campaigns. I also read "Napier's History of the Peninsula War," which gave me many valuable ideas and suggestions, but of works dealing with the art of war there were none published in the English language. I had to read them in French. You would hardly believe it, but the very word "War" did not occur in the rules and regulations of the British Army until lately. The Army was organised for peace.

When preparing this article for the press I had the privilege of a long conversation with Lord Wolseley, and

the following extracts from my notes will be read with interest both in England and America.

MR. CARLYLE AND THE TALKING SHOP.

One of the most famous anecdotes about Lord Wolseley is that told by Mr. Froude concerning his interview with Mr. Carlyle.

I asked Lord Wolseley what had passed on the occasion when he saw Carlyle. He said he had only seen Carlyle once, when, it might be said, he was dying. Carlyle had sent for him, and Mr. Froude was present. He was there "or about an hour. " Carlyle was very weak, so weak that if I had slammed the door," said Lord Wolseley, "I think he would have died on the spot. I said very little, being anxious to hear him speak as much as possible, but I asked him some questions. I asked him what he thought of the future of England." He said: "You will find my ideas expressed in the book which my friend there (pointing to Mr. Froude) has written about Caesar."

Lord Wolseley said he had read it, and was much interested in it. It is an elaborate parallel between the state of England to-day and that of Rome in the time of Julius Caesar. "And what," said Lord Wolseley, "do you think of the House of Commons?"

He said, gruffly, "I think that it is a place in which there are 600 talking asses!"

When Lord Wolseley rose to go, Mr. Carlyle said, "I am old, and you are a young man. You may live to see the day when that talking shop down there will be shut up, and who knows but that you may be the man to go down and turn the key!"*

THE FIGHTING VALUE OF FAITH.

Speaking of the fighting value of fanaticism, Lord Wolseley said that in the Mutiny he had fought hand-to-hand with fanatics, who are of all people the most dangerous to fight with. Fanatics, meaning men who are nerved up by religious enthusiasm to such a pitch that they have lost all care for their own lives, and who go straight for you, are the most formidable foes in the world. Twenty thousand fanatics such as those whom the Mahdi hurled against the English troops in the Soudan were far more to be dreaded than three times that number of French or German troops. No Continental troops would have ever faced the fire which almost failed to check the onward rush of the Mahdist. "Give me," said Lord Wolseley, "20,000 fanatics, and I am not by any means sure that I could not take them through the Continent, regardless of any numbers that might be put upon the field against them. It is the same with English gentlemen. Give me 20,000 English gentlemen, and I will march them to the other end of Europe and back again." "Of course," he said, laughing, "this is nonsense, if you take it too literally; but you have no conception of the terror which 20,000 resolute men, who always go forward and never turn back, would have in the hearts of armies many times their number. The sentiment of honour in an English gentleman is as good a fighting force as religious fanaticism. There is a great deal of hollowness about

* Mr. Froude's version is as follows:—

He described the House of Commons as 600 talking asses set to make the laws and administer the concerns of the greatest empire the world had ever seen; with other uncomplimentary phrases. When we rose to go he said, "Well, sir, I am glad to have made your acquaintance, and I wish you well. There is one duty which I hope may yet be laid upon you before you leave this world—to lock the door of yonder place, and turn them all out about their business."

modern armies. The real soul of the army consists of comparatively few."

ALL SOLDIERS RUN AWAY.

"Yes," said Lord Wolseley, "the public little knows how often soldiers cut and run. On one occasion my own men ran from me in sheer panic, leaving me alone. All soldiers run away at times. I believe that the British soldier runs away less than the soldier of any other nations, but he also runs away sometimes. There is a great deal of human nature in soldiers, but the loss from skulking and desertion in the great conscript armies of the Continent attain dimensions of which the English public have no notion. The articles in the *United Service Magazine*, translated from the German 'Summer Night's Dream,' are by the author of the ablest book on tactics." "That," he said, "has at least told the truth concerning the numbers who run away in battle. The author describes four soldiers lying down one behind another behind a single tree. Sheridan, in his memoirs, was the first to tell the world of this. He describes how the German troops bolted backwards, carrying with them their poor old Emperor, who in vain endeavoured to urge them again to fight. He had to be taken out of the rabble to the rear. Many were furious with Sheridan for telling the truth about this matter; but it is so in all armies, far more than most people think. If the Russians at Sebastopol had not been very badly led not one of our men could have escaped. Our officers were very ignorant of their profession; the Russians were worse. I always think that, so far from complaining of the reverses we had suffered, it was a miracle any of us returned to tell the tale."

THE CHINESE AS THE COMING RACE.

I found that Lord Wolseley fully shared General Gordon's belief in the latent possibilities of the Chinese.

"The Chinese," he said, "are the coming nation. The Chinese will, I think, overrun the world. The Battle of Armageddon will take place between the Chinese and the English-speaking races. There will be, I assume, another war between France and Germany, and it will be about the bloodiest war or series of wars which we have seen in Europe. But, some day, a great General, or Lawgiver, will arise in China, and the Chinese, who have been motionless for three centuries, will begin to progress. They will take to the profession of arms, and then they will hurl themselves upon the Russian Empire. Before the Chinese armies—as they possess every military virtue, are stolidly indifferent to death, and capable of inexhaustible endurance—the Russians will go down. Then the Chinese armies will march westward. They will overrun India, sweeping us into the sea. Asia will belong to them, and then, at last, English, Americans, Australians, will have to rally for a last desperate conflict. So certain do I regard this that I think one fixed point of our policy should be to strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to keep on good terms with China. China is the Coming Power. These people—intelligent, active, ingenious; so industrious that at twelve o'clock at night you can hear the hammer of the smith in the forge—have for the last 300 years been ruled by the simple method of having all the more active, capable, and progressive heads shorn off by their Tartar rulers; that is a simple, literal fact. The Government of China has been carried on by the method of cutting off every head of more than average intelligence, activity, and energy. You have no idea of the massacres that were carried on as part of the regular government of the country. When Commissioner Leh was asked whether it was true that he had, in three years,



RANGER'S HOUSE, GREENWICH PARK.



THE GROUNDS FROM THE DINING ROOM.

beheaded 60,000 men, he replied, 'Oh, surely many more than that!' So long as this system prevails, Chinese progress is impossible. But these rude Tartars will not always be able to control the nation. Another Moses might change it, or a Mohammed, or a Napoleon. The whole system very nearly went under thirty years ago, when Gordon saved the Empire. From the point of view of humanity, Gordon did right, but the case was by no means so clear as some people imagine. The Taepings very nearly overthrew the Tartar dynasty. Their chief not only declared that he was a Christian, but always styled himself in his proclamation as the Uterine Brother of Jesus Christ, and was a progressive ruler. He abolished opium-smoking, and showed himself in many respects in advance of the Government. But there were no constructive capacities in the Taepings. They destroyed every place over which they passed like a crowd of locusts. I was sent to Nankin, and from there to Hankow, 600 miles up the Yang-tse Kiang, to obtain information concerning the rebellion, so that the British Government might be better able to decide which side to support.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Lord Wolseley has lived for many years in North America. He travelled much in the States during the war, and it was very interesting to hear his estimate of the fighting force of mixed and unmixed democracies. He said:—In America you have a pure democracy, and a pure democracy is capable of doing much more in the direction of strong measures and of war than a mixed system such as ours. When democracy is thoroughly established in England the chief security against war will have disappeared. It is democracies that make wars, oligarchies that are afraid of them, especially an oligarchy like ours, which is timid and hampered by the party system. Our system, by dividing the nation into two halves, each of which opposes on principle what the other one proposes, paralyses our strength when a Minister is tempted to go to war. If our people were as unanimous in cases of affront as the United States we should go to war many times oftener than we do. In America, questions of foreign policy, involving the maintenance of the honour of the flag or the rights of American citizens, are outside the area of party dispute. The whole nation acts as one man. Hence, Russia, Germany, and France habitually show the United States a deference which they never show England. Again, at a subsequent period of the conversation, Lord Wolseley reverted to the superiority of the American system, and said that he thought it was probable it would work out better if the best man were given—say, for five or six years—supreme power, with the right of renewal in case he gave satisfaction, instead of having a Prime Minister habitually hampered by colleagues and by Parliament, with the result that neither continuity nor consistency in the conduct of our foreign affairs was possible. He entirely assented to the doctrine of including the United States in the future circle of the Federated English-speaking nations, but he demurred to my suggestion that Canada might become as the link between the Empire and the Republic.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Lord Wolseley said he did not believe that Canada would ever join the United States. All history showed that when two States lay together side by side, the friction of the frontier developed an antagonism which was seldom overcome. He believed that the anti-Catholic feeling on the part of the majority of the American people has rendered impossible the annexation of the Dominion,

which includes the Catholic province of Quebec. A great friend of his, one of the greatest manufacturers in Canada, at one time believed strongly in union with the United States, thinking it was the destiny of Canada to be an immense manufacturing country, and wishing to be able to flood the American market with Canadian manufactures. But that hope having grown dim, his zeal for union had faded. Goldwin Smith was busy, no doubt, but there were very few in Canada who paid any attention to him.

Twenty years ago the English Government was under the baneful sway of anti-Imperial notions. Robert Lowe, Cardwell, Cobden, and others were then all for getting rid of Canada at any cost, and cutting the painter which united the Colonies to the mother country. "Wayward Sister, depart in peace," was the key-note of their policy.

Lord Wolseley believed that the real reason for all this was the feeling that in holding Canada we gave hostages to the United States that deprived us of our liberty of action. But for Canada, he was sure the Government of that day would have recognised the South. As it was, they did not dare. But all that was changed now. He ridiculed the idea that America would be an enemy of ours, and asserted, with a tone of deep conviction, that if ever the old country were, in a time of difficulty, to appeal to our American kinsfolk and to cry across the Atlantic for help, the American nation would respond enthusiastically. The only weakness, said he, is the Irish element in the States.

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

I reluctantly pass over the campaign in Ashantee and Zululand to come to the more recent war in Egypt. Lord Wolseley, it is an open secret, was no advocate of intervention in Egypt. He protested against the proposed bombardment of Alexandria before it took place, and although he carried out the military operations it necessitated with brilliant success, he has never ceased to deplore the concatenation of blunders which led to that bombardment, and which forced us to occupy the country, and no one would rejoice more than he if we could evacuate the Nile valley to-morrow. Not that Lord Wolseley had much sympathy with Arabi. He seemed to him a clever ass, who was only frustrated by the rapid rush of our cavalry from burning Cairo. When on this subject I asked Lord Wolseley what ground there was for the complaint of some of his critics that he ought to have attacked in flank and not in front, a mistake, according to them, which caused wanton slaughter of 500 British troops. Lord Wolseley said, "The reason why I did not take them in the flank was simply because any such attack must have been made by daylight, and it would have cost me about 5,000 men instead of 500. Remember, mine was a night attack. There is nothing more difficult in the world than marching across the desert in the dark, with nothing to guide you except your compass and the stars. Next, by attacking in front we had the canal, and so had no need to carry water as long as we stuck to the canal. If we had made a flank movement we should have had to carry our water, and we could not have possibly accomplished that march in the darkness. We should have had to attack in broad daylight, when the enemy was thoroughly alert. We should have lost our way in the dark. This is no fancy of mine. It is proved by the fact that my cavalry, which were sent round in order to attack on the flank the moment that we attacked with the infantry in the front, did lose their way, although they were very well led, with the result that at the

moment when the attack was delivered they were a mile from the place they ought to have been, and practically were out of it. If my cavalry lost their way, how do you think the whole Army could have been depended upon to come up to time? The difficulties of a night march are little understood by those who criticize military operations at home. I was constantly in dread of the army getting scattered in the darkness." "How many men had you?" I asked. "I do not think we had more men than about 16,000, but I had sixty guns, and forty of these I mustered together in the middle, between the right and left divisions. It is not so easy for artillery to straggle as for foot soldiers, so I kept the forty cannons together, as a solid link connecting the two divisions. By this means they did not fall apart, although they did rather inconveniently crowd one upon the other. I had reconnoitred the ground myself very carefully, and had sent out scouts for several days beforehand. We knew that Arabi never stationed outposts until the morning. During the darkness, the Egyptian Army seemed to think itself secure, and took no precautions; hence, when we arrived within striking distance, their camp was asleep. We charged, and although the men at the guns fought splendidly, and died where they stood, the others soon broke and ran."

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

From this we come to the campaign in the Soudan. I asked him what was the truth as to the dispute about the routes. Was the Suakin-Berber route abandoned because of the necessity for smashing Osman Digna, or why? Lord Wolseley replied, "Not at all. That may have been put forward, but that was not the real reason. The real reason was simply the fact that it was a physical impossibility to get to Berber with an army in the face of the opposition we must have encountered.

"Use your common sense," said Lord Wolseley, "and say what possibility there was of crossing 245 miles of desert, absolutely waterless, with the exception of some brackish wells, the last being some fifty miles before you get to Berber. After you had made your railway you had the certainty that as you neared the Nile, 245 miles from your base, you would have to meet and overcome some 20,000 fanatics, similar to those men who fought us at Abu Klea. These men can come with a very little water a very long way. We should have been kept constantly expecting their attack for the last fifty or seventy miles of the road.

"The idea of pumping water through a tube 245 miles long over a range of mountains more than 3,000 feet in height, was the maddest idea that ever caught possession of a human brain entirely ignorant of war. We tried forcing water through pipes, and what with the friction, and what with the heat of the sun, it came out at the other end nearly boiling. Imagine for a moment what would have come to your army at the end of your railway if any accident happened to the tube which conveyed the water, or if the line of communication of 245 miles was broken through at any point! Under the circumstances then existing, it was only the theorist, who had never made war except on paper, who would have proposed to advance by the desert to Berber when the river route was available. If we had to go to Khartoum, we were compelled to go by the Nile. It is a great principle, in moving troops, never to go by land if you can possibly go by water. The chief difficulty of every commander is not to beat the enemy, but to feed his men—to provide them with rations and water. When you march by the side of a river, or take a river route, the difficulty about

roads disappears. By any other route to Khartoum the difficulty of water for an opposed army is almost insurmountable. The difficulty of the Suakin-Berber desert for an opposed army is quite insurmountable. We had only 180 miles to cross, from Korti to Shendy, and there were wells at Gakdul, but we could not cross it in the strength with which we should have had to cross from Suakin to Berber.

"We had at Korti the finest body of troops any man ever commanded. With the soldiers whom I had I would not have hesitated to give battle against any army three times as numerous. As it was, they fought and conquered an enemy three times stronger than themselves, composed of much more dangerous fighting men than any French or German soldiers. No Continental troops would ever have got into our square at Abu Klea. Depend upon it, that if I went by the Nile to Khartoum, it was because there was practically no other way to get there, and if we had tried to get through to Berber by means of a railroad, we should, probably, be making that railway to this day."

ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS TOO LATE!

Never, probably, has any commander had success dashed from his lips so cruelly as had Lord Wolseley when a delay of forty-eight hours in the arrival of the steamers at Khartoum rendered abortive the whole expedition for the relief of General Gordon. Lord Wolseley never ceases to grieve with a sorrow too deep for words over the fatal destiny which crowned that famous expedition with an irreparable disaster. It was known in the camp that the Mahdi, alarmed at the advance of the British troops, had already packed up his goods and chattels and was ready to fall back into the interior of Africa: but it is only recently that fuller news has been received on the subject, which shows how very near the expedition was to complete success. After the battle of Abu Klea there was a meeting in the Mahdist camp of all the Emirs, who were all in favour of abandoning the siege. One Emir, and one alone, stood up to protest against the proposed retreat. "Let us," he said, "make one attempt more. Let us fire 101 guns and proclaim a great victory, and make one more attack on Khartoum. If we fail we shall be no worse off than we are now, for we can always retreat, but if we succeed we shall be able to defy the approaching British." Unfortunately for us the counsel of this Emir was taken, and when Lord Charles Beresford arrived in sight of Khartoum it was in the hands of the rebels, and General Gordon was no more. But had even one steamer come down at once, Gordon would have been saved.

THE NET RESULT OF ARMY REFORM.

We had a long talk about the effect of the Army reforms. He said: "There is a good deal yet to be done, but we have on the whole got the Army started upon new lines. The opposition which rendered it difficult to get things done has now been thoroughly demoralized by the Commissions which have recently reported, and I think that Sir Redvers Buller will be able to carry all the necessary reforms through to a satisfactory conclusion. At the same time it is no use denying the fact that we have been largely disappointed in the great object which we set ourselves to obtain. We have no doubt made the Army a profession; we have weeded out a host of supernumerary generals, and useless officers, and have done away with an immense number of abuses, and introduced competitive examination. But we have not made the

Army a career for a poor man. More than ever it is a career for the rich. The purchase system was an anomaly, and apparently afforded undue advantages to wealth. We abolished it ; what has happened ? Under the purchase system the son of an old officer had a commission without purchase. No one is now allowed a commission without passing a competitive examination which has become more and more severe as the number of candidates has increased. We have now commonly 700 candidates for 70 commissions : the result is, that practically no one can obtain one of those 70 first places, who has not had a very expensive education, an education far beyond the means of a poor man to give his son. The result of the abolition of purchase has therefore been that practically none but rich men's sons can get into the Army at all. The expense of education, it may be said, is not much more than the cost of a commission. Perhaps not ; but the old officer's son obtained a commission without purchase. The rich man who purchased every step for his son has saved money by the time that son becomes a lieutenant-colonel, but the poor man never purchased at all. The scale of expenditure in the Army, as in private life in all classes, has increased. The development of railways has increased the temptation to go on leave, and consequently the ordinary expenditure of an officer and living in the Army is dearer than ever."

HOW MANY SOLDIERS DO WE NEED ?

Some years ago Lord Wolseley, in reply to a question whether it was possible to save in the Army the extra money needed for the Navy, replied as follows :—

The loss of the *Sultan* warns men not to stake everything on a line of floating defence that any unforeseen disaster or great storm might send to the bottom at any moment. This country can only be protected effectively from invasion by a regular army of about 100,000 Infantry, supported by our Auxiliary Forces—the Regulars to constitute a manoeuvring army, the Auxiliaries to hold our fortresses, find garrisons for all our commercial ports, and to occupy the strong positions round London which would be strengthened by field works when the danger became imminent. If this be necessary, I don't think you can afford to reduce your Army.

Referring to this subject Lord Wolseley said that the chief thing he complained of was that the people who knew most were the last who were allowed to inform the public. All statesmen first gagged the experts and then kept back the truth from the people. Of this a remarkable instance was the way in which the true condition of the Navy was kept back from the nation on the eve of the great Eastern convulsion of 1876. Mr. Ward Hunt, then First Lord of the Admiralty, blurted out the truth about the actual condition of our ships and of their boilers. This naturally produced a profound sensation in the country. Instead of demanding the money necessary to mend the boilers and strengthen the Navy, a statement was made from the Treasury Bench, unsaying all that the First Lord had said. Why don't Ministers trust the nation by taking the people into their confidence and ask Parliament for the money required to keep our small Army and our splendid Navy always thoroughly efficient.

WHY NOT TRUST THE NATION ?

This duty of taking the people into your confidence is an old text with Lord Wolseley. Looking over some old writings of his, I find the following outspoken epistle :—

I hope the attempt to make the people realize the insufficiency of the Navy may be successful. Party politicians view everything from a party standpoint ; and it seldom pays any purely party man to advocate increased expenditure

upon the defence of the Empire, or any augmentation to Army or Navy. Without pressure, Ministers for those services are not likely to have either in really good order at any time. Our only hope, therefore, is that the Press will force the Government to strengthen the Fleet. What we want most is that the whole truth should be told to the nation. We live in an age of cant and lies and humbug, and it is difficult to make men trust the people as they should do by telling them the simple truth about our Army and Navy.

But although Lord Wolseley is very much in earnest about strengthening the Fleet, he is strongly opposed to exaggerating the danger of our position. Speaking of the idea that we might be blockaded into starvation, Lord Wolseley said that the idea was one of the wildest fallacies ever dreamed of. Here are two islands, with ports at every few miles for the reception of corn ships, and fortunes to be made by any smart American skippers who will run the blockade. Could any human being imagine that even if our Fleet were entirely disabled we should not have plenty of food ? Experience has answered that question of blockade once for all. In the war between the North and South the Southerners had no navy, the North built a great fleet whose seagoing ships had little else to do except blockade one harbour, the harbour of Charlestown. Yet the blockade was never successful ; ships entered it constantly, taking cargoes in and bringing cargoes out. If that could be done under such circumstances the blockading of all the numerous ports of the United Kingdom is absolutely out of the question.

LORD WOLSELEY AT HOME.

Lord Wolseley, for the last few years, has lived in the Ranger's House in Greenwich Park. It is a pleasant residence of red brick, standing in old-fashioned grounds, with which there are associated many memories of famous personages whose names are familiar to every schoolboy. Queen Caroline, the unfortunate wife of the reprobate George the Fourth, lived here, and the old walls could tell some strange tales, unless they too are affected with the convenient forgetfulness which made the phrase *non mi recordo* too familiar in the mouths of our grandfathers. The Duke of Marlborough also often visited the place, now tenanted by his latest biographer. It was quite recently occupied by Prince Arthur when a schoolboy, and a diminutive fort on the grounds, known as Fort Arthur, stands as a characteristic memento of the youthful military studies of the Duke of Connaught. On entering the house you pass down a corridor, on either side of which hang trophies of Lord Wolseley's various battlefields : Zulu shields, Crusaders' chain-mail, and, from the Soudan, the flag stained with blood of the Mahdist leader killed at Tosti. The corridor leads to a hall, which is also hung round with weapons and armour which formerly were in his room at the War Office.

From the hall, passing on the left-hand side, you come to Lord Wolseley's workroom, a pleasant, airy room looking south, with a desk in front of the window, and book shelves behind and on one side. There was a crayon portrait in profile of Bismarck, a very good portrait of General Gordon, small cabinet size, and a portrait of a priest—an English priest, Father Brindle—decorated with medals, who Lord Wolseley declared was the best soldier he had ever had with him. Sir Herbert Stewart's portrait hung on the wall higher up. One characteristic of Lord Wolseley's working-room should be noticed, and that is the extent to which it is pervaded with the presence of his mother. Like other great men, Lord Wolseley is emphatically his mother's making. His father was a soldier who paid comparatively little attention to the

development of his son's mind. His mother was an extremely able woman who bestowed immense care upon her promising boy, and Lord Wolseley cherishes the tenderest gratitude towards her memory. There are two miniature portraits of her on his desk and a larger portrait of her on the table immediately behind. As is usual with men who are accustomed from their earliest childhood to find their inspiration and intellectual stimulant from a mother's love and care, Lord Wolseley is entirely free from the besotted vanity of most men who imagine that by virtue of their sex they are so immeasurably superior to all women as to justify them in depriving the latter of incentives to self-improvement and opportunities for education which are afforded by the responsible discharge of public duties. Lord Wolseley would have no objection to the enfranchisement of women. He would give them equal rights with man, and logically enough he would impose no veto upon their sitting in the Legislature if they could find any constituency willing to be represented by the sex which is at present the disinherited of the Empire.

Lord Wolseley's dressing-room stands immediately behind his workroom, although you have to go out into the corridor to get to it. It is hung round with prints of various naval and military notables, among others Nelson, whom Lord Wolseley specially pointed out as being a great favourite of his, Sir Clodesley Shovel, Marlborough, his wife Sarah, and others of the same kind. High up on the wall on the left-hand side was a crayon sketch of Blucher. It has a most extraordinary resemblance to Mr. Gladstone—a softened, chastened, fattened G.O.M. In the hall I omitted to mention there was a portrait of William of Orange, whose fine forehead and repulsive-looking mouth were very conspicuous.

Crossing the hall you come to the dining-room, which opens on to the lawn and the garden—an old-fashioned English garden, very prettily laid out. There is a capital portrait of Lord Wolseley over the mantelpiece, by Holl, and fronting it is a small but admirable picture of the Duke of Wellington on horseback. There are some small battle pictures of Marlborough's campaigns and some historical portraits. All the pictures are interesting and have an individuality in keeping with the house and its occupant. The body of the house was built some time after the Restoration, as evidenced by the curious oak leaves carved on the panels of the window frames, a fashion which came in after Charles II.'s escape after the battle of Worcester. The other part of the building was built by Lord Chesterfield, and many of his famous letters were written here. The largest room, now used as a drawing-room, had been intended by Lord Chesterfield as a picture gallery. Like Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Wolseley, or his daughter is partial to peacocks, several of these lordly birds being conspicuous on the lawn. More lovely, although less imposing, were the white doves, which fluttered around the dovecot in the centre of one of the lawns. The outlook was as peaceful and as rural as that from the front of Hughenden, nor would anyone imagine that London lay at the very door.

One of the most conspicuous objects in these apartments is a case of presentation swords, which, together with the printed votes of thanks passed by Parliament, he had received at various times. The most ornamental sword was that presented to him by the City of London after the Ashantee War; the prettiest was the Toledo blade given him by Lord Airey; while a strange-looking one with a curved blade had been presented to him by the people of Cairo for having saved their city from destruction. In the corner of the library there were several Marlborough cases, foolscap size, a whole shelf full of

them, which contained the manuscript of the great work to which Lord Wolseley has devoted all his leisure for some time past, and which he hopes to finish when he goes to Ireland, viz., a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough."

The house in which General Wolfe had lived and where they brought his body back after he was killed stands close to Lord Wolseley's. General Wolfe was buried in the church close by, where there is no monument or even memorial tablet to mark his grave. The house is now occupied by a very wealthy Wesleyan minister. Whitfield used to preach close to this place, and a clump of trees is still known as "Whitfield's Pulpit."

A TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE MAN.

Contrary to a very widespread belief, Lord Wolseley is not a teetotaller, although probably his words have had as much weight as those of any man in restraint of the practice of dram-drinking. Spirits are his detestation, and no one has expressed more strongly their conviction that they are entirely unnecessary except from a medicinal point of view when men have to bivouac in marshes. It was during his Red River expedition that he first taught the Army that it was possible for the British soldier to fight on tea. When describing this expedition Mr. Low says:—

Acting upon views he had for years strongly entertained as to the positive injury to health by dram-drinking, even in moderation, he would have no liquor of any sort—except a small quantity of brandy in each brigade of boats, as "medical comforts," under the charge of the commanding officer—to form part of the commissariat department. But he sanctioned a liberal allowance of tea, which was freely taken by officers and men twice and thrice a day, and though they were constantly wet to the skin, and had to perform the hardest work in damp clothes, the medical returns were almost blank, and crime and any serious cases of sickness were alike unknown in the Force.

Lord Wolseley, so far from being a fanatic upon the subject, on one occasion narrowly escaped with his life from his anxiety to provide his messmates with a ration of rum. The incident in question occurred after the Relief of Lucknow, when Lord Wolseley brought up a supply of rum and tobacco for the entertainment of his beleaguered comrades.

Being desirous of showing in a practical form his regard for his old comrades, he had brought with him some tobacco, which he distributed among the officers and men of his company, to whom it was a real godsend. But there was still one desideratum which was requisite to make the gallant fellows happy, and that was—rum. At length, having secured the rum, he slung it on a pole between two men, and commenced his return march. It was pitch-dark as he passed through the mess-house gardens, and suddenly, as he was proceeding along, himself leading the way, he heard a scream. Turning round he found that one of the polebearers had been run through the body by a Pandy, who was prowling about the grounds, and where he had himself just passed.

HIS VIEWS ON THE NEED FOR MORAL REFORMATION.

Lord Wolseley has no patience with the zeal which leads some men to go a-crusading against vices and crimes abroad while neglecting reformation at home. I remember, some years ago, sending him an article the writer of which spoke strongly upon the seamy side of our empire abroad. He wrote me back a very vigorous epistle, as may be inferred from the following extracts:—

If we are sincere in wishing to stop intemperance, prostitution, and the like, for God's sake let us set earnestly to work in this monster Babylon in which we live. Why go skirmishing about on the outskirts of the infested localities?

The sincerely moral man who does not live on a pabulum of sentimental clap-trap purifies his own house and home before he undertakes distant crusades.

To me, London is a pest-house of infamy, of terrible immorality in its worst sense. I cannot go a hundred yards in any direction without seeing a public-house where large placards tell you that "Cream Gin" is sold cheap within. Outside I see a dozen or so of the persons who have now voices in the management of our public affairs, more or less tipsy. Take a turn in the Strand or in Piccadilly at 9 or 10 p.m. Who do you find there? . . . Look at your thieves' quarters! The horrors and abominations of London would not be tolerated even in Cairo for a day. We only make ourselves ridiculous by declaiming against what we style sins that we sanction around us. When I see strong measures taken in *England* to prohibit the sale of poisons in the form of spirits of all sorts, then I shall believe in the new British Reformation. It is to me in our present state the most monstrous imposition and humbug to preach abroad what we dare not carry out at home.

There is a great deal said in this article about soldiers. Now I am certain that I know far more of our soldiers and of their manners and customs and code of morality than most writers can, and believe me that, man for man, our soldiers are far more moral than their brothers and cousins in civil life; the strict discipline under which they live accounts for this. There is much less drunkenness in the Army than in the classes from which we obtain the largest proportion of our recruits.

Do let us give up theory and let us deal with facts as we find them around us, and if we must test our theories let us do so at home. Let the preacher deal with the foul diseases that he finds around him, and when he has cured that, then by all means let him travel further afield.

SMOKE.

Like General Gordon, Lord Wolseley was at one time an immense smoker. He told me that from a boy he had smoked constantly, and that for many years he always smoked from six in the morning till he went to bed at night, smoking nothing but big black cigars. When he was worried and troubled, there was nothing in the world that soothed him as much as a cigar. He had always kept himself well in hand, and kept the habit under control by every now and then ceasing to smoke entirely for a week or a fortnight at a time. He has now given up smoking altogether, and seemed to feel no inconvenience. For a fortnight before Tel-el-Kebir, he had never smoked at all, but when the battle was won, as he stood on the bridge of the canal at the camp, he lit his first cigar, and smoked six, one after another, as hard as he could—a kind of tobacco debauch, as he said.

SLEEP.

His personal habits are abstemious. Although living, perchance, in London society, he has always endeavoured to model his life in accordance with the old saw which bids a man be early to bed and early to rise. When he is his own master he goes to rest between ten and eleven, and is up before six. He is a sound sleeper, and can sleep at almost any time, and under any circumstances, which is no doubt one great secret of success; for in war, as in politics, the man who cannot sleep might as well retire from the running. "You cannot put in your time more profitably than in sleeping," said Lord Wolseley to me, and the saying is one that may well be taken to heart by all hard workers. As long as you can sleep you can always renew your strength. It is

when sleep fails that your balance at the bank of life is cut off.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

Lord Wolseley is a man who makes many friends and some enemies. His remarkable rise, and the freedom with which he has spoken and written, have combined to make him envied by many and hated by some. The truculence with which some suffered themselves to speak of a soldier whose valour has reflected glory upon the British Army is little to the credit of a service which ought to be based on good comradeship. This hostility is more than counterbalanced by the enthusiastic fidelity with which the officers who have been trained along with him regard their intrepid and resourceful chief. We hear less than we used to do concerning "the Ashantee Ring," but at one time there used to be a general impression, sedulously fostered in certain quarters, that no one who had not made the march to Coomassie had any chance of promotion where Lord Wolseley was concerned. The proof of the pudding, however, is the eating of it, and there has been no one able to point to any officer for whose promotion Lord Wolseley is answerable who has not, by his conduct in the field or in posts of responsibility and danger, justified the choice of his chief.

Lord Wolseley, although primarily a soldier, and secondarily colonial governor and British administrator, has nevertheless filled many functions of a more purely ornamental and courtly description. He has probably hobnobbed with more sovereigns and statesmen than any other living Irishman. He was one of the suite that accompanied the Duke of Edinburgh to Russia on the occasion of the coronation of the present Emperor, and Lord Wolseley has often described in his pleasant, familiar way the charming simplicity that prevailed at the Court of Alexander III. You can hardly talk about anyone whom Lord Wolseley has not met, and about whom he has not some pleasant story to tell, for as a *raconteur* he is singularly good-humoured, and seldom seasons his talk with the malevolent suggestions by which some men add piquancy to their talk.

HIS FUTURE.

I am not a soldier, and have not attempted to deal with Lord Wolseley from a military point of view. He is more interesting to his countrymen as a picturesque and commanding personality than as a mere man of the sword. Yet even the most out-and-out Peace man cannot refrain altogether from admiring the capacity, the resource, the energy, and the intelligence of the man who has for so many years been the brain of the British army. Nor can even the most envious among his detractors deny that there is no living general to whom the nation would so instinctively turn as to Lord Wolseley if ever—which Heaven forbid—we were to be threatened with invasion or to be seriously involved in European war. If for a year or two he is allowed to pass into comparative retirement at Dublin, it is only because in these piping times of peace the public can afford him leisure to finish his *Life of Marlborough*. But it is not a very hazardous prediction that, in certain very possible eventualities, Lord Wolseley will return to the Ranger's House at Greenwich, not as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland, but as Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces of the Crown.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

WHICH ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACES IN EUROPE? II.

IHAVE to thank those of my readers who, as a labour of love, filled in the form printed in our last number and returned the same to me. Hundreds of brief essays upon The Most Beautiful have been sent in from all parts of the Three Kingdoms. Most of them are characterized by the same curious reluctance to make comparisons. To say that one scene is fairer than another seems to be almost as cruel as to make the choice of Paris, from which such innumerable woes resulted to Trojan and to Greek. A beautiful landscape is incapable of the fierce wrath of injured beauty which inspired the slighted Juno; but although no vengeance follows, it is unpleasant to inflict a slight, and-hence, instead of singling out half a dozen of the most beautiful places under as many different heads, a great number of our correspondents have sent us as many as half a dozen under each head, and then added a supplementary list in the shape of final observations.

The range of observation covered by these papers is very wide. In tabulating the results I divided those whose travels had never taken them outside these islands, and those who were in a position to compare the Continent with Great Britain. The difference in the result was very slight. That is to say, the judgment of natives as to the comparative beauty of the most lovely views in their own country coincided in almost every case with that expressed by those who brought a wider range of observation to bear upon their selection. The chief exception, curiously enough, was in lakes. It was the European traveller who placed Derwentwater far and away above Windermere, and Killarney above both. If the voting had been confined to home-keeping Britons, Windermere would have been first, Derwentwater second, and Killarney third. It is, of course, impossible to deduce anything very definite from the papers sent in by readers who make their selections from an endlessly varying number of areas, but there are certain broad conclusions which are unmistakable. The first is that, in the opinion of the majority of our readers, Switzerland is the most beautiful country in Europe. Next in order of popularity comes Scotland, then Italy, after Italy Ireland, and then England. The number of those who can speak of the scenery of Scandinavia (including Finland), the Levant (including Greece and Constantinople), and of Spain and Portugal, is too small for these papers to count in the general mass. The second general conclusion is that there is almost universal agreement that Lucerne is the most beautiful lake, and Edinburgh the most beautiful city. Paris is not a bad second as a city, and Killarney comes after Lucerne; but Edinburgh and Lucerne hold their own without an effort. And as Lucerne is among lakes, and Edinburgh among cities, so is the Rhine among rivers. There is no such general agreement as to mountains or sea-coast. The falling-off in the popularity of Mont Blanc may, however, be noted.

I have not space to print more than a few—a very few—extracts from the mass of communications which have reached me. Mr. Frank Hardy, the well-known novelist,

fills in his paper as follows, with the proviso that it was "understood physical beauty alone is less considered than the same in combination with the beauty derived from human memories":—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—Alpine, say Mont Blanc, in the pink of morning, if possible.
2. *Lake*.—Italian, above Lombardy.
3. *Sea Coast*.—Between Genoa and Pisa; or, Salamis and the Piraeus, including Athens.

4. *River Scene*.—Rhine.

5. *Town or City*.—Rome, from the Capitoline or Palatine.

6. *General*.—The Thames valley, so as to include Windsor Castle and the haze of distant London, if the visitor be of English extraction; if of French ancestry, the Seine valley and Paris; if of Scotch, Edinburgh and its surroundings, &c.

Observations.—The entire absence of originality in the above list of places will at once be observed. But this is half its recommendation; the historic reason, which has partly weighed in their selection, growing *pari passu* with their character as trodden ground.

Mrs. Cuninghame Graham, who is a great wanderer in the wild and romantic deserts of her native land, makes the following return:—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—A certain point on the Gemmi Pass.

2. *Lake*.—The Lake of Menteith (Scotland).

3. *Sea Coast*.—The Galician Coast in the north of Spain, Ferrol, Pontevedra, Vigo, Bayona.

4. *River Views*.—The Tagus, near Bolargia, in the mountains of Cuenca.

5. *Country*.—The Desert of Batencas in Estremadura, and the Convent of Yus, &c.

6. *General*.—Galicia, in the north of Spain, and the wild parts of Estremadura.

Observations.—All scenery wants sun, vivid, resplendent, gorgeous.

Of Russia, "Eve, Countess de Sulmalla," writes: "Moscow is the handsomest and most original of cities. Anything more strangely beautiful than the view from the top of the Kremlin, at sunset, it is impossible to see in the Old World;" and "Alex. McArthur," writing from St. Petersburg, waxes enthusiastic in praise of Finland.

A few refuse to confine themselves to Europe. Mr. Albert Leffingwell, of Boston (U.S.A.), sends me the following list:—

1. *Mountain Scenery*.—Alps—St. Gothard Pass.

2. *Lake*.—Windermere (Eng.); Como; Lucerne.

3. *Sea Coast*.—From Salerno to Amalfi; from San Remo to Monaco.

4. *River Views*.—Rhine, above Bingen.

5. *Town or Country*.—Pompeii; Venice; Seville (Tangier).

6. *General Scenery*.—View from Franciscan Convent at Assisi, Italy.

Observations.—If one might refer to "Old World" scenery and places *out of Europe* I should extend my list as follows:—

1. The mountain road, or "Naka-sen-do," of Central Japan.

2. Cayuga Lake, New York.

3. Inland Sea, Japan.

4. Ganges, at Benares; the Nile, at Philae.

5. Jerusalem from Mount of Olives; Delhi (India); Kioto (Japan).

6. Karnac, by moonlight; the Entrenchment at Cawnpore.

There are many who, having gone round the world, come back convinced that there is no place like home. Here are some of their replies:—

Having travelled in North America and Canada (including Yosemite Valley and Canadian Pacific scenery), in New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, Africa, and throughout Germany, France, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Norway, The Balearic Islands, &c., &c., I still maintain that Britain has impressed me most of all.

I have travelled in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria. Apart from mountains, no country equals England in sweet rural scenery, especially within forty miles of London. Leith and Box Hills, Hindhead, Gomshall, &c., will take a lot of beating.

I have travelled through many countries in Europe, but for variety of general scenery of a unique kind I have seen none to surpass, not even to equal, that which surrounds Victoria Park, Killiney Hill, Dublin. It combines beautiful bays, a wide, open sea, charming valleys, richly wooded parks, stately mansions, seaside resorts, and hills rising to the altitude of mountains clad in verdure varied and beautiful to their summits. It is simply perfect in beauty and variety.

Some are curiously characteristic. Here, for instance, are two replies, one indicating the practical Scot, the other the humorous but passionately political Irishman:—

I have not spent ten days of my fifty years of life out of Scotland, and I have seen the most of Scotland. One who knows how to make the most of his money, and who can combine high thinking and plain living, could travel from and return to London and see all I have mentioned in eight days, and at a cost of about six pounds.

The writer, who includes no other country in this comparison but Ireland, and only one corner of it—Ulster, and who thinks the best river view the Bann, with a 15lb. salmon well-hooked—writes:—

Never was out of the north of Ireland in my life and don't wish to be—its beauty is enough to satisfy the veriest glutton of all that is lovely in Nature. Davitt says: "Killarney, in the poetry of Ireland, is the earthly reflection of heaven," he and his pack have made the Co. Kerry of late years the reflection of hell. Print this if you have a spark of justice, Mr. Stead!

For practical directions take the following:—

As an Australian, who has lived for the last six years in Europe, let me advise Colonists before everything to see places not hopelessly Cockneyfied, such as, in Scotland, St. Mary's Loch; in England, Oxford; and abroad, the Peloponnes. Tourist-ridden places like the Lake District and Mount St. Michel should be left till winter. But no Colonist or American ought to travel for mere scenery. The most beautiful natural scenery can be seen in the New World. What should be looked for here are quaint customs and people and the Old World atmosphere.

Have notebook in hand. Send descriptive letters and postcards. Write full account from notes and collected letters and cards six months after tour. Stay at least one night at best places. Take mental photographs of most beautiful spots by sitting to gaze, close eyes; repeat five or six times. Return to same place few hours later, and repeat process. Scenes can often be reviewed in memory's album *ad lib.*

Mr. H. Snowden Ward declares that Lindley Wood Reservoir is the most beautiful lake. Having seen both English and Welsh lakes in their best and worst moods, he could not conscientiously put any of them before Lindley Wood. A Swedish journalist boldly asserts that "The Forth Bridge, the engineering triumph of the age, seems to me to be one of the most impressive sights in this world."

The most remarkable letter of the series reaches me from Glasgow. The writer, Hamish Hendry, who it

seems lived for years in the desolate, smoke-blighted region where I passed my youth, seems to have the eye of a poet and not a little of the poet's art. He writes:—

As I am interested in the scheme by which you propose to bring to a focus the most beautiful places in Europe, would you permit me to say that I miss one important rubric from your list? Like myself, there must be many untravelled poor men who would be pleased to answer some such question as this: "What most beautiful bit of nature have you found near your own house-door?"

Is it too much to say that an answer to such a question would probably give pause to many who know their guide-book of Europe by heart, besides affording a critical test of their ability to appreciate a beauty other than what one might call the professional? More than that, the educational value of looking for the beauty which lies nearest you is of great importance. My own slight experience is this: For a number of years it was my hap to live at Willington Quay, on Tyneside. That is a most dingy place, of many smells and few beauties. The unloveliness of this region oppressed me at first. Its grime, its noise, its squalor, suggested a suburban hell, tempered with smoky sunlight. In these circumstances I found it necessary to track down the natural beauty of the neighbourhood, lay snares for it in the twilight, stalk it at dawn—with most fascinating results. Gradually I came to know where this beauty lurked, to trace its swift and secret ways, to wait the happy turn of its times and seasons. There was an expanding sense of freshness and colour when the sea-tide brimmed over the bar at Shields with a salt sparkle where the winter sun hit the coloured sides of the ships; there was fine appeal in the grey glaze of the river as it slid in the twilight between the black wharfs with their overhanging staithes; there was suggestion of mystery in the midnight fires of Jarrow furnaces as they shot out in palpitant crimson on the black river, where haply a phantom ship passed sea-ward twinkling with fire on spar and mast; there was a bewildering sense of power and beauty in a December dawn (seen from Tynemouth pier) with its flicker of little red clouds in the east, while the great green waves from the North Sea flung themselves, baffled, along the sea-wall in a white rage of foam.

But these were the more infrequent beauties, which I caught, so to say, with happy lure. My everyday beauty lay close at hand in a sodden clay field. It was a discovery, not probably so important as the sources of the Nile or the mountains of the Moon, but sufficiently important to make me self-important to the height of verse. As thus:—

THE CLAY PIT.

Where careless diggers dug their clay
Was left a waste red pit;
Close by men's daily path it lay,
Yet none regarded it.

Betimes the heaven trimmed it bright
With clear, grey rain; its red,
Waste heart, stirred now with mystic light,
It lived that was so dead.

Within its rugged rim it held
The sky's wide pomp; it drew
Sad beauty from the stars of old—
The last vain cloud it knew.

Quick morning trimmed it up with gold,
The hammered noon blew there;
There twilight spread its crimson fold—
Its fitful moons were fair.

Yet still no man regarded it,
Save he who sings; to him
The visions in that sombre pit
Outshone the Cherubim.

Yes, I became enthusiastic about it. Said I to the neighbours, "If there was only one such pool as that in Europe kings and their courts would make pilgrimage to see it." This induced my democratic friends to go along and have a look; but they one and all came back with their mouths filled with strange oaths and their boots filled with water, for the field was sodden withal. Nevertheless, I still think that it was one of the most beautiful spots in Europe; at least, it was so to—Yours respectfully, HAMISH HENDRY.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

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The following is the general summing up of the opinion of our readers so far as may be inferred from the papers which have been sent in as to the places which the Colonist or American should take care to see when he comes to the Old World, printing the names in order of preference :—

MOUNTAIN.	LAKE.	SEA COAST.	RIVER.	CITY.
1. Jungfrau and Bernese Oberland.	1. Lucerne.	1. The Riviera.	1. The Rhine.	1. Edinburgh.
2. Zermatt and Gorner Grat.	2. Killarney.	2. Devon.	2. The Thames.	2. Paris.
3. The West Highlands.	3. Derwentwater.	3. Cornwall.	3. The Clyde.	3. Venice.
4. The Tyrolese Mountains.	4. Loch Lomond.	4. The West Coast of Scotland.	4. The Danube.	4. Florence.
5. Norwegian Mountains.	5. Loch Katrine.	5. Norwegian Coast.	5. The Wye.	5. Oxford.
6. Mont Blanc.	6. Konigzee.	6. The Bay of Naples.	6. The Blackwater.	6. Naples.
7. Snowdon.	7. Windermere.			

The following is the list of comparative popularity of beautiful places in the three Kingdoms :—
ENGLAND.

MOUNTAIN.	LAKE.	SEA COAST.	RIVER.	TOWN.
The Cumberland Hills.	Windermere.	Cornwall.	The Thames.	Oxford.
The Peak.	Derwentwater.	Devon.	The Dart.	Durham.
	Ullswater.	North East Coast.	The Wye.	London.
			The Wharfe.	Chester.
SCOTLAND.				
The Western Highlands.	Loch Lomond.	Western Coast.	The Clyde.	Edinburgh.
Arran.	Loch Katrine.	Skye.	The Tweed.	Stirling.
Glencoe.	Loch Awe.	St. Magnus Bay.	The Tay.	Inverness.
Skye.	Loch Maree.	The Shetland.	The Spey.	Dunkeld.
Ben Nevis.	Loch Coruisk.		The Forth.	Pitlochrie.
The Grampians.	St. Mary's Loch.		The Ness.	
WALES.				
Snowdon.	Llanberis.	Great Orme's Head.	The Wye.	Llandudno.
Cader Idris.	Llyn Ogwen.	Llandudno.	Maidach Estuary.	Carnarvon.
	Llyn Gwynant.	Menai Straits.	Conway.	Bangor.
IRELAND.				
Wicklow.	Killarney.	Clare Coast.	Blackwater.	Dublin.
Kerry.	Glendalough	Glengariff.	Shannon.	Belfast.
Cliffs of Moher.		Giant's Causeway.	Vale of Avoca.	Holywood.

The only countries that can properly be included in this comparison are Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Austria, and France. The returns from the others were too few to come into competition with these.

SWITZERLAND.

MOUNTAINS.	LAKES.	SEA COAST.	RIVERS.	TOWNS.
The Jungfrau and the Bernese Oberland.	Lucerne.		Falls of Rhine.	Berne.
Zermatt and Gorner Grat.	Geneva.			Geneva.
The Rigi.	Thun.	—		Lucerne.
The St. Gothard.				Zurich.
Chamounix and Mont Blanc.				Lausanne.

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA.

The Tyrol.	Konigzee.		The Rhine.	Heidelberg.
The Dolomites.	Salzkanmergut.	—	The Danube.	Nuremberg.
Bavarian Highlands.			The Moselle.	Salzburg.

ITALY.

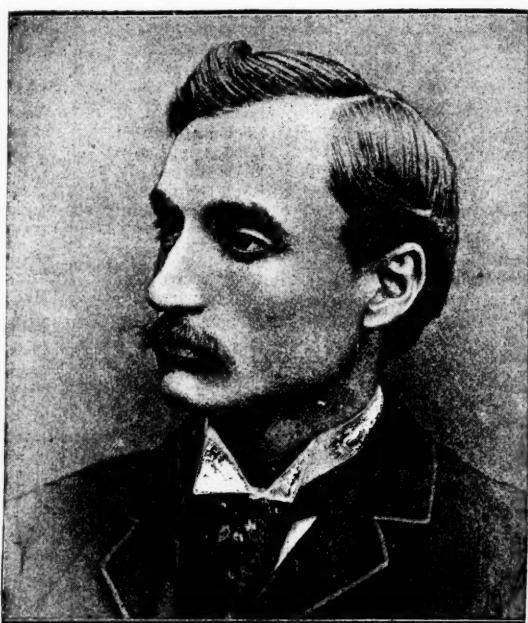
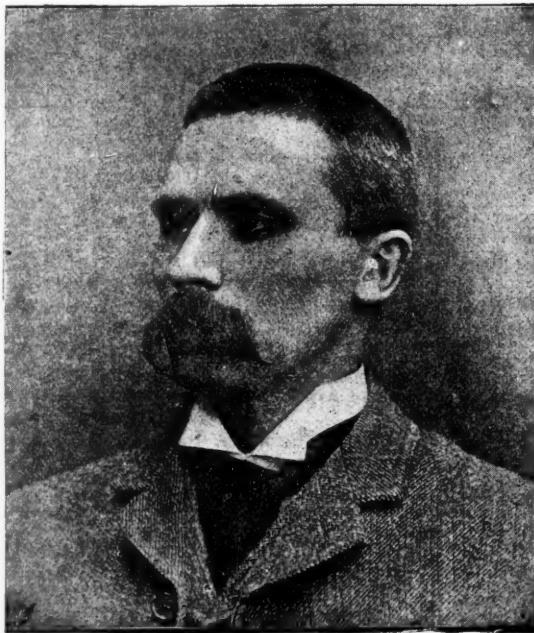
The Stelvio Pass.	Como.	Bay of Naples.	Arno.	Venice.
Apennines at La Cava.	Maggiore.	Amalfi		Florence.
From the Val D'Ampezzo.	Lugano.	Sicily.		Naples.
Monte Generoso.	Bellaggio.	Sorrento.		Rome.

FRANCE.

The Pyrenees.	—	The Riviera.	The Rhone.	Paris.
The Vosges.	—	Biarritz.	The Seine.	Monte Carlo.

THE DOCKERS AND THEIR CHIEFS.

THE most remarkable industrial movement of recent years in this country was the Dockers' Strike, the first anniversary of which was commemorated by a demonstration in Hyde Park on August 17th. Its success has been rendered all the more conspicuous by the failure of subsequent strikes which, at the outset, promised as well, or even better, than the revolt of the Dockers. I have already published the portrait of John Burns. This month I am glad to be able to print portraits of the two leaders of the Dockers' Union, Mr. Tom Mann and Mr. Ben Tillett. They are editors of a monthly journal, *The Monthly Record*, and they have both very kindly sent me their best wishes for the success of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.



With best wishes for the
success & hearty appreciation
of the work of the Trade
Very sincerely
Tom Mann

glad to subscribe my
expression of undivided
support to
your valuable monthly.
Yours truly
Ben Tillett

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH.

AN INDEX TO STANDARD PHOTOGRAPHS—NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

THE response which the introduction of this new feature in the REVIEW has elicited encourages us to proceed. I have this month devoted a page to the work of an amateur photographer, whose subjects justified the space devoted to the work of his camera. I have to thank those publishers who have helped me to complete a list of the new publications of the month, and I have now to make a still further appeal for their assistance.

A very little experience in obtaining photographs had convinced me that photographic publishing was at present a chaos' when Mr. Snowden Ward, the editor of the *Practical Photographer*, whose paper on "Colour Photography" formed the subject of our last "Scientific Causerie," suggested that I should begin the publication of a Catalogue of all standard photographs in the REVIEW. Although a catalogue coming out in parts was not to be thought of, the idea was a good one, and I am about to carry it into execution. Early in January I propose to publish my first Annual. This will contain an index of all the more important articles in the magazines and reviews of England, America, and Australia, together with an account of all the leading periodicals published in the English-speaking world. To this I propose to add a comprehensive guide to all the standard photographs at present on sale in the British Empire and the American Republic. Mr. Snowden Ward has kindly undertaken the immense labour of compiling this important catalogue.

The photographs will be classified into **SECTIONS**; such as—

1. Archaeology ; 2. Architecture ; 3. Art ; 4. Athletics &c., which will be subdivided into **DIVISIONS**, as for instance:—

SECTION 3.—ART :—

- DIVISIONS:—(a) Photographs of Paintings.
- (b) Photographs of Sculpture.
- (c) Photographs of Miscellaneous Art Objects.
- (d) Photographs from Nature, suitable for Artists' Studies, &c.,

and under these divisions the subjects will be arranged in series, or groups, as for instance:—"Photographs of Paintings in the Paris Salon." The individual subjects will not be separately named, since it is obviously impossible to do so, excepting when they are subjects of great importance.

I need not dwell upon the immense advantage which such an index must prove not only to every student of the Arts or Sciences, but especially to the photographic publishers. It will unlock as with a magic key an immense mine of instructive matters that is at present utterly unclassified, practically unknown. The educational value of a publication which will enable every dweller in the distant prairie or Highland glen to ascertain at once where he can procure faithful reproductions of all the Art treasures in the museums and galleries of England and the Continent is quite incalculable.

The extent to which the magic-lantern is now used in education will render this index the indispensable companion of every lecturer in school or college.

Special sections will be devoted to photographs of celebrities, divided into literary, artistic, theatrical, &c., &c.; and to photographs of scenery, including all the spots celebrated for their natural beauty or historic associations.

The index will be illustrated by a large number of photoprocess reproductions of some of the most striking representative photographs.

The sizes in which the various subjects can be obtained, and their prices, will be indicated, and the names and addresses of the publishers or dealers will be given. To publishers of photographs this index will be invaluable. No such medium for advertising their publications has ever before rendered it possible further to appeal to the general public.

I hope, therefore, that all publishers of photographs will assist me in the compilation of this Index by forwarding lists of their subjects, with retail prices. I shall be much obliged if they will be so good as to indicate any specially important or exclusive subjects, and supply prints of any special pictures that are likely to be useful for reproduction in illustration of the Index. Prints will in all cases be returned if requested.

All communications bearing on the subject of this Index should be marked "PHOTOGRAPH," and addressed care of THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Cardinal Manning. (c. p.)

Head and shoulders, side face. In cassock and skull cap. Excellent likeness. Panel platinotype. (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Lord Bishop of Winchester. (c. p.)

Sitting facing the spectator, lawn sleeves. Platinotype. Ditto.

POLITICAL AND MILITARY.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P. (c. p.)

Full face, head and shoulders. Striking likeness. Side face, bust. (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Leonard Courtney, M.P. (c.)

The Chairman of Committees, in Windsor uniform. Side face, and two other positions. (Stereoscopic Company.)

Countess of Lathom. (c. p.)

Standing behind a chair. Dinner dress; pearl necklace. Head and bust, three-quarter face; black dinner dress. Ditto.

Gladys Langworthy. (c. p.)

Two pretty pictures of little Gladys, now seven years old and flourishing amain. (Stereoscopic Company.)

THEATRICAL.

Mr. George Alexander. (c.)

Head and shoulders, full face. In character of "Doctor Bill." Ditto.

Mr. Frank Cooper. (c. p.)

Full-length figure in picturesque mediaeval Italian costume, as "Romeo." (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Miss Winifred Emery. (c. p.)

Head and bust, full face; ordinary afternoon dress. Ditto.

Miss Laura Graves. (c. p.)

As "Marjery," in "Miss Cinderella," and as "Fanny," in "Dr. Bill. Ditto.



Russell & Sons.

THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Lord Salisbury. (c. p.)

Excellent portrait; see frontispiece. (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Lord Wolseley. (c. p.)

Two positions. One reproduced in Character Sketch, the other three-quarters length, in uniform. (Elliott and Fry.)

SOCIAL.

Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. (c. p.)

Mother and daughter. Group reproduced. Full length figure, three-quarter face; Court dress and fan. Platinotype. (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Princess Victoria of Teck. (c. p.)

Sitting facing the spectator; white dinner dress. Platinotype. Ditto.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith. (c. p.)

Seated figure, full face. In "The Cabinet Minister." Ditto.

The Sisters Levy. (c.)

Twenty-four positions. (Stereoscopic Company.)

Miss Julia Neilson. (c. p.)

Three-quarter length. Side face. In yachting costume; four other positions (c. and p.) Ditto.

Mdlle. Helene Richert. (c. p.)

Head and bust three-quarter face; in white ball dress. (Russell and Sons, Baker Street.)

Mr. Fred. Storey. (c. p.)

Three-quarter length. Full face. Quaint costume. In "Buy Bias." Ditto.

Miss Edith Kenward. (c.)

Full-length figure, taken whilst acting in "Doctor Bill," and in the act of exclaiming "Hullo, there!" and three other positions. (Stereoscopic Company.)

M. Edward de Reske. (c.)

Side face, head and shoulders, of the famous French Tenor; morning dress. Ditto.

M. Jean de Reske. (c.)

Three quarters length, full face; morning dress. Ditto.

Miss Geraldine Ulmar. (c.)

Three-quarter length figure. Louis XV. Opera Bouffe costume, patches and powder, and eleven other positions. Ditto.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lord Amherst. (c. p.)

Head and shoulders. Full face. (Russell and Sons, Baker St.)

Lord Balfour of Burleigh. (c. p.)

Head and shoulders. Side face. Ditto.

Lord Hothfield. (c. p.)

Head and shoulders. Full face. Ditto.

The Duke of Newcastle. (c. p.)

Sitting facing the spectator. Ditto.

Earl of Sefton. (c. p.)

Head and shoulders. Three-quarter face. Ditto.

"Our Celebrities"

For September (2s. 6d.), published by Sampson Low and Marston, and edited by Percy Notcutt, contains large platinotype portraits of Madame Christine Nilsson, Sénior Sarasate, and Colonel North, the Nitrate King, by Walery. In October, Walery intends to add a Musical and Dramatic Review to his "Celebrities."

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery.

Part II. (Cassell), 1s., contains portraits of the Rev. Dr. Warre, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Sir Henry Ponsonby.

The Dignitaries of the Church,

(Simpkin and Co.), contains portraits of the Bishops of Durham and of Colombo, and Bishop Perry.

The theatrical portraits in the *Theatre* for September are Miss Decima Moore and Mr. Courtice Pounds.

Fashion and Sport publishes a portrait of Mr. W. W. Read.

VIEWS OF LONDON.**The STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY** publish an **Album of Selected Views of London.**

Twenty-five of the most popular, from a series of about 500 lately taken by the artist of the Stereoscopic and Photographic Company. Prints measure 8 inches by 5 inches. Cloth-bound Album, with 25 views, retails at 25s. A smaller Album, with 12 views, for 12s. 6d. The views can be had unmounted at 1s. each, or 11s. by 9½ in. at 2s. each. The collection is being added to weekly, and is by far the most comprehensive published. The instantaneous street traffic in several of the views is most noticeable.

ART REPRODUCTIONS.

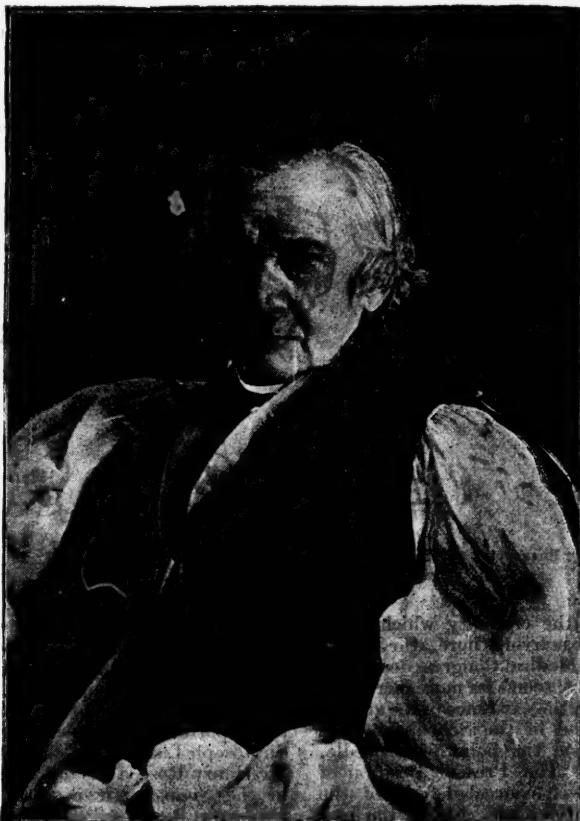
"In Memoriam" (10 by 8 inches. Platinotype. Price 5s.) Study of a young girl sitting with a dove in her hand. Exhibited at the New Gallery by R. Spencer Stanhope. (The Cameron Studio).

THE RIGHTS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHERS.

The reproduction of photographs in the illustrated press which most photographic publishers regard as a welcome advertisement is resented by a few as an infringement of their rights of property. Until last month we have never been refused liberty to reproduce any photograph, the acknowledgment of its source being invariably regarded as an adequate *quid pro quo*. Last month, however, M. Barraud has actually threatened newspapers with legal proceedings for reproducing without his leave a photograph of Cardinal Newman, and the same month brought me a formal complaint from the London agent of the Hanfstaengl Photographic firm of Munich, that I had infringed their copyright in reproducing by a small process block a photograph of Lenbach's painting of Bismarck, which is their property. As I don't wish to infringe anyone's rights, whether they were legally secured or not, I at once stopped the sale of the number containing the picture in question until I could reprint it, which I did at once, omitting the illustration complained of.

I naturally regret very much having unwittingly offended the owners of Lenbach's "Bismarck." In the innocence of my heart I thought I was doing them a good turn. Neither I nor the British public would ever have known the Hanfstaengl firm had published such a photograph had not Sir Charles Gavan Duffy sent it me from Germany, asking me to reproduce it as suggesting, by its care-worn look of extreme age, the best possible explanation of the Chancellor's fall. In order to avoid any possible offence I wrote to Munich to the publishers, and asked for permission to reproduce the portrait. To that letter I received no reply. After waiting a month, I assumed, it would appear wrongly, that silence gave consent, and I did this more

readily because every other firm of publishers with whom I had previously had dealings had gladly assented to what is in reality the best form of advertisement their publications could receive. However, as the Hanfstaengl firm, or their London agent, of whose existence I was previously unaware, objected, I at once expressed my regret, withdrew the illustration, and reprinted the number. It is an instructive little story, and I publish it in order to warn any other English editors who may think of calling attention in that way to the Hanfstaengl publications to give them a wide berth.



Elliott & Fry. THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

OUR SCIENTIFIC CAUSERIE.

THE GOOD FAIRY PHAGOCYTE; OR, THE SCIENCE OF GERMICIDE.

MILLIONS of spiritual creatures walk the earth, unseen by mortal eye, whose footfall the human ear has never heard. The religions and the mythologies of all nations bear witness to their existence as a fact which is imperishably embedded in the consciousness of man.

The sceptical intellect of the nineteenth century, which dismisses the angelic legions to join the peacocks of Juno or the doves of Venus, deems the faith of our fathers incredible in this scientific age. And lo! even while

The accompanying sketches of the Phagocyte devouring the bacilli are taken from "The Report on the Destruction of Micro-Organisms during the process of Inflammation," by M. Armand Ruffer, which appeared in the *British Medical Journal* of May 24, 1890. Dr. Ruffer, describing the condition of the abscess formed by inoculating a Guinea pig with virus of quarter-evil, says:—

The leucocytes in the neighbourhood are full, almost to bursting, with an extraordinary number of micro-organisms showing the most varied and typical forms of degeneration. In some sections it is impossible to find a single leucocyte which does not contain in its interior five, six, and sometimes as many as eighteen bacilli.

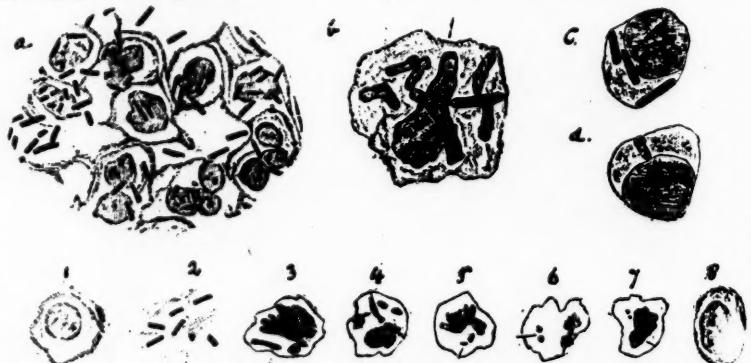
the sneer curls on the lip at the credulity which could believe such marvels, a greater marvel is here. Sir Joseph Lister's address at the Berlin Medical Congress deals with a subject which, on the face of it, seems far more incredible—far more unthinkable—than the existence of the angelic host which, in the imagination of the Schoolmen, was capable of balancing itself upon the point of a needle. Under the forbidding title, "The Present Position of Antiseptic Surgery," there is concealed one of the strangest of the fairy tales of science, and in the new science of Germicide we have the realization in material shape of the most fantastic dreams of our myth-evolving ancestors.

Every one of us has been familiar from his infancy with the beautiful tradition of the good fairy. All nations have at one time rejoiced in the conviction that the little folk were actual potent entities, exerting their mysterious and miraculous powers for the benefit of man. Before the march of a leaden-footed materialism the elves and fays have vanished, and even in the nursery our children are told that there are no longer any fairies on the earth. But now the little folk have been rediscovered. Science, after studying them under the microscope, has christened them with an uncouth Greek name, and now all the world is

invoked to rejoice in the return of the fairies under the title of the good Phagocytes. They are even smaller folk than the tiniest elves who ever danced on the green-sward in ancient time. They have the invisible cap of the true fairy, no cords can bind them, nor can any person secure them, they pass through apparently impervious matter, and all their lives are spent in doing good to man. Only in one thing does the good Phagocyte differ from the wee folk of elfin lore. They were always clad in green, the Phagocyte is arrayed in white. It

THE PHAGOCYTE UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

(a) Section of Abscess Wall of Guinea Pig. (c) Microbes in Different Stages of Consumption. (b) Phagocyte devouring Microbe. (d)



1. The Hungry Phagocyte. 2. Sees the Microbes. 3. Swallows them. 4, 5, 6, 7. Digests them gradually. 8. Exit Microbes.

M. Ruffer's conclusion is that:—

1. The inflammatory process consecutive to the introduction of the bacilli of quarter-evil under the Guinea pig's skin is a protective process, and serves a useful purpose.
2. The destruction of micro-organisms at the point of inoculation is carried out entirely by the ameboid cells present in the inflammatory exudation.

seems not improbable that the solution of the problem of the cure of disease must be sought in the recognition and utilization of these fairies of Pathological Science.

Dropping the comparison, which, however, is closer than most people would imagine, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the new science of Germicide to which Sir Joseph Lister devoted his address at Berlin, and which Sir Henry Roscoe has described last month in an article in the *Speaker*. It is more than two years ago since Professor Ray Lankester first enlightened the British public as to the beneficial activity of what he called the white corpuscles of the blood. The facts to which he then called attention are now gaining recognition as those which lie at the very basis of the science of medicine.

Broadly speaking, the tendency of all modern scientific investigation has been to trace all disease to the presence of bacteria which prey upon the blood. The watchword of the new school of medicine is always Seek for the Bacillus. Every disease is supposed to be caused by the malevolent activity of the bacilli. Each disease is induced by its own bacillus. There is the cholera germ, the consumption germ, the germ that produces splenic fever, and so forth. The number of these minute organisms is incalculably vast. Sir Henry Roscoe says

that the purest water in France, when supplied to the Parisians, contains not less than one million of these germs in every cubic inch. They are so subtle they penetrate through all the membranes of the body. Every one of us teems with these minute growths. They swarm in our mouths, in our stomachs, in our intestines; but although these microbes permeate our system they are unable to do us any harm unless they succeed in entering the blood. Then they occasion disease, which, if not checked, results in death. The secret of health, therefore, is the exclusion of the microbe from the blood, and it is the discovery of the mystery of this secret that has enabled our microscopists to tell us a story which rivals the wildest and most improbable of fairy tales.

How is it that the deadly bacillus, which penetrates without difficulty all the membranes of the body, is not able to find access to the blood which surrounds them as water the fishes of the sea? The reason is because the healthy man is provided in every drop of his blood with a huge standing army of beneficent but infinitesimally small entities, which are now called Phagocytes, but which Professor Ray Lankester described as the white corpuscles of the blood. These Phagocytes hold the fort against the bacilli. The moment the germ of any disease approaches a blood vessel the Phagocytes swoop down upon the intruder, drive him back, pursue him, seize him, devour him, and digest him. Every moment of our existence every inch of our body is the scene of a deadly battle between the invading bacilli and the defending Phagocytes. As long as we are in health, the Phagocytes, these good fairies of our lives, are keeping the bacilli at bay by the summary process of devouring every intruder. When we fall ill, some of the Phagocytes have sold the pass, and admitted the enemy into our blood. When we recover we owe it to the Phagocytes which rally, receive reinforcements, and ultimately eat up the poison germs which have impaired our health.

Every inch of every blood vessel in our body is ceaselessly patrolled, night and day, by an infinite number of these white Phagocytes, but for whose unceasing vigilance we should all sicken and die. Sir Joseph Lister described at Berlin the experiments by which the Russian doctor Metchnikoff established the reality of this extraordinary and almost incredible discovery. An anthrax germ was introduced into the blood of a green frog. It perished. But when another anthrax germ, enclosed in a bag which excluded the white blood corpuscles, but allowed the lymph to penetrate, was introduced into the body of the frog, the germ sprouted and grew luxuriantly. Germs of anthrax were placed behind the eyes of animals. There are few or no white blood corpuscles in the eye, and there, in the anterior chamber, the anthrax germ flourished a-main. Then a strange thing happened. Irritation set in consequent upon the growth of the disease germ, and forthwith, as if in response to a signal of distress, a host of Phagocytes hastened to the rescue of the endangered eye. The eye became inflamed, but that was only the outer appearance of the arrival of the relieving host of Phagocytes. They fell upon the bacilli of the anthrax, devoured them, and in a short time every trace of the poison germs had disappeared. The microbes had been digested by the Phagocytes, and their work being done, the inflammation disappeared, the Phagocytes retired to other parts of the body, and the eye was restored to its normal condition. The Phagocyte is omnivorous and digests all foreign substances, soot, dust, and anything else that it finds trespassing near its demesne. This experiment of Metchnikoff suggests the idea that the inflammation that sets in when a grain of sand gets into the eye is really due

to the rush of a relieving host of Phagocytes which hurry up to get rid of the intruder by the summary process of eating him first and digesting him afterwards. The Phagocytes, says Sir Henry Roscoe, are not particular what they eat.

The Phagocyte is at once the soldier, the constable, and the scavenger of the blood. But sometimes he fails in his manifold duties. If the temperature is raised above a certain point he loses his appetite for bacteria, and the microbes have it all their own way. Prof. Ray Lankester thinks it possible to educate the Phagocyte, and to train him to more efficient services. There seems to be no doubt, from Sir J. Lister's address, that the invisible little fellow has been the great anti-septic influence at work to save us from blood poisoning. It seems by no means improbable that this new science of germicide may lead to a much more extensive use of the practice of the transfusion of blood. When one's own legions of Phagocytes are used up, or worn out, or exhausted by the interminable reinforcements of the poisonous microbes, it must be advantageous to impart a fresh and hungry host of Phagocytes from the veins of a healthy youth. But who can say to what length this doctrine of the Phagocyte as a protecting fairy of mankind may go? Closer investigation may lead to the discovery that there are Phagocytes and Phagocytes, and when once we get started on that track there is no knowing where it will land us. For there may be varieties of the Phagocyte which have much better appetites than others. Some may be guaranteed to be death on cholera germs, while others make a specialty of the consumption microbe, and so forth. Then will arise the culture of the Phagocyte, the implanting of a superior stock, in the veins of those whose aboriginal Phagocytes had gone off their food, or had no appetite for the particular bacillus which was threatening invasion. We shall have different diets for nourishing the Phagocyte, or for moderating his activity, for resisting his energies, or for putting him on short commons. It is easy to see how radical a revolution this new theory will work in many of the accepted ideas. It will, perhaps, not be the least of its advantages if it should lead us to leave nature a little more alone. For to leave nature alone means to allow the indomitable and fearless Phagocyte a fair field to get at the deadly microbe, and literally to devour him into digestive oblivion.

The future of preventive medicine, therefore, as Professor Ray Lankester said two years ago, lies in the education of the Phagocyte. For the good fairy, powerful as he is, and devouring as is his normal appetite, is not proof against poison. There are certain kinds of microbes which are too strong for the gallant white fairy of the blood corpuscle. If he absorbs them and digests them, as by the law of his nature he is bound at least to try to do, they disagree with him so abominably that the poor Phagocyte sickens and dies. Then the man dies also. But it is possible to train the Phagocyte to such an extent as to make him capable of digesting anything. That is the secret of inoculation. You must season your Phagocyte. To turn a poor Phagocyte loose on a small-pox germ is like giving brandy to a teetotaller. But if you feed him on a weak dilution of the deadly thing, such as vaccine lymph, for instance, he becomes a seasoned vessel, and no more turns a hair when dieting on the deadliest smallpox germs than the habitual drunkard at a single glass of brandy neat. Hence the great problem of preventive medicine is to diet your Phagocyte as to give him a healthy appetite, and a sound digestion for all the poison germs which infest mankind.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

NOTICE.—For the convenience of such of our readers as may live at a distance from any bookseller, any Book they may require, whether or not it is mentioned in the following List, will be forwarded post free to any part of the United Kingdom, from the Office of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, on receipt of Postal Order for the published price of the Book ordered.

BIOGRAPHY.

CONWAY, MONCURE D. *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 224-xiv. Price 1s. More than one life of Hawthorne already exists; but Mr. Conway's little volume deserves a welcome, in virtue of its compactness, and of the fact that it is quite up to date. The regular sources of information have been drawn upon, and a good deal of hitherto unpublished material has been used. Mr. Anderson's bibliography alone is worth the shilling at which the book is published.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

HAYDN, JOSEPH (THE LATE). *The Book of Dignities.* (W. H. Allen and Co.) 8vo. Clth. Pp. xxviii.-1170. Price 31s. 6d.

A very elaborate book of reference, containing lists of the official personages of the British Empire—civil, diplomatic, heraldic, judicial, ecclesiastical, municipal, naval, and military—from the earliest periods to the present time; together with the sovereigns and rulers of the world from the foundations of their respective States; the orders of knighthood of the United Kingdom and India, and numerous other Lists. The tables are brought up to date and indexed by Mr. Horace Ockerby, and—what is much to be desired in a work of reference—the book is clearly printed and solidly bound.

Routledge's Sixpenny Encyclopædia. (Routledge and Son.) Sm. 4to. Cloth. Price 6d.

Intended as a handy book of reference for newspaper readers and others. It professes to deal with biographical, geographical, historical, and general subjects. Unfortunately, the limits of the space at command do not allow the giving of more than a very few facts concerning each of the subjects dealt with, whereby the general usefulness of the book is much impaired. It is compiled by Mr. James Henry Murray.

SKINNER, WALTER R. *The Joint Stock Registration Manual.* (London: 4, Birch Lane.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xii.-148. Price

Mr. Skinner's yearly and half-yearly publications are well known to persons engaged in the City. This "Joint Stock Registration Manual"—which is issued for the first time—contains particulars of all the companies registered from the 1st January to the 30th June, 1890. A statistical summary is prefixed.

ECONOMICS, POLITICS, AND SOCIETY.

GIBBINS, H. DE B., M.A. *The Industrial History of England.* (Methuen and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. viii.-232. Price 2s. 6d.

This is the initial volume of a new series, adapted to the requirements of University Extension Students—hence the general title, "University Extension Series"—and to those of readers generally.

HOWELL, GEORGE, M.P. *The Conflicts of Capital and Labour, Historically and Economically Considered.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 572. Price 7s. 6d.

The second edition—revised and brought up to date—of a standard work. It consists of an elaborate history and review of the trade unions of Great Britain, showing their origin, progress, constitution, and objects, in their varied political, social, economical, and industrial aspects.

MALTHUS. *Essay on the Principle of Population.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xl.-614. Price 5s.

A cheap edition of a work which has profoundly influenced the political and economical science of the century. The Editor—Mr. G. T. Bettany—contributes a biographical sketch, a critical introduction, and some useful analyses. The work is reprinted from the last edition revised by the author.

READE, A. ARTHUR. *Insurance Made Easy.* (Manchester: Reade.) 8vo. Limp cloth. Pp. 76. Price 1s.

We cordially recommend this useful little book, which is full of urgent reasons why every man who has family responsibilities should straightway insure his life. Such a sensible course of conduct cannot be too often or too warmly recommended.

SHAW, G. BERNARD (Editor). *Fabian Essays in Socialism.* (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 234. Price 1s.

The cheap edition of an official exposition of the aims and methods of modern Socialism in this country. In three parts. I. The Basis of Socialism—Economic (Bernard Shaw), Historic (Sydney Webb), Industrial (William Clarke), and Moral (Sydney Olivier). II. The Organization of Society—Property under Socialism (Dallas), and Industry under Socialism (Annie Besant). III. The Transition to Social Democracy (Bernard Shaw and Hubert Blond).

MARSHALL, ALFRED. *Principles of Economics.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxviii.-754. Price

The first volume of a new and "up-to-date" treatise on economical science. Discusses Demand or Consumption, Production or Supply, the theory of their equilibrium and value or Distribution and Exchange.

FICTION.

The following list contains all, or nearly all, the novels and stories published during August. Only in the case of one-volume novels are the size, price, and an occasional description given. Two and three volume novels are rarely purchased, those who read them preferring to obtain their supplies from some circulating library.

THREE VOLUME NOVELS.

EWING-LESTER, A. S., and ADELINA SERGEANT. *Name and Fame.* (Bentley and Son.)

SMITH, CONSTANCE. *The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland.* (Bentley and Son.)

TWO VOLUME NOVELS.

GREENWOOD, JESSY E. *Nelly Blythe.* (Ward and Downey.)

TYTLER, SARAH. *Sapphira.* (Ward and Downey.)

ONE VOLUME NOVELS.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." *My Mother and I: A Girl's Love Story.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 318. Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

One of the latest volumes in Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s excellent "three-and-sixpenny series."

"A VICAR." *My Churchwardens.* (Skeffington and Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 96. Price 1s.

A volume of character sketches, uniform in respect of style, "get up," and price with "My Rectors" and "My Curates."

BELLAMY, CHARLES J. *Were they Sinners?* (Springfield, Mass.: Authors' Publishing Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 220. Price 1s.

CROMIE, ROBERT. *A Plunge into Space.* (Frederick Warne and Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 240. Price 2s.

An unquestionably interesting story, in the well-known style of Jules Verne. The hero succeeds after many years of patient investigation in controlling the force of gravitation, and he and his friends are consequently enabled to make a journey to Mars. Their adventures, which are in no small degree thrilling, include a love affair between one of the passengers and the daughter of a Martian professor.

EASTWOOD, MARK. *Within an Ace.* (Digby and Long.) 8vo. cloth. Pp. 212.

Described as a story of Russia and Nihilism. A volume of the Albion Library.

ELLIS, JAMES J. *A Bad Name; or, The Brand of Cain.* (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 268. Price 2s.

Said to be a "true story of London life."

FENN, GEORGE MANVILLE. *Eli's Children.* (Methuen and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 478. Price 3s. 6d.

FROST, GEORGE. *The Troubles of Monsieur Bourgeois.* (Eden, Remington, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 280.

GIBERNE, AGNES. *Nigel Browning.* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 436. Price 5s.

GREEN, ANNA KATHERINE. *A Matter of Millions.* (Routledge and Sons.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 320.

HULLAH, MARY E. *As the Tide Turns.* (Ward and Downey.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 284.

LYNN-LINTON, MRS. *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist.* (Methuen and Co.) Boards. Pp. 280. Price 1s.

A cheap edition of one of the most tragic and thought-compelling stories written in recent years. Joshua Davidson, the only son of a Cornish carpenter, deliberately attempts to live and act in all respects as Christ lived and acted when on earth. It is not difficult to foresee what happens. Scorned by society because he consorts with thieves and prostitutes, and flouted by a Church whose dogmatic Christianity he cannot accept, Joshua Davidson is finally kicked to death by the very men for whom he had laboured during the best years of his life. Judged from either the literary or the ethical standpoint, "Joshua Davidson" is a remarkable book.

MACLEOD, NORMAN. *The Old Lieutenant and His Son.* (Charles Burnet and Co.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 96. Price 6d.

MOLESWORTH, MRS. *The Story of a Spring Morning and Other Tales.* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 332. Illustrations.

MOSER, INSPECTOR, AND CHARLES F. RIDEAL. *Stories from Scotland Yard.* (Routledge and Sons.) 8vo. Yellow Boards. Pp. 254. Price 2s.

MURRAY, QUENTIN. *St. Maw of the —th.* (Heywood and Sons.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 160. Price 1s.

O'REILLY, MRS. *Hurstleigh Dene.* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 324. Price 5s.

SIMS, GEORGE R. *The Case of George Candlemas.* (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 128. Price 1s. 6d.

"Tales from Blackwood." (William Blackwood and Sons.) 8vo. Paper covers. Pp. 442. Price 1s.

Contains five stories which have already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*—namely, "Mr. Cox's Protégé" (Shaw); "A Dramatic Effect" (Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen); "A Bud that Lived" (Paul Cushing); "Daniel Fosque" (Hon. Stephen Coleridge); and "The Great Unknown" (Lord Wellwood).

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

KINGSTON, WILLIAM H. *Great African Travellers from Bruce and Mungo Park to Livingstone and*

Stanley. (Routledge and Sons.) 8vo. Cloth gilt. Pp. 510. Illustrations.

This popular record of African Exploration is practically brought up to date. Interestingly written, profusely illustrated, and attractively bound, it forms a very desirable gift-book.

PRESS, CHARLES, A.M. *Journalist and Author. In the Verdant West.* (Simpson, Marshall, and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vi-142. Price 5s.

We cannot congratulate the young gentleman who so proudly avows his vocation upon the title page of this book upon his descriptive style of writing. It is bold, and not a small portion of the book is made up of quotations. Devonshire deserves better treatment than that accorded to it by the author of "In the Verdant West."

RUSSELL, WILLIAM HOWARD. *A Visit to Chili and the Nitrate Fields of Taapaca, &c.* (Virtue and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 374. Illustrations.

Dr. Russell is a newspaper man of wide and varied experience, and, given anything worth writing about, may be trusted to turn out plenty of interesting copy. His visit to the realm of the Nitrate King—undertaken at Colonel North's request—has borne fruit in the interesting book before us, which Mr. Melton Prior has illustrated in his well-known vigorous style.

HISTORY.

HUE, MRS. LINA, and RICHARD STEAD. *Switzerland.* (Fisher Unwin.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxiv.-430. Price 5s.

The latest volume in the popular "Story of the Nations" series, Switzerland, as "the playground of Europe," and in virtue of its history and constitution, possesses a particular interest for the Anglo-Saxon race. This book, like all the other volumes of the series, is rich in illustrations and maps.

TAIT, C. W. A. *Analysis of English History.* (Macmillan and Co.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xiv.-324.

This analysis is based upon that most entertaining volume, the late Professor Green's "Short History of the English People." Persons who desire systematically to study that book will do well to purchase this abstract. The general reader, however, is hardly likely to be attracted by it. There are numerous genealogical and other tables.

MAPS.

Australasia. (W. and A. K. Johnston, London and Edinburgh.)

Maps are at all times object-lessons of no small importance, and we have to thank these well-known geographers for their latest addition to the publications which have made their name so deservedly popular. The map is revised up to date, well drawn (scale, 69 miles to a degree), nicely coloured, varnished, and mounted on rollers; size, 3 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. A useful ornament to any office or class-room.

Whitby and Neighbourhood. (Horne and Son, *Gazette* Office, Whitby.) Price 1s.

A well-printed map, reduced from ordnance survey; scale, half-inch to the mile; coloured, and mounted on cloth, folding in neat case.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

DE SALIS, MRS. *Tempting Dishes for Small Incomes.* (Longmans, Green, and Co.) 8vo. Fancy boards. Pp. viii.-88. Price 2s. 6d.

The proof of a cookery book, like that of a pudding, lies in the eating. The other volumes in this same series have, however, proved very popular, and there is no reason to believe that the present attempt will turn out to be less successful. The need for such a collection of receipts is obvious.

CHICHESTER, H. MANNERS (Editor). *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment.* (Fisher Unwin.) Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Illustrations. Price 5s.

The third volume of the new "Adventure Series." Shipp, a farmer's apprentice, ran away from his master in 1797, and enlisted. He twice won his commission from the ranks by the time he was little more than thirty years old—an achievement which may perhaps be regarded as unique in the annals of the British army. His "Memoirs" first appeared in 1829; the book before us is reprinted from a later edition. Mr. Manners Chichester supplies a brief biographical and bibliographical introduction.

ELLIS, HAVELOCK (Editor). *Pericles and Aspasia*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. (Walter Scott.) 8vo. Cloth Pp. viii.-308. Price 1s.

A welcome reprint of a book which, to borrow the words of Mr. Sidney Colvin, is "perhaps the richest mine which English prose literature contains of noble and unused quotations."

MASSON, DAVID (Editor). *The Collected Writings of Thomas de Quincey*. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vi.-474. Price 3s. 6d.

The eleventh volume of the new and enlarged edition, which has from time to time been referred to in these pages. It contains a long review of Schlosser's "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," comprising Essays on Swift, Addison, Pope, Fox, and Burke and Junius; together with papers on Pope, Lessing, Goethe, Richter, Wordsworth, and Walter Savage Landor.

STEVENSON, R. L. *Father Damien; An Open Letter to the Reverend Doctor Hyde, of Honolulu*. (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Paper covers. Price 1s.

A reprint, from the *Scots Observer*, of a very trenchant letter contributed to that journal, in defence of the late Father Damien.

LUCAS, MARGARET BRIGHT, President of the British Women's Temperance Association: *A Memoir*. (B. W. T. Ass., London.)

An outline of the personal facts in the life and a short history of the many services rendered to the cause of Temperance by this talented woman, so long a prominent figure in the foremost ranks of those working for the nation's weal.

ENGLISH, H. G. *The Art of Riding*. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.)

A handy little volume, containing many useful hints under three divisions—"The Horse," "The Lady's Seat," and "The Gentleman's Seat."

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

PARKS, KINETON (Editor). *The Painter Poets*. (Walter Scott.) Square 8vo. Cloth. Pp. xxx.-256. Price 1s.

A selection edited with an introduction and notes, and forming a volume of the "Canterbury Poets" series. Wyke Bayliss, Blake, Madox Brown, Walter Crane, Faed, P. G. Hamerton, W. J. Linton, Morris, Rossetti, Ruskin, William Bell Scott, Turner, and Thomas Woolner are amongst the writers (and painters) whose verses are laid under contribution. The introductory essay on "Poets and Painting" does not strike us as being altogether called for; it certainly is not so useful as the appendix of biographical notes.

POLLARD, ALFRED W. (Editor). *English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes*. (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. ix.-250. Price

No book of a similar kind to this has yet been published, and, as the editor rightly remarks, the old miracle plays admirably lend themselves to selection. These specimens of our pre-Elizabethan drama are prefaced by an introduction and followed by a glossary and notes.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

FITZGERALD, P. F. *A Protest against Agnosticism: The Rationale or Philosophy of Belief*. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)

A contribution to the metaphysical literature of our day. "Psychical laws are more radical than physical laws" expresses the keynote of its reasoning.

KELLEY, WM. H. (Elder). *Presidency and Priesthood: The Apostasy, Reformation, and Restoration*. (Boston: Alf. Mudge and Son.)

A work written in the interest of the Mormon Church. "It is definite, aggressive, and defensive."

HARTMANN, FRANZ, M.D. *In the Pronaos of the Temple of Wisdom, containing the history of the True and the False Rosicrucians—with an introduction into the Mysteries of the Hermetic Philosophy*. (London: Theosophical Publishing Company.) An interesting work dealing with the occult.

SOME MILITARY PUBLICATIONS.

GORDON, WILLIAM, Quartermaster 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders. *The Non-Commissioned Officer's Guide to Promotion*. Illustrated. In accordance with the Syllabus issued with Army Orders for May, 1890. Including Questions and Answers thereon. (Gale and Polden.) I. *Lance-Corporal to Corporal*. 8vo, 120 plates, pp. xii.—297, cloth. 2s. 6d. 2. *Corporal to Sergeant*. 8vo, 140 plates, pp. xiv.—362, cloth. 2s. 6d.

Now that a pretty stiff professional examination is required for promotion to Corporal and Sergeant much tedious study of numerous official handbooks must be gone through in order to obtain the necessary information on the several subjects. Mr. Gordon in these two excellent manuals has managed to put together in a convenient and inexpensive form everything that is required for the professional examination of non-commissioned officers, and his efforts cannot fail to meet with the appreciation which they merit.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

I.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

O'REILLY, B. *Vie de Léon XIII.* (Firmin Didot, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

New French edition of an excellent life of the present Pope by a member of the Pontifical Household.

DERERCAGAIX, GENERAL. *La Guerre Moderne*. (Librairie Militaire Baudoin.) 8vo. Price 10 f.

First portion of an important work. Thirty-nine plans.

RIVET, GUSTAVE. *La Recherche de la Paternité* (Maurice Dreyfus, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

An important addition to the judicial literature of this vexed question. Remarkable preface by Alexandre Dumas fils.

MAGGIOLI, A. VICOMTE. *Pozzo di Borgo*. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Life and letters of the famous Italian diplomat. Fine portrait.

MERLINO, ZAVIER. *L'Italie telle qu'elle est*. (A. Savine, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Comprehensive and interesting account of modern Italy, including chapters on the Police, Social Life, and Commerce.

LOMBARD, JEAN. *Byzance*. (A. Savine, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Learned and exhaustive history of Byzantium, the Eastern Rome, during the 8th century.

CHEVU, CHARLES. *Chasse et Procès*. (Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 60 c.

Practical guide to the present French Game Laws, by an expert.

D'ORVES D'ESTIENNE, COMTESSE. *Saint Thérèse*. (Firmin Didot, Paris.) 4to. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Life of the great Carmelite Nun, with preface by the Bishop of Chartres.

CRAFTY. *La Chasse à tir*. (Plon, Nourrit, et Cie, Paris.) 4to. Price 10 fr.

Illustrated album of sketches by the French Caldecott.

CARETTE, MADAME. *Madame de Staél Delaunay*. (Paul Ollendorff, Paris.) 16vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

An excellent biography, forming one of the volumes of a series, dealing with the lives of famous Frenchwomen of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

PAPONOT, F. Le Canal de Panama. (Baudry et Cie. Paris.) 8vo. Price 2 f.

The author attempts to prove that the present Panama Company might achieve the completion of the Canal without augmenting their capital by reorganizing the Colon-Panama Railway, and carrying on the work with the profits yielded by the latter.

II.—FICTION, POETRY, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

Faisons la Chaîne. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 50 f.

A collection of stories by all the best known French writers. The volume to be sold for the benefit of a charity. Among the contributors may be mentioned Jules Simon, François Coppée, Paul Bourget, Juliette Adam, Hector Malot, Armand Silvestre, etc.

PERRET, PAUL. Le Droit à l'Amour. (Librairie Dentu, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

MARGUERITE, PAUL. Amants. (E. Kolb, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Novel which first appeared as a serial in the *Nouvelle Revue*.

BEAUBOURG, MAURICE. Contes pour les Assassins. (Librairie Académique, Didier, Paris.) 16mo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Preface written by Maurice Barrès.

O'MONROY, RICHARD. Grande Fête! (Calmann-Lévy, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

MAEL, PIERRE. Mer Bleu. (Firmin Didot, Paris.) 8vo. Price 3 f. 50 c.

Fine maritime story, by the Author of "Peri en Mer."

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THE following list is believed to comprise all the more important Blue-books issued during the month of August. A complete list can be obtained of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding Street, E.C., at whose sale office any of the following publications can be purchased.

I.—COLONIAL.

BRITISH GUIANA. Report on Blue-book.

A Report on the Blue-book for 1889. Pp. 22. Price 1½d.

MALTA. Report on Blue Book.

A Report on the Blue-book for 1889. Pp. 18. Price 1½d.

NATAL. Report on Blue Book.

A Report on the Blue Book for 1889. Pp. 13. Price 1d.

NEW GUINEA. Report.

Report (103, British New Guinea) of the Administrator for the period 4th September, 1888, to the 30th June, 1889, with a despatch from the Secretary of State thereon. Pp. 132. Map. Price 1s. 3½d.

II.—DOMESTIC.

AGRICULTURE. Report of Veterinary Department.

Annual Report of the Veterinary Department of the Board of Agriculture for the year 1889, together with an appendix. The Report discusses such important questions as tuberculosis, pleuro-pneumonia, swine-fever, etc., etc. The appendix contains various supplementary reports. Pp. 272. Maps and coloured plates. Price 2s. 9d.

CIVIL SERVICE. Report.

Thirty-fourth Report of Her Majesty's Civil Service Commissioners, with Appendix. A *résumé* of what has taken place in the various branches of the service during the past year. The Appendix is composed entirely of statistics. Pp. xii.—60. Price 3½d.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS. Report.

Report from the Select Committee on British and Foreign Spirits, together with the proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. This volume contains no Report; but the evidence so far taken is of great interest and value. It goes to show much of the liquid commonly drunk as whisky is plain spirit, more or less flavoured. Which is the more wholesome beverage—malt whisky or pure alcohol—is a question upon which scientists have not yet made up their minds. Pp. 80. Price 9d.

HOP INDUSTRY. Report.

Report from the Select Committee on the Hop Industry, together with the proceedings of the committee, minutes of evidence, and appendix. The hop industry has been declining for years, and there seems little reason to hope that it will improve. Science has stepped in and taught the brewer how to get the maximum amount of bitterness out of the minimum quantity of hops; while hop substitutes in the form of quassia, camomile, columba root, and cheretta have been freely used. Last year was a good one for the hop-grower; what the present year will be remains to be seen. Pp. 276. Price, 2s. 5d.

INFANT LIFE PROTECTION BILL. Report.

Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the Infant Life Protection Bill, together with an account of the proceedings of the Committee, minutes of the evidence taken, and an appendix. Pp. 92. Price 10½d.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY. Report.

Thirty-third Annual Report of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, 1890. A brief but interesting document. Gives an account of the portraits purchased by or presented to the trustees during the year 1889-90, together with statistical information of an interesting character. The portraits, one is glad to note, will ere long be properly housed. Pp. 14. Price 2d.

PUBLIC RECORDS. Report.

The Fifty-first Annual Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Record gives an account of what has taken place in the various search-rooms during the past year; discusses lists and indexes, classification and arrangement, and enumerates the chronicles already published. Antiquarians will, no doubt, read this little report with interest. Pp. 28. Price 2d.

PUBLIC WORKS. Report as to loans.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Public Works Loan Board, 1889-90. From this report it appears that 458 advances have been made during the past year, and that the total sum advanced amounts to £856,742. In 1888 there were 543 advances, the aggregate in money being £1,095,363. Pp. 150. Price 1s. 3d.

RAILWAYS. Accidents for 1889.

General Report of the Board of Trade upon the accidents which have occurred upon the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1889. It may be worth while to note that the total number of persons killed during the year has been 1,076, while the number of persons injured amounts to 4,836. This Board of Trade Report contains a summary of the causes of these accidents, notes upon level crossings, continuous brakes, etc. Pp. 34. Price 3½d.

RAILWAYS. Returns.

Railway returns for England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, for the year 1889, with summary tables for the United Kingdom for each year from 1859 to 1889, etc. These returns show the amount of authorized and paid-up capital for every company in the Kingdom; and also contain statistics as to the number of passengers carried, the number of miles of rails, the amount of expenditure, receipts for tickets issued, and the number of workmen's daily and weekly tickets issued. Pp. xx.—99. Price 1s.

SHIPPING CASUALTIES. Abstract of Returns.

Abstract of the returns made to the Board of Trade of shipping casualties which occurred on or near the coasts, or in rivers and harbours of the United Kingdom, from the 1st July, 1888, to the 30th June, 1889; also of the returns made to the Board of Trade during 1888-9, of shipping casualties which occurred to British vessels elsewhere than on the coasts of the United Kingdom, and to foreign vessels on or near the coasts or in rivers or harbours of British possession abroad. This abstract includes particulars of lives lost such casualties, a record of lives saved at sea, etc., etc. Pp. xiv.—165. Charts. Price 4s. 6d.

WOODS AND FORESTS. Report.

Report from the Select Committee on Woods and Forests and Land Revenues of the Crown, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and an Appendix. It appears from this report that the gross total receipt of all these properties for the year ending 31st March, 1888, was £529,862. Certain recommendations are made in the report under consideration. Pp. 82. Price 11*sd*.

III.—EDUCATION.

[See also "Ireland" and "Scotland."]

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT. North-western Division.

General Report for the year 1889, by W. Scott Coward, Esq., H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools. The north-western division, it may be mentioned, comprises the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, together with the Isle of Man. Pp. 32. Price 2*sd*.

SANDHURST. Visitors' Report.

Report of the Board of Visitors appointed by the Secretary of State for War for the inspection of the Royal Military College of Sandhurst in the year 1890. General Lennox, one of the visitors who signs this, adds a rider, in which he points out that he does not consider the maintenance of the Royal Military College to be *nil*; on the contrary, he fixes the cost to the country as £7,622 a year. Pp. 10. Price 1*sd*.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT. Directory.

Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. Directory (revised to July, 1890), with regulations for establishing and conducting science and art schools and classes. Cannot fail to prove useful both to teachers and to students. Pp. viii.—272. Price 6*d*.

IV.—FOREIGN.

BEHRING SEA SEAL FISHERIES. Correspondence.

United States, No. 2, 1890. Correspondence respecting the Behring Sea Seal Fisheries, 1886-90. This Blue Book contains no fewer than 382 letters. The table of contents forms a useful *précis* of what the volume contains. Pp. 532. Price 4*s*. 3*d*.

AFRICA. Anglo-French Partition.

(Africa No. 9, 1890.) Declarations exchanged between the Government of Her Britannic Majesty and the Government of the French Republic with respect to territories in Africa. Signed at London, August 5th, 1890. A brief but interesting sheet. Pp. 4. Price 1*d*.

TRADE AND FINANCE. Consular Reports.

The following Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance have appeared during the month of August.

COUNTRY.	CONSULAR DISTRICT.	PAGES.	PRICE.
Germany	Frankfort-on-Maine	29	2 <i>d</i> .
Italy	Palermo	40	2 <i>1/2d</i> .
Guatemala	Guatemala	8	1 <i>d</i> .
Turkey	Smyrna	46	4 <i>d</i> .
Germany	Bavaria	26	2 <i>d</i> .
Japan	Hiogo	20	1 <i>1/2d</i> .
Egypt	Alexandria	18	1 <i>1/2d</i> .
Venezuela	Maracaibo	5	1 <i>d</i> .

SUBJECTS OF GENERAL INTEREST. Report.

The following miscellaneous Reports on subjects of general and commercial interest have also been issued:—(1) Spain—Further Report on the Mineral Deposits of the Island of Cuba. Pp. 3. Price 1*d*. (2) France—Summary of the Views of the French Chambers of Commerce as to the renewal of Commercial Treaties. Pp. 16. Price 1*sd*.

V.—IRELAND.

NATIONAL GALLERY. Report.

Report of the Director to the Board of Governors and Guardians of the National Gallery of Ireland for the year 1888. Mr. Doyle's report is brief but interesting, and persons interested in art will no doubt receive it with a hearty welcome. Pp. 6. Price 1*d*.

REFORMATORY SCHOOLS. Inspector's Report.

Twenty-eighth Report of the Inspector appointed to visit the Reformatory and Industrial Schools of Ireland, together with appendix. Pp. 60. Price 6*d*.

VI.—SCOTLAND.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT. Inspectors' Report.

The Blue Books of the month include the reports of three Scottish Inspectors. (1) the report of T. A. Stewart, Esq., Northern Division. Pp. 30. Price 2*sd*. (2) the report of John Kerr, Esq., Southern Division. Pp. 36. Price 2*sd*; and (3) the report of R. Ogilvie, Esq., Western Division. Pp. 34. Price 2*sd*.

EDUCATION. Training Colleges.

Reports for the year 1889 by (1) J. Kerr, Esq., Inspector; (2) the Hon. Mrs. Colborne, on Needlework; and (3) Sir John Stainer, on Music. Together with a list of training colleges under inspection, statistics for 1889, syllabus of subjects for the examination for certificates at Christmas, 1890, etc. Pp. 80. Price 4*d*.

KINGS, POETS, AND PHILOSOPHERS.

HOW LONG THEY LIVE AND WHEN THEY DIE.

In *Cassell's Family Magazine*, a writer on the length of life strings together the following tables showing the age at death of kings, poets, and philosophers:—

KINGS.

Name of Sovereign.	Age at Death	Cause or Manner of Death.	Name of Sovereign.	Age at Death	Cause or Manner of Death.
William I.	60	Rupture and Fever	Richard III.	42	Killed in Battle
William II.	43	Shot by an Arrow	Henry VII.	52	Consumption
Henry I.	67	Surfeit of Lampreys	Henry VIII.	55	Ulcerated Leg
Stephen	49	The Piles	Edward VI.	15	Consumption
Henry II.	55	Grief	Mary	42	Small-Pox
Richard I.	43	Killed by an Arrow	Elizabeth	69	Course of Nature
John	49	Fever	James I.	58	Ague [ture
Henry III.	65	Age	Charles I.	48	Beheaded
Edward I.	67	Diarrhoea	Charles II.	54	Apoplexy
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A. A. Anglo-Austria	Com. Commonwealth	L. F. Little Folks	P. L. Poet Lore
A. A. P. S. Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science	C. R. Contemporary Review	L. H. Leisure Hour	P. M. M. Primitive Methodist Magazine
A. L. Art and Literature	C. S. Cassell's Saturday Journal	Lip. Lippincott's Monthly	P. M. Q. Primitive Methodist Quarterly
All W. All the World	D. R. Dublin Review	L. M. Longman's Magazine	P. Q. Photographic Quarterly
A. M. Atlantic Monthly	E. Expositor	L. Q. London Quarterly	P. R. Parents' Review
Ant. Antiquary	Ed. Education	L. T. Ladies' Treasury	P. R. R. Presbyterian and Reformed Review
A. Q. Asiatic Quarterly	E. H. English Historical Review	Luc. Lucifer	Ps. Psyche
A. R. Andover Review	E. I. English Illustrated Magazine	L. W. Life and Work	Q. Quiver
Arg. Argosy	E. R. Edinburgh Review	Ly. Lyceum	Q. R. Quarterly Review
Art. Artist	E. T. Expository Times	Mac. Macmillan's Magazine	S. Sun
Art J. Art Journal	E. W. East and West	M. A. H. Magazine of American History	Scots. Scots Magazine
Astro. M. Astrologer's Magazine	F. Forum	M. Art. Magazine of Art	Scrib. Scribner's Magazine
Ata. Atlanta	Fl. Fireside	M. C. Monthly Chronicle of North Country Lore.	S. D. Subjects of the Day
Au. Author	F. R. Fortnightly Review	Mind. Mind	S. G. M. Scottish Geographical Magazine
A. W. Amateur Work	G. M. Gentleman's Magazine	M. M. Murray's Magazine	S. H. Sunday at Home
B. Baily's Magazine	G. O. P. Girl's Own Paper	M. P. Monthly Packet	S. M. Sunday Magazine
Baby. Baby	G. T. Great Thoughts	M. N. C. Methodist New Connection Magazine	Soc. R. Social Review
B. B. Bow Bells	G. W. Good Words	M. Q. Manchester Quarterly	S. R. Scottish Review
Bank. Bankers' Magazine	H. Housewife	M. R. Missionary Review of the World	S. T. Sword and Trowel
Bel. Belgravian	H. C. Home Chimes	Mus. T. Musical Times	St. Statesman
Bk-wm. Bookworm	H. F. Home Friend	N. A. R. North American Review	Stu. Student
B. M. Blackwood's Magazine	H. M. Harper's Magazine	Nat. R. National Review	Sun. R. Sunday Review
B. O. P. Boy's Own Paper	H. R. Homiletic Review	N. C. Nineteenth Century	S. W. Shipping World
C. Cornhill	H. W. Homeopathic World	N. E. M. New England Magazine	T. Time
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C. J. Chambers's Journal	I. N. M. Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine	O. D. Our Day	T. R. Theological Review
Clyg. Clergyman's Magazine	J. E. Journal of Education	P. Portfolio	U. R. Universal Review
Cl. R. Classical Review	J. Q. R. Jewish Quarterly Review	P. E. F. Palestine Exploration Fund	U. S. M. United Service Magazine
C. M. Century Magazine	Jur. Juridical Review	P. F. People's Friend	W. Work
C. M. I. Church Missionary Intelligent and Record	K. Knowledge	Phren. J. Phrenological Journal	W. M. Workers' Monthly
Com. Commonwealth	Kg. Kindergarten	Phren. M. Phrenological Magazine	W. R. Westminster Review
Cos. Cosmopolitan	K. O. King's Own	Z. Z.,	W. W. Woman's World
C. P. Contemporary Pulpit			Y. E. Young England
C. Q. Church Quarterly			Y. M. Young Man
			Z. Zoologist

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